McCall's

Christmas 1969

AU27C01279GDF3 1 W9BM2X9 D69
MRS WM GODFREY
RR 1
ST WILLIAMS ONT CAN

Don't settle
for some of the taste
some of the time.
Viceroy gives
you all the taste
all the time.
VICEROY

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Just how vain are you?

Are you the kind of woman, who, for example, can admit to herself that her man wants her to be beautiful, as beautiful as she can possibly be?

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It allows you to apply makeup in the light you're going to be seen in: daylight, office (or fluorescent) light, and evening light. This unique feature enables you to adjust for the tricks the light can play on your face. So you will never be overdone, underdone, sallow, or anything else unpleasant.

And this lovely device is portable. It comes in a travel case, and has an electric outlet for whatever other little beauty appliances you might bring along.

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To make you more beautiful. For him.

The Carmen Enlightened Mirror: Day, Office, and Evening Light.
(The better to be beautiful, my dear).

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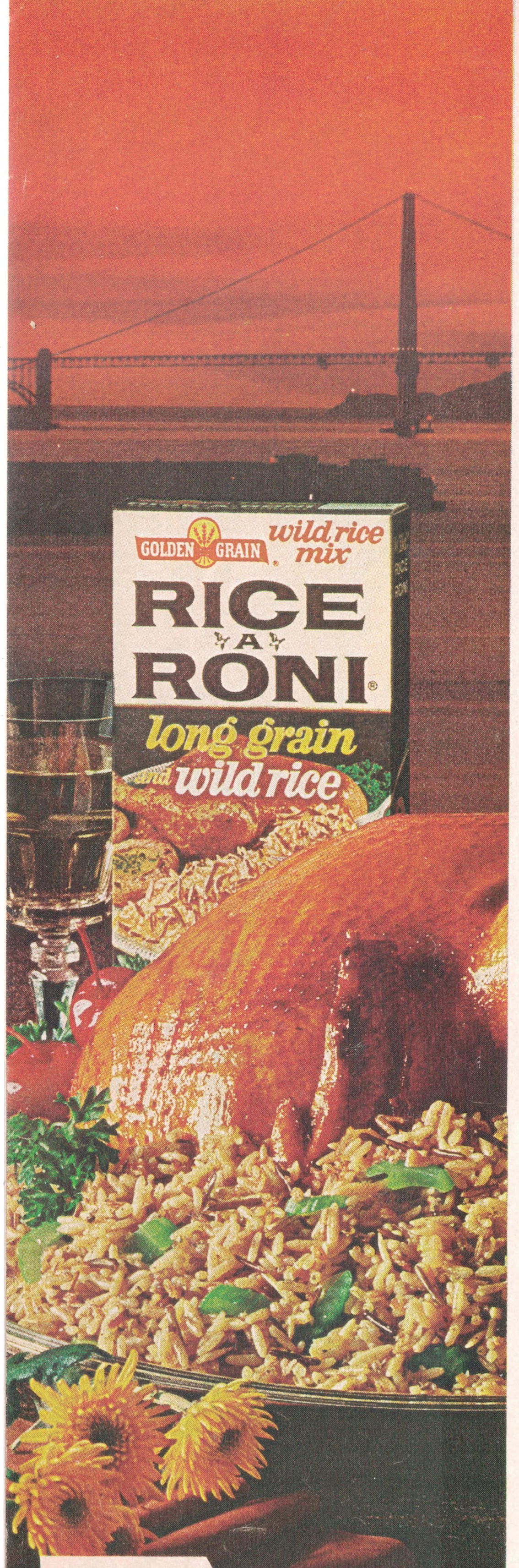

Turkey San Francisco starts with Rice-A-Roni's Wild Rice Mix

In skillet, brown rice-macaroni mixture in 2 tablespoons butter, stirring frequently. Add 2½ cups hot water and ½ cup diced celery. Stir in contents of wild rice and sauce envelope. Cover pan and simmer until liquid is absorbed and rice is tender, about 30 minutes. Place bird on platter and ring with Wild Rice-A-Roni. Serves 4 to 6.

Stuffing: Prepare Rice-A-Roni as above and add ¼ cup minced onion and 1 teaspoon poultry seasoning during cooking. Allow to cool before stuffing and trussing bird. For ea[illegible] pound turkey, chicken, duck, goose [illegible]ish game hen allow one package of [illegible]oni Wild Rice Mix.

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McCall's

DECEMBER 1969 *First Magazine for Women/Circulation over 8,500,000* VOL. XCVII NO. 3

Book Excerpt

RUFFLES AND FLOURISHES, PART I. *Liz Carpenter* 76
Backstage in Lyndon Johnson's White House

Features

The Feminine Eye .... *Shana Alexander* 7
Living with People .... *The Editors* 10
Sight and Sound: Movies, Records, Books 16
It's All in the Family: Toyland.....*Stanley and Janice Berenstain* 34
Pet Shoptalk: Up to Here in Gerbils... *Patricia Simon* 39
How Much Is Enough? The Christmas Tipping Puzzle *Jane O'Reilly* 40
Under 21: "How I Would Change the World at Christmastime" *Sylvie Reice* 42
Horoscopes: For Gift Giving .... *Maurice Woodruff* 46
Time Off: Christmas in Foreign Lands. *Patrick O'Higgins* 48
Museum Finds: Little Masterpieces at Modest Prices 52
Who Is Santa Claus? .... *Sam Rosenberg* 55
Our Son Mark .... *S. I. Hayakawa* 78
Therefore Choose Life .... *Tom Wicker* 92
An Interview with Nobel Laureate George Wald

Portfolio of Special Surprises

A VERY PERSONAL CHRISTMAS 58
California artist and designer Eszter Haraszty created this unique and imaginative collection—from cookies to costumes—for a festive and sparkling Christmas

Children

Between Parent and Child: Holidays and Children *Haim Ginott, Ed.D.* 14
Junior McCall's Club 50
Betsy and the Birds' Christmas Carol 152

Fashions

Christmas Fashions: Wide-Awake and Dreaming 80
Holiday Robes and Gowns in an Enchanted Forest

Beauty

Gifts from the Magi: Brilliantly Colored, Exotic Turbans 88

Food

THE MANY FEASTS OF CHRISTMAS

After-Theater Supper on the Stage of *1776* 94
Natalie Wood and Richard Gregson's Little Dinner 96
Gordon Parks' Christmas Eve Supper 96
Kenneth Jay Lane's New Year's Day Breakfast 97
A Treasury of Cakes and Candies 98
The James Hoskinson Family Christmas Dinner 100
Candyland House 104

Cover Photograph by Les Carron

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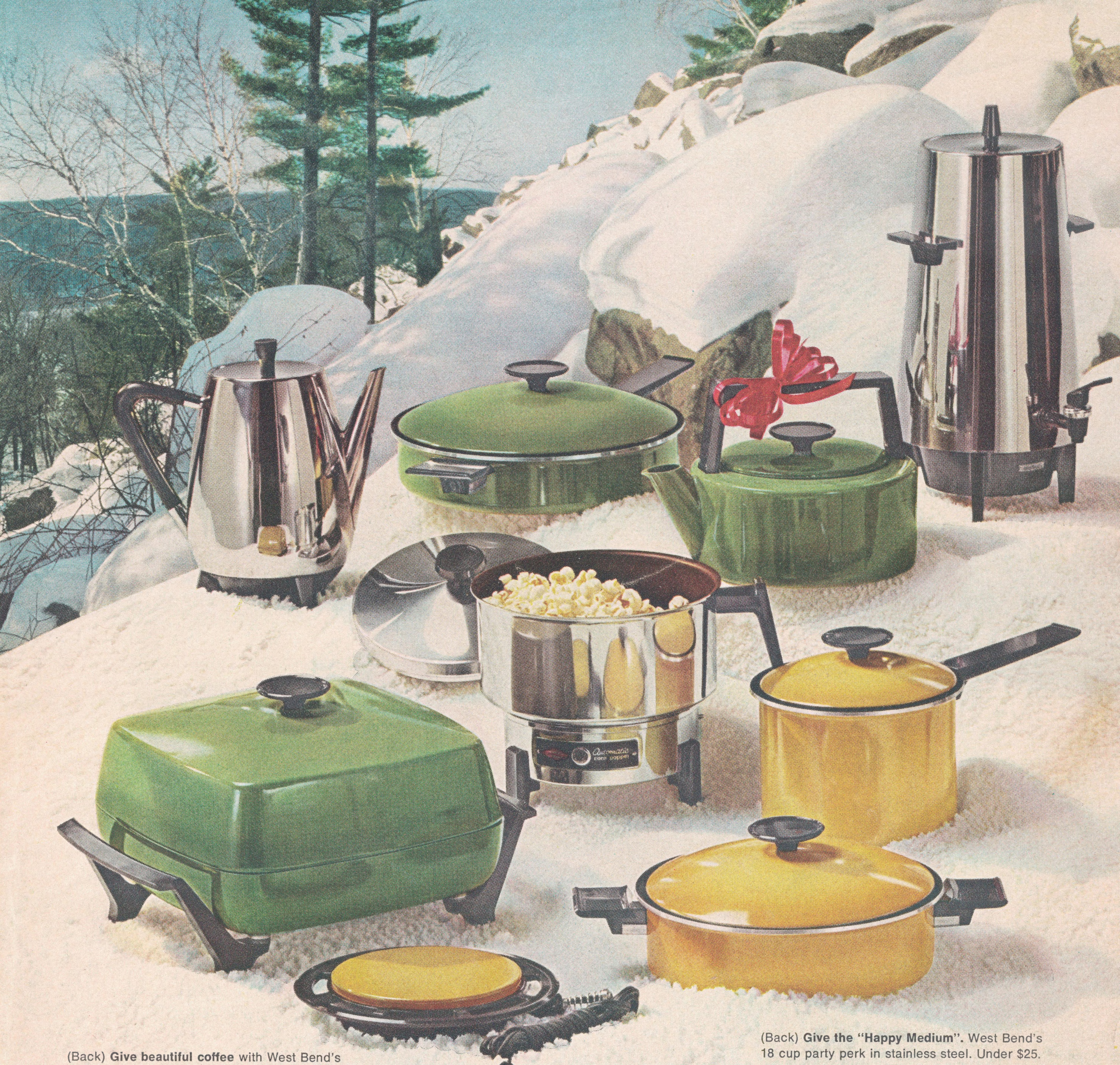

(Back) **Give beautiful coffee** with West Bend's 9 cup automatic in elegant stainless. Under $20.

(Above) **Hospitable gift.** West Bend's 11″ buffet skillet. Porcelain-clad, with Fired-on Teflon II*. Under $25.

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(Back) **Give the "Happy Medium".** West Bend's 18 cup party perk in stainless steel. Under $25.

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(Above) **More favorites.** Country Inn 2½ qt. hi-boy saucepot, under $12. 2½ qt. casserole, under $12. Avocado or Harvest porcelain, with Fired-on Teflon II.

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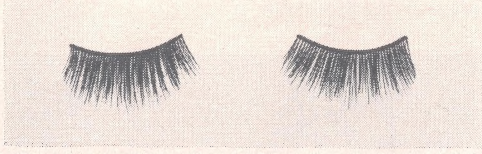
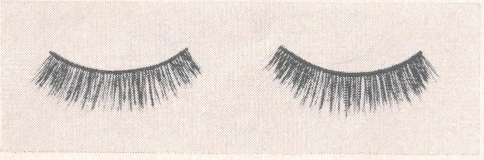
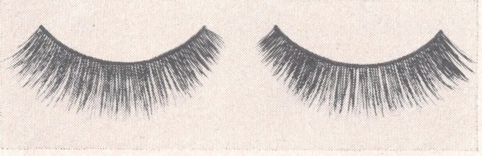


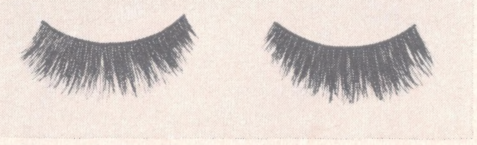
'Demi' Little 'jiffy' lashes (half a lid-length). Perfect beginner's lash. Just enough to zoom-up your eyesize.



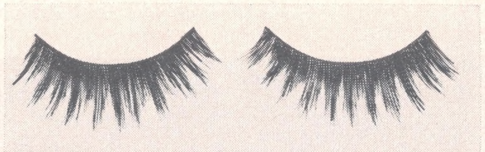
'Basic'* Totally believable 'fill-ins'. Same length as your own. Fit without trimming.



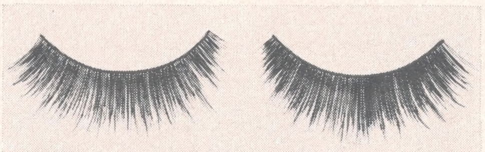
'Natural Full'* The classic lash. Double thick. Yet so soft and natural they look like your very own.



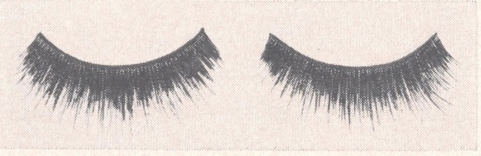
'Natural Fluff' Feather-tipped lashes to thicken your own. Permanently curled and shaped, to stay fluffy even when wet.



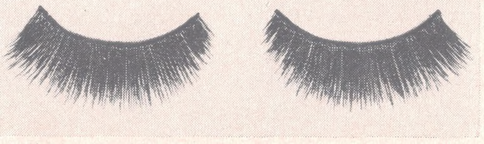
'Cluster'* Individual lash clusters. The fashion look that once took forever to do, now takes seconds.



'Starry'* Wispy-tipped 'starburst' lashes that widen your eyes to a whole new size.



'Starry-Full'* Way out 'starburst' beauties. Extra full and thick, dramatically long, with flattering wispy tips.



'Ultra-Full' The extravagant lash for women who want lavish fullness and really sweeping length.

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'Under-Lashes'* Slender under-eye lashes to blend in with your own. The biggest eye-opener of all.

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and happy eating."
8 QUICK
Crescent
Dinner Rolls
NET WT. 8 OZ.
Pillsbury

Hot fresh Pillsbury Rolls help you add festivity to holiday feasts.

8 QUICK
Crescent
Dinner Rolls
Pillsbury
12 Parkerhouse
Quick Dinner Rolls
Pillsbury
12 QUICK
Butterflake
Dinner Rolls
LAYERED WITH REAL BUTTER
Pillsbury

What holiday dinner is complete without a basketful of fragrant, glistening-hot homemade rolls? And now Pillsbury poppin' fresh dough makes festive, fancy rolls so easy to bake.

Pillsbury Crescent Rolls. Light and flaky 'cause they're layered like fine pastry. They look like you fussed a lot more than you did.

Pillsbury Parkerhouse Rolls. Serve 'em proudly with your fanciest dinner. Afterward, use 'em to add festivity to the leftovers. (They're great for turkey à la king!)

Pillsbury Butterflake Rolls. These will earn you compliments right along with the turkey and trimmings. They're layered with real butter to bake up light and tender.

They're in the dairy case. Pillsbury

Parkerhouse
Dinner Rolls
Crescent Dinner Rolls
Butterflake Dinner Rolls

shana alexander

the feminine eye

It is difficult to walk out onstage and introduce yourself. One would prefer a modest flourish of trumpets, blown by somebody else. But that is not the way it works in the editing business. In the editing business you have to take a deep breath, walk out there onto the pages of your own magazine, and say: Here I am. Hello. This is me.

Some of you may already know me. For nearly five years I have been standing on another stage, over at *Life* magazine, writing a column called "The Feminine Eye." We chose that name because at the time it seemed important for readers to know that the writer whose opinions, crotchets, and glees would appear on that page was a woman. Since my mother had neglected to make the matter of my gender immediately obvious—a writer herself, she knew that in naming children, as in the other important choices in life, subtleties of sound and of sentiment come first—the editors of *Life* undertook to rectify Mother's irresponsible vagueness.

It occurs to me now, as I stand here performing my self-introduction, that I owe still another debt of gratitude to *Life's* editors. Gentlemen, dear friends, ex-colleagues, I thank you all. Without your authoritative establishment of my gender, in print, I might never have come to McCall's.

Being a woman has everything to do with my presence here. It is both what pushed me and what pulled me out onto this particular stage, and this page, now. It is why I wanted to come, and surely why I was invited.

for the good fortune of being female, the geneticists tell me I may thank my father. Thank you, Father. Personally, I have always liked being a woman. But as a lifetime journalist I lived and worked always in a man's world. I liked that, too. Then came the miraculous advent of "The Feminine Eye," and this returned me to the world of women. It taught me to enjoy the companionship of women, and to appreciate them, study them, and try so hard to express what women themselves really feel, and not what men say we do.

Myself, I have never enjoyed being a woman quite so much as I do right now. Partly I suppose that is due to my own age, to the advent of —awful word—maturity. Forty is so much more fun than twenty. (Thirty is unspeakable.) But mostly I think it is due to *our* age, to the age that we all share, 1970.

I am quite sure that being a woman now, particularly an American woman, is more interesting, challenging, exciting, and rewarding—and more complicated—than it has ever been before. As for being a woman editor, which means talking, and listening, to so vast and varied an audience of other women—well, it's awesome of course, but I like that, too.

That is really why I am here today. Once I was offered this job, I couldn't find good enough reasons to turn it down. I could have said no, but I didn't want to. I wanted to find ways of saying yes. Yes to McCall's. Yes to women. Yes to the idea that women are important. Yes to the idea that women are thinking, feeling beings, different from men, but not less than men, and in many ways today, more interesting than men. Men are much the same as they were a generation or two ago, but women are changing very fast, in ways we cannot yet quite see. Certainly child rearing and the housewifely arts do not interest us one bit less, but the world outside the home interests us more. Women know more, they feel more, they experience more, and they think more than at any time in history.

I studied anthropology in college, and I have always wondered if there are any innate differences between men and women, beyond those you can see in the mirror or, for that matter, on any movie screen. The one difference I feel sure about is that women are by nature conservative, or rather, conservators. Women like to make things, to make environments; they are natural nest-builders. I think this is why women are so deeply involved in the things that can save this country: conservation, education, politics, the arts. And somehow today I feel that women are more liberated in their minds than men, more idealistic, and often crazily brave.

In many ways, say a thousand or so, I'd rather not appear onstage at all. Ever. My natural habitat is the wings, sitting on a stool, watching the show. Now that I *am* in the editing business, running a magazine instead of buzzing around the world like a female Green Hornet, I can think of a thousand more reasons to remain backstage, as an editor should. Then, in a year or so, if you like what we're doing—because it will take a year at least to do it; magazines are big, slow-moving beasts like whales and elephants, but beautiful and wise and responsive like whales and elephants, too —then, in a year, if you like the show, I might be persuaded to step out for a modest bow.

But a magazine is a very personal thing to both reader and editor. It should seem less like an object, more like a friend. So I would like to hear from you as we go along. And from time to time you are likely to hear from me. But for now I want only to say Hello, here I am, this is me. And Merry Christmas of course, and heartfelt wishes for peace in the New Year.

PHOTOGRAPH © BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

Who needs to be plain old brown... when you can be a Gorgeous Brunette

without changing your natural hair color!

Great way to make your first gray hair your last one!

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All it takes is a little Loving Care.

Suddenly a beautiful thing happens...you look years younger and feel it! Your hair shines ...and your eyes sparkle. Your color's richer...and you feel like a million dollars just knowing this new confidence is here to stay. Say goodbye to dull brown hair. Hello gorgeous brunette!

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Dark Brown #79

What makes Loving Care so different?

It's the *gentlest* haircoloring you can buy because there's no peroxide in it. It's not a tint. It's better than any rinse...won't rub off! And, because it's such a gentle lotion, it can't possibly *change* your natural color. What it *can* do is change *you*... from plain old brown to gorgeous brunette! Loving Care actually *enriches* your own shade—gives it a new healthy glow and deep-conditions it so your hair's in better shape than ever!

Dark Warm Brown #82

Make your first gray hair your last one!

Catch that first gray hair and suddenly gray hair will stop "running in your family"...starting with you! Loving Care gives you so many natural-looking brown shades to choose from, one just has to be yours. You know, pretty soon you won't even know how gray you're getting (and neither will anyone else).

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Hate that gray? Wash it away!®

Everybody knows gray hair shows more in brunette than in any other hair color. And dulls it. And makes it look plain. Just plain brown. That's why it's never too soon (or too late) for a little Loving Care. Pick the shade that's closest to your own. Loving Care colors *only the gray*...but it refreshes your whole head of hair! That's how Loving Care gives you the most... in gorgeous brown shades.

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Natural Black #83

Loving Care outshines them all.

Only Loving Care includes a very special creme'n shine rinse to condition and set your hair. Your hairdo even stays prettier longer. Your hair stays easy to manage too. And now here comes the real you: a gorgeous brunette so shining and lively, you won't believe you've actually used a haircoloring. That's how gentle Loving Care is!

Loving Care® hair color lotion by Clairol

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Brunettes are partial to Loving Care because... Loving Care is partial to brunettes™

Light Ash Brown #75

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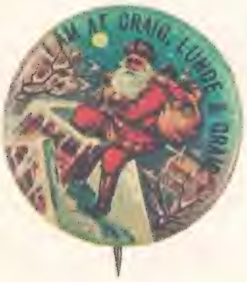
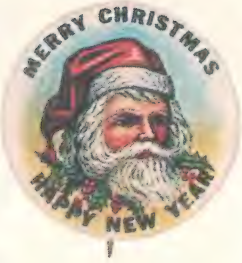

...M AT CRAIG, LUNDE & CRAIG



Living with People

Putting together our Christmas issue is a year-long labor of love. As far back as the January before, our editors start searching their incoming mail for Christmas stories, Christmas poems, Christmas cartoons. Preliminary planning sessions coincide with the first thaw, and the issue is traditionally firmed up in a heat wave. For example, the fabulously beautiful enchanted forest that serves as background for holiday gowns and robes on pages 80 through 87 was an idea born early in the year when we were introduced to the work of Joyce Rainboldt, a relative newcomer to fashion photography. Fashion Editor Virginia Steele and Art Directors Bernard Quint and Anthony Oliveto were struck with the fanciful delicacy of her pictures. After a series of phone conferences, she agreed not only to take the photographs but to design a special set for them. The forest scene took an arduous two months to build. The snow for the ground alone required three tons of salt and one ton of gypsum; the twenty-eight trees and the shell-like couch on page 82, more than 250 pounds of white flocking.

When it came time to choose a model, our list of qualifications seemed almost impossible to fulfill. The girl must have long dark hair, an exquisite figure, a poetic face, beautiful hands and be enough of a dancer to move gracefully and enough of an actress to capture a mood. After studying scores of portfolios, we finally came up with Ronnie Carrol, who, incredibly, filled the bill on all counts.

Obviously the fairy-tale setting called for fantasy headdresses and hairstyles, and a 25-year-old stylist, Carrie White of Beverly Hills, was elected for the job. And when all the elements were assembled, it still took a nonstop week of photography—eight solid hours for the single picture on pages 86 and 87.

ALLAN GRANT

The peripatetic Carpenters—Scott, Liz, Les, and Christy—at home in D.C.

Meanwhile, our West Coast Editor, Bruce Colen, and his designer wife, Eszter Haraszty, were converting their Los Angeles home into a Christmas workshop. With paintbrush and embroidery needle and carpenter's tools, they created the gifts and toys and decorations, flowers and foods and fashions that make up "A Very Personal Christmas" (pages 58 through 75). Though neither is a native Californian (Eszter was born in Hungary, Bruce in New York), both Colens have espoused their adopted state with passionate enthusiasm—calling it the last Utopia. Their showplace house, in Coldwater Canyon, is a rainbow of color indoors and out—the living room shiny white and yellow, the den red and pink, the bedroom blue. And the yard is solid garden. There are masses of poppies (Eszter's trademark; she uses them on her business cards and even painted on her garage doors), sunflowers, delphiniums, and forget-me-nots. In true West Coast life-style, the couple entertain with gourmet meals, cooked and often served in the big living kitchen, and between parties are perpetually doing something new and decorative to the house.

The colorful Colens celebrate their Christmas California style

Coincidentally, in the nation's capital, Elizabeth Carpenter was putting the final ruffles and flourishes on her memoirs of life with the LBJs. Liz has been variously described by her fellow pressmen as stand-up comic, gag-a-minute press secretary, and fast-crack expert. "I came by it naturally," she explains. "I was a child of the Depression in a big family. There was nothing else to do but laugh."

On graduation from the University of Texas, she went to Washington in time to catch a cub reporter's glimpse of the press conferences of Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt, stayed to marry and have two children. With her husband, Leslie, she operated the Carpenter News Bureau until in 1960 the Johnsons invited her to "take some time off and share the great adventure of our lives." After the election, Vice-President Johnson persuaded her to join his staff as Executive Assistant.

Today she's much in demand on the lecture circuit—"I hope to do for political humor what Jacqueline Susann did for sex"—but still home-based in the Spring Valley section of Washington. Both Carpenter offspring are away at school—Scott, 23, in Austin, where he also works for a news bureau; Christy, 19, at the London School of Economics, taking a prelaw course. Beginning on page 76, the first installment of Liz' book, subtitled "The Warm and Tender Story of a Simple Girl Who Found Adventure in the White House."

Back in New York, Contributing Editor Sam Rosenberg, who believes in Santa Claus and has the facts to back his faith, was documenting, delightfully, the many-versioned Saint Nicholas legend, beginning on page 56. Sam, who has been simultaneously or alternately a photographer, cinematographer, director, producer, and foreign correspondent, is a full-time lover of early Americana and a dedicated collector thereof. For years he has been ferreting out all kinds of old toys, dolls, folk art, broadsides (early advertising posters), and other archetypal trivia, like the turn-of-the-century Christmas buttons pictured at the top of the page. He also has a current exhibit of his own metal sculpture and a soon-to-be-published book of autobiographical essays, *The Pedlar of Swaffham.*

Making her debut as our cover girl is Vicky Renata, an ethereal little four-year-old with the rare beauty of a Botticelli angel. When Vicky first caught a mirror glimpse of her Renaissance hairdo, she expressed twentieth-century disapproval. But when photographer Les Carron explained that she was a fairy princess, she got the message and played the role to the hilt.

So here it is, Christmas McCall's for 1969. We send it off with the warmest of holiday greetings to each and every reader and turn our thoughts to Christmas 1970.

He has a wallet.

The Museum of Modern
2486
BRUCE
LORD BUXTON CONVERTIBLE

(The one you gave him for–which birthday was that, anyway?)

He might grow old gracefully, but his wallet doesn't.

This year, how about getting him a new one?

Like our Convertible® here. The picture section pulls out and now, thanks to generous you, he's got a card case too.

Wallets? We've got all kinds. In all kinds of leathers. In more than just black and brown colors.

Wallets with just money places, wallets with money places plus credit card, photograph, and calling card places. Some with writing places. Some even with secret places for—never mind.

Merry Christmas.

The Convertible® by **LORD BUXTON®** best for your money

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Pocket Secretary from $7.50

Tight Wad from $5.00

Two-Fold from $4.50

Three-Fold from $5.00

Clip-Flip from $5.50

Hipster from $5.00

But she has a purse.

(A clutch purse?)

You yourself can name three purses she has. The black, the blue patent, the brown satchel.

Another purse would be silly. But a purse to put in her purse?

Like our clutch here. Called Seville. With lots of roomy compartments for the grocery list, the kids' pictures, the laundry tickets, and her beloved charge plates.

Our clutches come in lots of different colors, lots of different designs. With a wallet, French purse, cigarette case, lighter, Spec-Tainer,® and Key-Tainer® to match.

Any one of which she can put in the purse she already has.

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Minoa $6.50

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She's got jewelry.

(But no place to put it.)

Up to her ears in diamonds and no place to put them.

Might we suggest a jewel case? To separate the rings from the pins from the earrings.

We have a jewelry case for every kind of jewelry collector. For the serious collector, this one is perfect. Gaitor Baitor.

Two drawers and one tray with nine compartments.

Everybody gives her jewelry.

Who but you would think of giving her a place to put it?

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Holidays and Children

by Dr. Haim Ginott

Daniel, age six, accompanied his mother to a department store for holiday shopping. Mother was in a hurry, but Daniel took his time. His eyes examined the store, and his hands the merchandise. His requests were endless; he wanted everything that started with the letter "a": a gun, a boat, a fishing reel, and even a snow-blowing machine.

Mother knew that a simple "no" would only cause a public scene. She wanted to avoid time-consuming arguments and tantrums.

She did not say: "What's the matter with you? Anything you see you want. You are so greedy."

"Hurry up. I don't have all day."

"If you don't stop, I'll never take you shopping with me again."

Instead, Mother looked at Daniel and said, with obvious appreciation: "Daniel, you are so enthusiastic. You like so many things. You are so open-minded, and you have good taste."

"Yes," replied Daniel, "I wish I could take everything home."

"I can see that," Mother said.

"If I take all the shirts," said Daniel, "then when one gets dirty, you won't have to wash it. You'll just throw it away. I'll put on a new shirt each day."

"That would be nice," said Mother.

Daniel kept up his lively conversation about imaginary acquisition and disposition. Later, at the dinner table, he could not wait to share the experience of the day with his father. "Guess what, Dad. I'm so enthusiastic," he said. "I like a lot of things. And I have good taste."

In this incident, Mother extracted and conveyed to her son a positive feeling from a potentially explosive situation. She did not treat his fantasy wishes as actual demands. Therefore, she did not get angry at Daniel's apparent greediness. On the contrary, she conveyed to him the freedom to wish, to imagine, and to hope.

Another mother had to go to a toy store to buy a last-minute Christmas present for a neighbor's child. She would ordinarily have been afraid to take her own two boys with her, because they would have cajoled her into buying something for them. This time, she gave David and Richard a pencil and pad and said, "This is not a time I can buy anything for you, but I'm very eager to know what toys interest you. When an occasion for presents comes up, I'll have a good idea what you like." The two boys had a marvelous time examining the toys and writing down names and prices of their favorites.

Mother did not bargain with her children ("I'll take you only if you promise not to beg me to buy toys for you"). She did not try to convince them that they did not need any more toys ("You can open your own store with the toys you have"). Instead, Mother stated her plans realistically, while granting her children the freedom of fantasy and the joy of imagining future presents.

Wally, age seven, bought a toy helicopter with his Hanukkah money. By the time he got home, it was not working. He wanted to take it back to the store, which was miles away. "I'm so angry at the toy manufacturer," Mother said. "A boy goes out and spends his holiday money on a toy, and it's not working properly. I can imagine how angry and how disappointed you must be."

"Yes," said Wally, with tears in his eyes. He was quiet for a moment, and then he asked, "Can we exchange this helicopter?"

"We can try," said Mother. "We can mail it back to the manufacturer and tell him what happened."

Mother helped Wally pack the toy and write the letter. Together they went to the post office to mail the package.

In this incident, Mother demonstrated a helpful way to deal with frustrating events. She did not accuse or blame her son ("Why did you break your helicopter?"). She did not mouth clichés ("This will teach you to take better care of your toys"). She did not rush to replace the broken toy. Instead, she acknowledged feelings and suggested actions that diminish helplessness. Wally learned a most important lesson: to tolerate frustration and to delay gratification through appropriate action.

Warren, age six, got a haircut on Christmas Eve. The barber virtually scalped him.

Warren: I'm not going to the Christmas party at school looking like this.

Mother: You think the children will laugh at you, don't you?

Warren: They'll make fun of me. They'll say I look silly.

Mother: I know it's not easy to walk into the party with this new haircut. I can just hear someone saying, "Who scalped

/ *turn to page 154*

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the first and only (can't-be-copied)
totally transparent blusher

Nothing turns on that 'real thing' glow like 'Blush-On'. The sheerest breath of color you fluff on all over your face. Other blushers are obvious put-ons. Only 'Blush-On' looks sincere. Because the color is transparent. Like the real thing. It's made a whole generation of beauties blush. As if they meant it.

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Faster, or Your Money Back

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I certify that the statements made by me above are correct and complete.

Raymond Eyes

Sight & Sound

MOVIES

In this season of peace on earth and good will toward men, it is a little disconcerting to survey the current array of movies. Peacefulness is not the general condition, nor is good will, unless sex can be liberally interpreted as such. The Production Code, which supposedly protects children with its ratings, is about as reliable as a raft in a hurricane. *The Royal Hunt of the Sun,* for example, bears a G (for General) rating, yet it deals with the massacre of the Peruvian Incas by the Spanish conquistadors, the brutal strangling of the native king, and the condoning of killing by bigoted Spanish priests. This is not to say that the film doesn't have certain distinctions (interesting performances by Christopher Plummer and Robert Shaw, literate dialogue from the Peter Shaffer play)—but for *children?*

About all the ratings can be taken to mean, looking at them without our customary good will, is this:

G: Little or no sex; violence subordinated to the main theme.

M: Some sex, but not overly stressed. Or some violence, but not enough to make us ill.

R: Lots of sex, but limited nudity. Enough violence to satisfy most sadists. Or exceedingly frank dialogue, of the kind children aren't supposed to hear.

X: Lascivious sex, nudity as abundant as the laws allow, and/or perversity, sadism, extreme vulgarity. And, sometimes, pictures of great artistic merit whose producers think it would be insulting to submit to the rating system.

Since the rating system seems to be operating in so curious a fashion, your best bet is not to rely simply on the ratings, but to learn about a picture in advance. And when *we* like a movie, it doesn't necessarily follow that you should take the kids. *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* is one of the funniest pictures around, but for Adults Only.

On the other hand, little but grimness prevails in *Alfred the Great,* a moody study of England's ninth-century warrior-king. David Hemming's King Alfred is torn between religion and repelling Danish invaders, and naturally the latter instinct wins out, with the usual bloody battles. We were left with the impression that epics can be safely dispensed with, whatever their ratings.

Something of a fizzle, too, is John Huston's *A Walk with Love and Death,* a medieval love idyll with a death accompaniment. A 19-year-old student walks his way across the European countryside, which is beset with warring chaos. Soon enough he meets a nobly born girl, orphaned by the fighting, and they somehow sustain their love mid the general bloodletting. Assaf, Moshe Dayan's son, plays the boy; Anjelica, Huston's daughter, plays the girl. Both are nice, but neither can act.

Considerably more cheerful is *Cactus Flower,* the movie version of the Broadway play about an amorous New York dentist and his supposedly starchy nurse. In this case, the personnel definitely can act—notably, Walter Matthau as the dentist and Ingrid Bergman as the nurse. As a bonus, there is Goldie Hawn, whom you may recognize from TV's Laugh-In. She plays the dentist's kooky girl friend, who thinks he is married to his nurse, and—well, it gets more and more complicated. Though the movie is reasonably innocent, we recommend it for only the most sophisticated children.

The Christmas Tree we refuse to recommend for anyone at all. It seems this bomber blows up and ditches an atomic bomb, and, on landing, the bomb irradiates William Holden's little son, and then the son has only six months to live, and the father steals some wolves from the zoo, because the boy wants them, and it gets more soppy and awful.

So. Isn't there anything around we really like? Sure. There's *Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid,* yet another telling of the Wild Bunch story, those turn-of-the-century brigands who liked to hold up E. H. Harriman's trains. What distinguishes this Western is the wit and sly humor with which it crosses up the usual conventions of the style. Paul Newman is the raffish Butch, Robert Redford is the more deadly Sundance, and they are lucky enough to have as companion the lovely Katharine Ross.

There's a story behind the story, too, and this we got from William Goldman, a novelist and playwright who, six years ago, got to reading about the Wild Bunch gang and became so fascinated with Butch and Sundance that he decided to write a screenplay about them. It was first offered to 20th Century-Fox, but when Fox hesitated, Goldman's Hollywood agent decided to offer it elsewhere. Goldman lives in New York, and one day his agent called him and told him that Fox, unwilling on second thought to let another company get the script, had just offered the highest price in history for an original screenplay—namely, $400,000.

Did Goldman then move to Hollywood and buy a house, complete with swimming pool? He did not. What he did do, after paying more in taxes than he had ever earned in his life before, was to take the remainder and use it to underwrite the book he had always wanted to do, an examination of a whole Broadway season, from first rehearsals to opening nights. And then what happened? Well, the book, *The Season,* out simultaneously with Butch and Sundance, has been called the best and most exciting ever written about the Broadway theater and is on its way up the best-seller list. The 38-year-old Goldman intends to use those earnings to underwrite a novel, a play, and another film script—all of them, he says, very, very chancy. *Really?*

It took some assiduous scouting around, but we've located one movie that rates not only a G for General but a U for Universal, even three rousing cheers for / *turn to page 18*

BOB WILLOUGHBY

Three cheers for "Goodbye, Mr. Chips," with Peter O'Toole, Petula Clark

Ask for the gift of time.

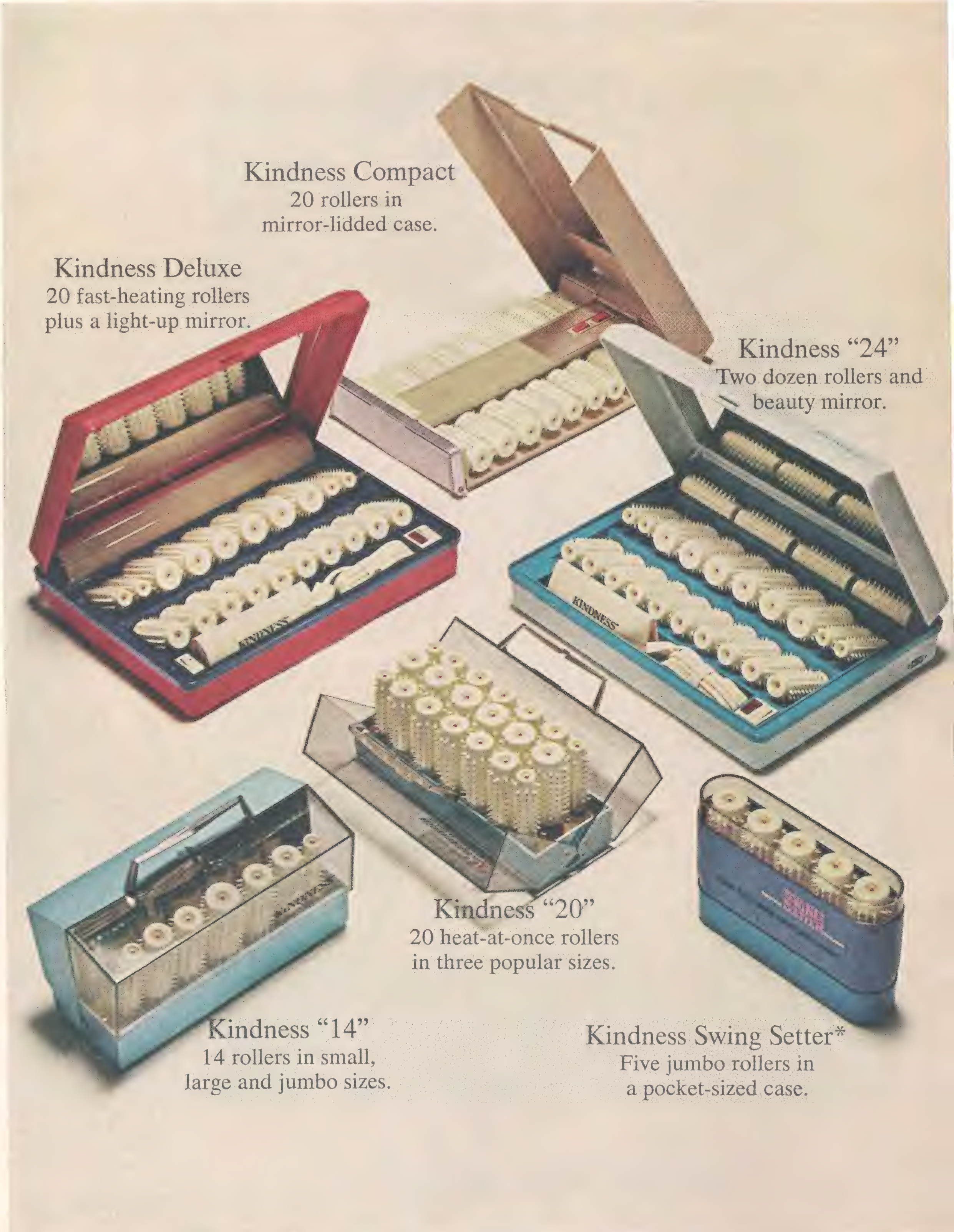
A Kindness Instant Hairsetter saves hours in curlers and keeps you beautiful twenty-three hours and fifty-five minutes a day.

Stop and think about it. You're not what you'd call a lady of leisure, right? You spend a busy day running a household. Handling a job, Stretching a budget. Juggling a schedule. Work that leaves you little time—for yourself or your appearance.

You'll have this time—if you get a Kindness Instant Hairsetter for Christmas. It puts an end to the hours it used to take—in those awful curlers—to get a decent set.

A Kindness works in minutes. All you do is plug it in and let it heat. Then set your hair on the exclusive rollers. When the last one is in, the first one is ready to come out. No wetting, no waiting, no sleeping in unfriendly curlers. Gentle, controlled heat sets curls firm in just five minutes. There couldn't be a faster way to get a set that lasts all day. (Or a nicer way to keep your pretty face pretty!)

This Christmas, ask your husband for a Kindness Instant Hairsetter. Ask for the gift of time. Time to take up tennis. Learn a language. Read best sellers. Pick a pants suit. Time to be beautiful. For him and for you.



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20 rollers in
mirror-lidded case.

Kindness Deluxe
20 fast-heating rollers
plus a light-up mirror.

Kindness "24"
Two dozen rollers and
beauty mirror.

Kindness "20"
20 heat-at-once rollers
in three popular sizes.

Kindness "14"
14 rollers in small,
large and jumbo sizes.

Kindness Swing Setter*
Five jumbo rollers in
a pocket-sized case.

At drug, cosmetic and beauty appliance counters. Six models from under $15.

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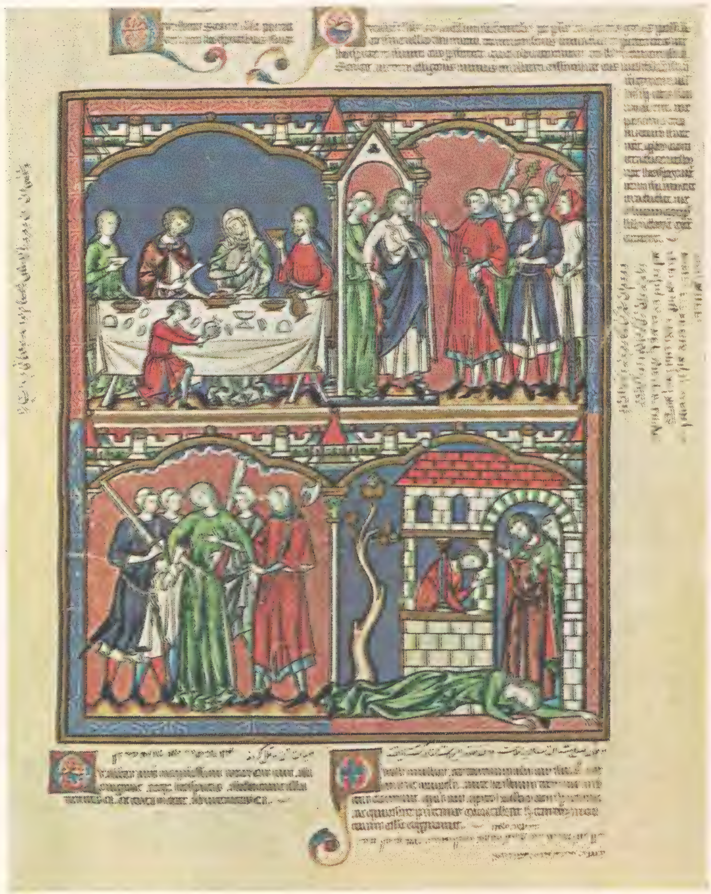
Sight & Sound



13th-century illustrations, Judges xix: "Old Testament Miniatures"

M-G-M, the company that has turned out a musical version of *Goodbye, Mr. Chips,* refurbished with Peter O'Toole and Petula Clark, but the same delightful, touching story of a shy English schoolteacher and his wistful romance and marriage. In the truest sense, it brings us greetings of the season, and, as it happens, James Hilton originally wrote the story some thirty-five years ago for a newspaper's Christmas supplement. Not only has it held its charm, but the singing and dancing numbers actually enhance it; Peter O'Toole's performance distinguishes it, and Petula Clark gives it loveliness and grace. Laugh. Cry. Enjoy. And if you don't mind some increasingly rare advice, take the whole family.

RECORDS

Around now, the home stereo system becomes an increasingly indispensable holiday accessory, as a festive mood setter and a soothing sonic buffer against the frenzy of the season. To wit: When it's too late to mail early and you're still *addressing Christmas cards,* reflective, flowing music is in order. Avoid Christmas music—carols will only remind you of all that remains to be done, while a strong, rhythmic beat promotes writer's cramp. Instead, try Artur Rubinstein's poetic performance of Chopin's nocturnes (RCA Red Seal LSC 7050, $11.96) to back up an evening of enforced correspondence.

When faced with the dreadful impasse on your *gift list,* get a second wind with Bach's Christmas Oratorio (London OSA 1386, $17.94) or, as a change of pace, the coolly sinuous jazz stylings of pianist Bill Evans (*Live at Montreux,* Verve 68762, $5.98). If the music doesn't inspire a solution, wrap up the recordings and give them to somebody.

Before you know it, 'tis the week before Christmas, and all through the house are *the kids.* For diversion, try Kipling's *Just So Stories,* dramatized on three (that's almost three hours) entertaining new Spoken Arts discs (SA 1015/17, $5.95 each). Older youngsters should be spellbound by the Time/Life documentation of last summer's / *turn to page 20*

"Burning deck" boy: "Parlour Poetry"

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because it does so much more.

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE
★ Good Housekeeping
GUARANTEES
REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

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continued

flight to the moon (SLT 163, $24.95). These six LPs, accompanied by a sumptuously illustrated book, recount the events of our moon program from dream to reality—an important bit of history you won't mind eavesdropping on.

When it comes to *gift-wrapping* time, bouncy, effusive, almost triumphant chords are obviously appropriate. Not especially Christmasy, but incomparably exuberant: a three-disc collection of waltzes, polkas, marches, and galops by the Strauss family (London CSA 2307, $17.94). These canter along under the baton of Willi Boskovsky and his Viennese schmaltz-kinder. They ought to keep your spirits in gear—until you run out of ribbon. If a few *friends drop in* and the conversation lags, cushion it with piquant, offbeat medieval and Renaissance carols (*Now Make We Merthe,* Argo ZRG 526, $5.95).

But for a livelier crowd, the spectacular massed sonics of *A Festival of Carols in Brass* (Columbia MS 7033, $5.98) should send everybody home singing.

Come *Christmas Eve,* trimming the tree calls for a good old-fashioned sing fest; if your family is not up to vocalizing a cappella, sing along with *What Child Is This* (Columbia MS 7164, $5.98), a magnificent carol collection performed by organist E. Power Biggs, the Greg Smith Singers, and the Texas Boys Choir. At bedtime, as the embers fade in the fireplace, treat the family to the midnight service taped on Christmas Eve 1964 in King's College Chapel at Cambridge, G.B. (Argo ZRG 5450, $5.95)—a unique program of lovely carols and seasoned Bible readings.

On *Christmas morning* (for the sake of everyone's sanity), it might be just as well to put the turntable under lock and key. The reverse holds true for *cleaning up* afterward, when anything but Christmas music is called for. If you want to wiggle while you work, Elvis is back (RCA LSP-4155, $4.98), and if you loved him then, you'll be surprised how much you've missed him. He's as mellifluous as ever, and his material is a testimony to the glory that was and always will be rock. If, on the other hand, you're falling apart, let that classic blues singer Bessie Smith keep you company (Columbia CL 855/858, $4.98 each); or beat the blues with the hypnotic flow of Vivaldi's *Four Seasons* (Odyssey 32 16 0132, $2.98). This LP might energize you sufficiently to carry on until the next hurdle—*New Year's Eve.*

One suggestion: a retrospective of 1969's best pop discs, including the Rolling Stones' *Beggars Banquet* (London 539, $4.98), followed by *Switched-On Bach* (Columbia MS 7194, $5.98), to see the old year out appropriately.

For *the morning after*—oh, so very quiet music. Anything from the slow movements of Beethoven's later string quartets (Columbia M5S 677, $29.88) to Frank Sinatra's latest—a low-keyed collection of Rod McKuen ballads (Reprise 1030, $5.98). This may be the only day of the year when you'll groove to the solo flute. So why not treat yourself to one of the year's finest albums? It's Paul Horn's jazz flute (Epic BN 26466, $4.98), hauntingly recorded in of all places the Taj Mahal—where you may wish you were.

BOOKS

You can always tell a book by its shape under the tree; the contents are harder to gauge. But when well chosen, a book can be a source of constant pleasure. It is the touchstone of friendship, the symbol of unspoken understanding. Ideal gift books are those that can be treasured, dipped into, and revisited year after year.

Take these two dazzling and delicate books from George Braziller, Inc.: *Old Testament Miniatures* ($40 now, $50 after Christmas), 283 never-before-published thirteenth-century illustrations, ranging from the Creation to the Story of David; *The Très Riches Heures of Jean, Duke of Berry,* the famous Book of Hours ($30 now, $35 then), an exquisite selection of illuminated pages.

Another collector's item is a new and limited edition of *Alice in Wonderland,* illustrated with 13 signed and numbered fantasies by Salvador Dali (Random House; hardly a steal at $375).

For an almost encyclopedic pictorial history of art through the ages and American manners throughout the past century, *The Museum: 100 Years and The Metropolitan Museum of Art,* by Leo Lerman (Viking, $16.95), shows (in period photographs and reproductions from the museum's collections) and tells all in artful and informative anecdotes.

Another new edition of a classic, Dante's *The Divine Comedy;* translated by Thomas G. Bergin, with 120 haunting illustrations by Leonard Baskin. Set in specially designed type, on specially produced paper, under specially supervised conditions, the Grossman edition is priced at $55 now, $75 after the holidays.

More modest, as befits its subject, *The Gentle People, A Portrait of the Amish* (Grossman, $20)is primarily a photograph album by James A. Warner (who had never snapped a shutter before). He befriended his camera-shunning subjects through the good auspices of Donald M. Denlinger (who wrote the rather lackluster text), himself a Mennonite. The morning sun seems to caress the color photographs of the Amish at work and play with a purity that recalls Vermeer. Soothing bedside fare.

The French dictionary people—Larousse—have come forth with a batch of beautifully illustrated reference works. A knowledge of French is optional but helpful for the enjoyment of *Le Cinéma* ($25), a pictorial encyclopedia of the 1,000

Little traditions from gumdrops to tape

What's a tradition? Simply, it's a cherished custom families repeat year after year, and generation after generation . . . the happy memories you have and want to give to your children. That's why traditions bring families together. Families can make meaningful traditions of little things, like gumdrops and tape. Here are some ideas which may be new to you, and which you might like to add to your family traditions.

Gumdrop decision pudding

Make your favorite Christmas pudding, and hide differently colored gumdrops in the servings. Then, for instance, the child who gets the red gumdrop gets to take the presents away from the tree; the green one gets to pass them out; and the yellow one gets to open the first package.

Birthday balloon tree

For a birthday during the holiday season, make a balloon tree. Decorate blown-up balloons with pretty "Scotch" Gift Tapes. Put balloons together in a tree shape with sticky-side-out loops (about the size of a quarter) of "Scotch" Magic Transparent Tape.

Christmas basket stockings

New idea! Start with plastic ice cream containers. Decorate with "Scotch" Plastic Tape, and streamers of "Sasheen" Ribbon.

Santa's snack

Leave some Christmas cookies and a glass of milk for Santa. (Hint: Santa likes the same kind of cookies that Dad does!)

For the pets

Don't forget the puppy dog! Give him a present like dog snacks, or rubber bones, taped up loosely in tissue, and he'll open it himself. It's traditional, too, to give pets an extra helping of food on Christmas Day.

Friendship door

Using "Scotch" Magic Transparent Tape, display your greeting cards around a doorway. Or tape them to a fireplace mirror or mantel. Or you might like to display your cards taped to ribbon streamers.

Origami decorations

Do you make your own tree decorations? Then try origami, the Japanese art of paper folding. You'll find books and paper in art and craft stores. Many birds and flowers are easy enough for children. This crane, a symbol of good luck, has wings edged with "Scotch" Double Stick Tape and sequins. Try glitter, too.

3M COMPANY

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best films from 1895 to 1965, but a prerequisite for digging into the old-reliable, increasingly lushly illustrated *Nouveau Petit Larousse* ($25).

A fondness for Victoriana and particularly for the super-serious, hyper-moral, and ultra-sentimental poetry of that age is an acquired taste. To satisfy those who have it, Michael R. Turner has compiled an anthology—*Parlour Poetry, A Casquet of Gems* (Viking, $8.95)—of such familiar lines as "The boy stood on the burning deck" in their often-hard-to-find context, annotated with wry, informative, succinct text. If someone on your list owns a Tiffany lamp, a pianola, or a petit-point footstool, this little volume is a "most seemly" gift, to quote the good queen herself.

This Christmas, there is a particularly fertile array to choose from for first-person fanciers. Playwright Lillian Hellman, in *An Unfinished Woman* (Little, Brown, $7.50), reminisces over a productive, involved life, with sophistication and rapier wit. Svetlana Alliluyeva (Stalin's daughter), on the other hand, examines *Only One Year* (Harper & Row, $7.95), her first in this country, with long-winded, but warmhearted simplicity: comforting reading for those who like to believe that In Spite of Everything, People Are Still Good at Heart. Coretta King, in *My Life with Martin Luther King, Jr.* (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $6.95), has a similar conviction, a better sense of humor, and, surprisingly, a less sentimental style: an "inspiring" story that is truly inspiring.

Another first-person sentimental journey—in this case, along the roads of England and Spain—is Laurie Lee's *As I Walked Out One Midsummer Morning* (Atheneum, $5.95), poetic and poignant observations of the world he saw in the early 'thirties. Also personal and poetic—*and* outrageously funny—is Gerald Durrell's second look at his family's prewar years on the island of Corfu. Like *My Family and Other Animals*, its predecessor, *Birds, Beasts and Relatives* (Viking, $5.95) gives a young naturalist's view of the fascinating and sometimes bewildering quirks of fauna, friends, and family (including his novelist brother, Lawrence) he fell in with on that idyllic island.

For those who like reading between the lines, Viking has published *Journal of a Novel: The East of Eden Letters* ($7.50 straight, or in limited edition beefed up with six pages of full-size facsimiles for $25), from John Steinbeck to his publisher. Each epistle was a warm-up for the day's writing, in which the Nobel Prizewinner discussed daily domestic and artistic ups and downs.

And last, the season's *pièce de résistance:* Mrs. Beeton's *Book of Household Management*, reproduced exactly (Farrar, Straus, & Giroux, $12.95) from the 1,112-page, illustrated 1861 edition (it's just the right size for a lady to carry in her reticule). Predominantly recipes—including one billed as "Christmas Plum Pudding (very good)"—the book offers such indispensable household hints as "how to whiten scorched linen with dried fowls' dung" and suggestions as to the sort of company the mistress of a house should keep: "A gossiping acquaintance, who indulges in the scandal and ridicule of her neighbors, should be avoided as a pestilence." What worthier New Year's resolution to offer the brand-new decade?

BOOKS FOR CHILDREN

What's truly rejuvenating about giving a child a book is that the right one will be read and reread until committed to memory, recited, quoted from, acted out with contagious relish. Since the formula for such success is hard to pinpoint from this side of the generation gap, the following selections have passed muster with a flock of discriminating readers and listeners.

What would Christmas be without at least one good book of fairy tales? And *Black Fairy Tales*, by Terry Berger (Atheneum, $4.75; ages 8 to 12), is a very timely one. The ten stories, based on authentic South African tribal legends, are wild and exotic at first glance, but with the appearance of the familiar wicked stepmother, ogre, and frog prince, the terrain is delightfully familiar—proving (if anyone still doubts it) that childhood, at least, is colorblind.

In a more traditional vein, so much so that it bears an obvious, but not detrimental, kinship to the German Hansel and Gretel, is *Ivan and the Witch*, adapted from the Russian with zest by Mischa Damjan and lushly illustrated by Toma Bogdanovic (McGraw-Hill, $3.50 until December 31; thereafter, $4.50; 4 to 8).

And here's that rarity, a made-up fairy tale that works: *The Search for Delicious*, by Natalie Babbitt (Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $3.95; 7 to 10), in which Gaylen, the king's messenger boy, scours the magical kingdom in search of the *one food* to define "delicious" in the prime minister's new dictionary. This one is for kids who thrive on the discovery of new words.

And for those who like their ghosts and witches documented, *Haunted Houses*, by Larry Kettelkamp (Morrow, $3.50; 10 to 14), is a splendid collection of case histories of famous ghosts and poltergeists, recounted in clear but pleasantly spine-tingling fashion and tempered by a sensible discussion of psychic investigation. What's more, it's illustrated with photographs of ghosts!

One of the most beautiful classic books of fantasy, *The Velveteen Rabbit*, by Margery Williams, illustrated by William Nicholson (Doubleday, $2.95; up to 6), has just been reissued. It's a tale of nursery magic, wherein a stuffed rabbit

continued on page 106

Christmas cake

Christmas is a birthday celebration, so why not bake a very special birthday cake? Put a candle on it for each of your children. It's appropriate to remember what Christmas means.

Family Christmas screen

Make a small folding screen to display your own family Christmas cards and add each year's to it. It's especially nice if you send photographic cards. Or use snapshots taken each Christmas. Just tape cards to screen with "Scotch" Double Stick Tape (it's sticky on both sides). Add panels as years go by.

New life for old toys

Many cities have groups which distribute toys to needy children. Brighten some child's Christmas by fixing up an outgrown toy, and donating it. Colorful "Scotch" Plastic Tape lets you add stripes or trimming quickly, easily.

Distinctive wrapping

For really unique, economical paper, buy odd-lot flocked or embossed wallpaper. For children, consider wrapping in comic papers. For travelers, try a roadmap.

Birds' tree

Take suet rings and popcorn chains outside, and make a tree for the birds.

Heirloom ornaments

Each year, buy or make one special ornament for each child. Label it with "Scotch" Magic Transparent Tape (you can write on it, and the tape won't discolor). When your children are grown, each will have his own set of "heirloom ornaments."

Trinket greetings

For special people, why not send a little trinket to decorate their tree, as a greeting? Idea: "Scotch" Plastic Tape sticks to styrofoam, and makes colorful decorations, especially when you add "Decorette" Ribbon.

. . . And For Christmas TV

See the Christmas Special starring "Bing and Carol Together Again for the First Time." December 18—8:00 P.M. Eastern, 7:00 P.M. Central. NBC-TV Network.

FREE!

If your copy of "Christmas Traditions That Bring Families Together" is missing, write for a free copy. Send your name, address and zip code (important) to:

3M Company,
Dept. CAM-129,
St. Paul, Minn.
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It has to.
Little girls do.

Little girls are soft, sassy, twinkly, frilly, precious.
They're cookie bakers, rope jumpers, tree climbers, ballet dancers.
Girls have freckles, pigtails, ponytails and kicky clothes.
They love picnics, puppy dogs, dolls and *Tinkerbell.*
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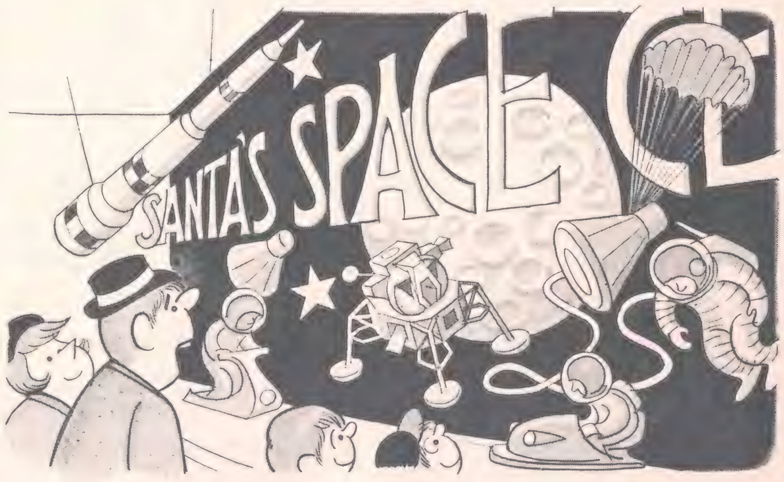
Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES

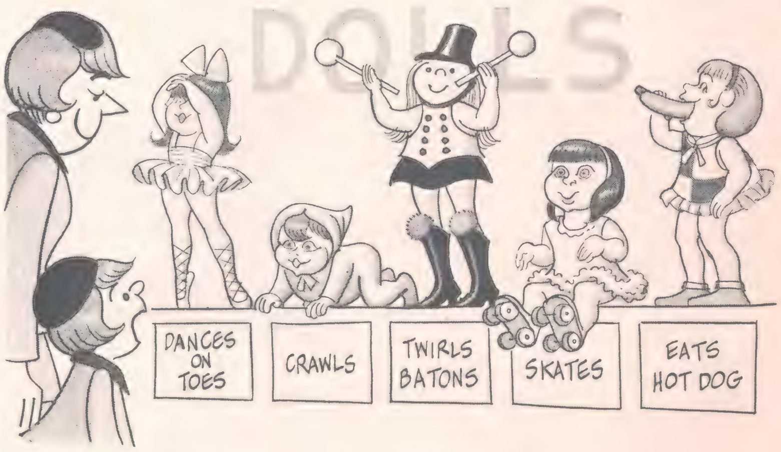
Toyland

IT'S ALL IN THE FAMILY

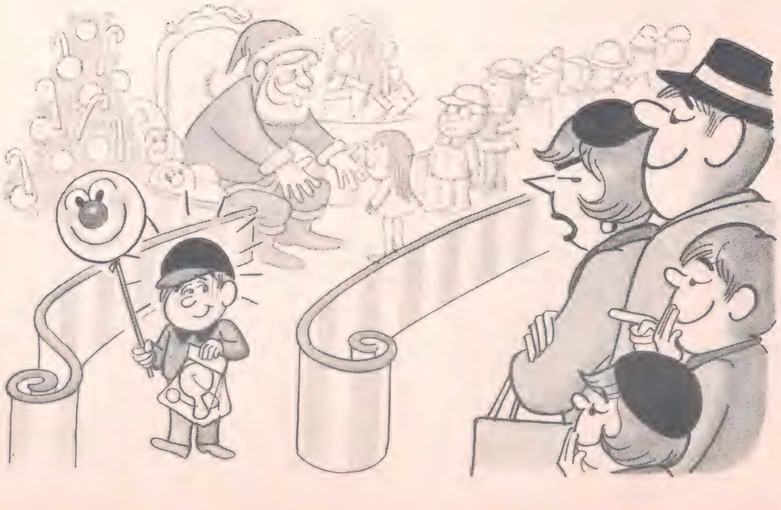
BY STANLEY AND JANICE BERENSTAIN



"I remember when this entire wall was a huge electric-train display, with tunnels and bridges and little towns"



"Gee, when I was a kid, all they could do was walk, talk, drink, and wet"

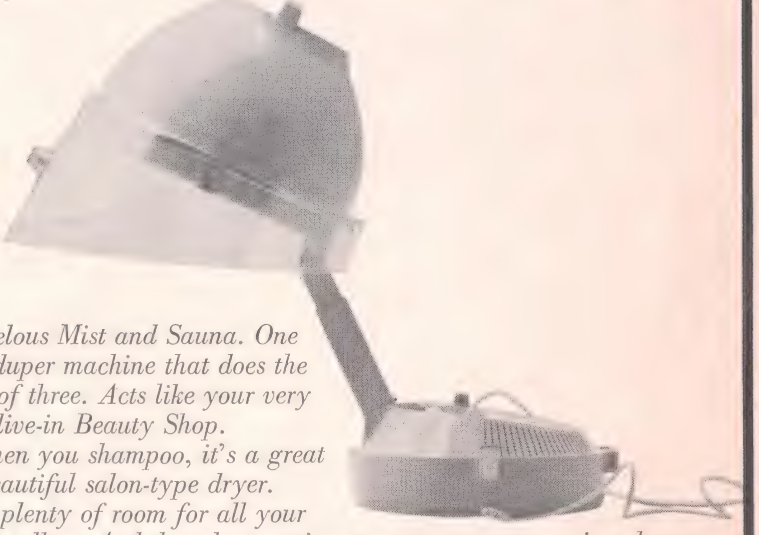


"Anybody makes any cracks answers to me"

continued on page 36

Beauty Shop to go. Lady Sunbeam Mist & Sauna hair dryer.

Heady little PowerTool that earns its keep. Works like a whole staff of beauty experts. Dries wet hair. Mist-sets dry hair. Turns out a radiant, sauna-fresh face.



Marvelous Mist and Sauna. One superduper machine that does the work of three. Acts like your very own, live-in Beauty Shop.

When you shampoo, it's a great big beautiful salon-type dryer. With plenty of room for all your fattest rollers. And three heat settings to get you gorgeous in a hurry.

Or, it's a quickie hair setter. Goes from limp locks to glorious curls in about 20 minutes with gentle Moisture Mist.

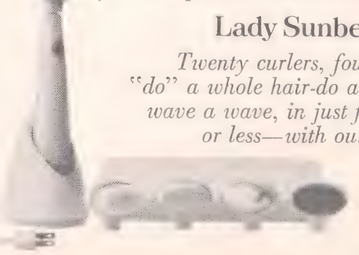
Or, it's a fab facial. Pop on the ingenious Sauna Shield and bask in the penetrating mist. Come out blushy and relaxed and clean, clean, deep-pore clean.

Lady Sunbeam Facemaker *Complexion Care Kit.*

A turned-on handle that rotates gently, and a kit full of nifty attachments. Revs up your cleaning power, glories up your complexion—automatically.

Lady Sunbeam Hair Curler

Twenty curlers, four sizes. So you can "do" a whole hair-do at once. Curl a curl, wave a wave, in just five little minutes—or less—with our pre-heated rollers.



SUNBEAM APPLIANCE COMPANY, A DIVISION OF SUNBEAM CORPORATION. ©SUNBEAM CORPORATION, 1969, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS ®SUNBEAM, LADY SUNBEAM TM FACEMAKER

PowerTools for girls

in the Lady Sunbeam Beauty Boutique at the nicest stores.

Like all Sunbeam products—built with integrity, backed by service

He'll think of you every morning.

Opens wider. Closes flatter. Holds more.
At fine leather counters from $10

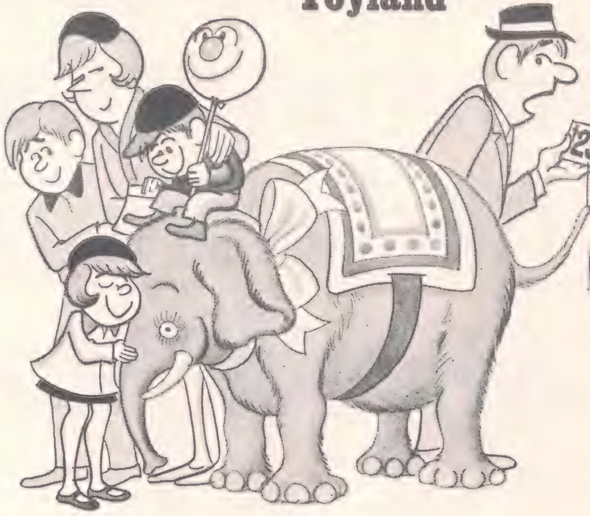
The only Dopp® Kit.

Found... a gift he'll treasure. He'll be pleased because it's practical . . . proud because it's handsome. Precision-made grooming implements of fine cutlery steel finished in gold or chrome; the gift-box is a good-looking caddy for desk or dresser. Treasure Chest in Chrome, $5.00. Gold finish, $5.95. See the complete line of Heirloom gift sets at fine department stores and men's shops. The W.E. Bassett Co., Derby, Connecticut.

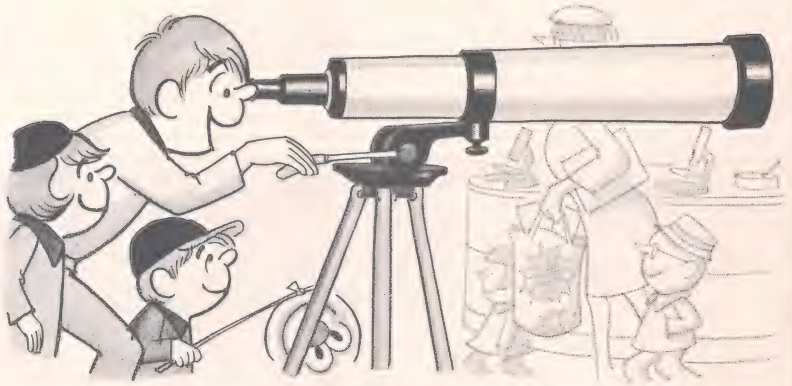
TRIM

Treasure Chest
TRIM

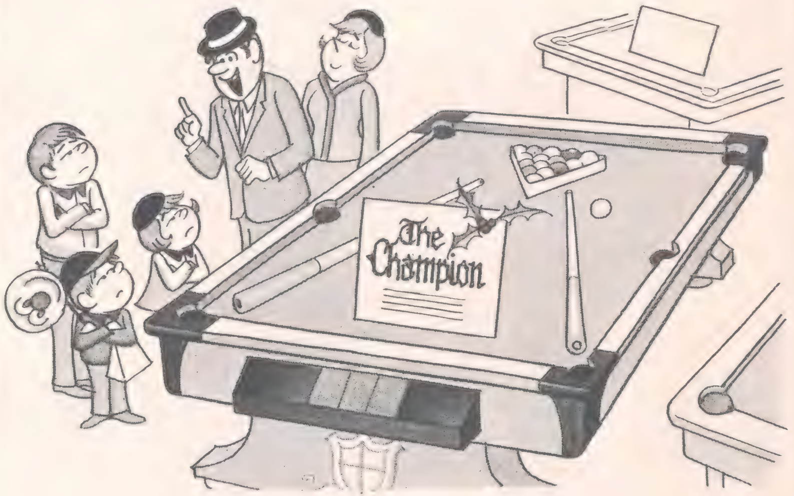
Toyland



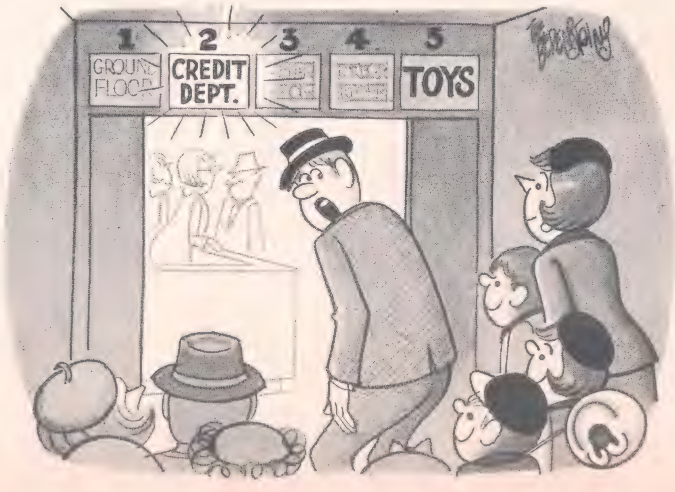
"This item is strictly for display purposes and is not for sale under any circumstances!"



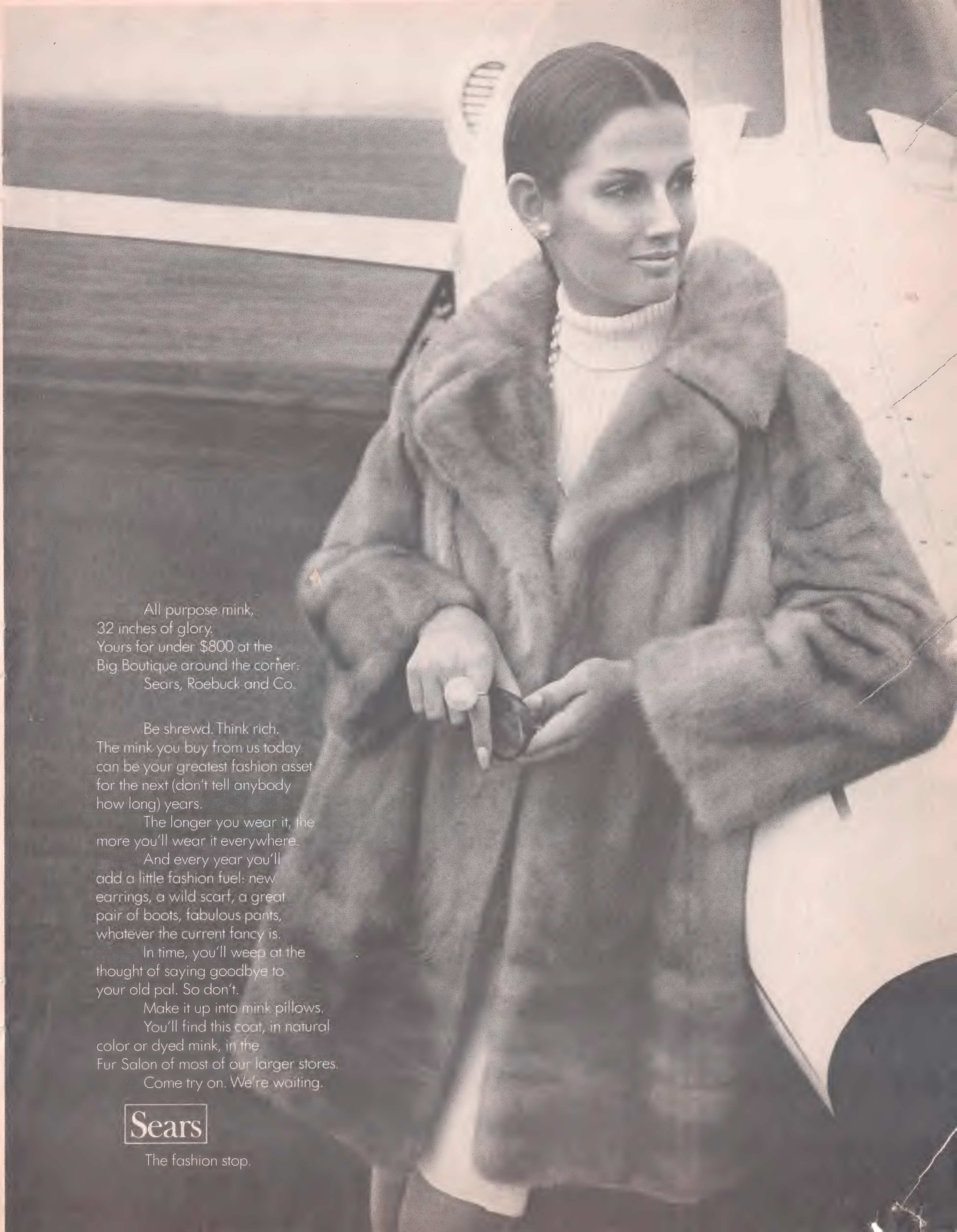
"Mom's taking out her charge plate. . . . She's handing it to the salesman. . . ."



"Say, I've got an idea, gang! Instead of buying everybody a lot of little *individual* presents—"



"Wait for me on the ground floor. I'll be with you in a few minutes"



All purpose mink,
32 inches of glory.
Yours for under $800 at the
Big Boutique around the corner:
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Be shrewd. Think rich.
The mink you buy from us today
can be your greatest fashion asset
for the next (don't tell anybody
how long) years.

The longer you wear it, the
more you'll wear it everywhere.

And every year you'll
add a little fashion fuel: new
earrings, a wild scarf, a great
pair of boots, fabulous pants,
whatever the current fancy is.

In time, you'll weep at the
thought of saying goodbye to
your old pal. So don't.

Make it up into mink pillows.

You'll find this coat, in natural
color or dyed mink, in the
Fur Salon of most of our larger stores.

Come try on. We're waiting.

Sears

The fashion stop.

The Lady Sunbeam Hair Curler. For making waves in a hurry.

Brilliant little Curl Thing just whipped up by Lady Sunbeam. Then plopped smack in the middle of her collection of PowerTools for girls. To pretty you. Pamper you. Put CurlPower at your fingertips.

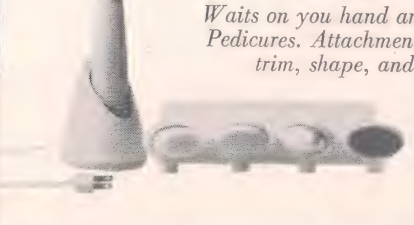
Make waves. Or curls. Or just add bounce. The Lady Sunbeam Hair Curler makes you a regular efficiency expert in the Hair Department.

Twenty rollers, four sizes—from positively jumbo to skinny mini. So you can "do" a whole hair-do at once. Curl a curl, wave a wave, in just five little minutes—or less—with our pre-heated rollers.

Making headlines: super new clips. Because they do things no clips ever did before. Like, one size clip fits all sizes of rollers. (Hurrah! Hurrah!) And these clips lock tight. So wayward curlers can't come tumbling down.

Lady Sunbeam Facemaker *Complexion Care Kit.*

A whole kit and caboodle of brushes and massagers and things to work lovely miracles with your complexion. Glow it up, glory it up—automatically.



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Waits on you hand and foot. Manicures. Pedicures. Attachments to groom cuticle, trim, shape, and buff nails. Plus, a built-in dryer to polish off nail polishing in a breeze.

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PowerTools for girls

in the Lady Sunbeam Beauty Boutique at the nicest stores.

Like all Sunbeam products—built with integrity, backed by service

PET SHOPTALK

Up to Here in Gerbils

By Patricia Simon

One day about a year ago I walked into my brother's apartment and he said, after taking my coat, "Oh, you haven't met Doctor and Mrs. Lehmann yet, have you?" Looking around the room, I didn't see anyone; then, noticing his insistent gaze, I glanced at a table beside me to find a little cage containing two small, furry animals, busily tearing up newspapers. I bent down and looked in on them, and they scurried to the front to stare beadily back at me. It was my first introduction to—gerbils.

As I grew to know them over the next few months, I liked their shy, mouselike furriness, their little blue exercise wheel, where they spent most of their time when not sleeping or shredding newspapers, and felt their gentle life-force, approximately strong enough to power a tiny flashlight, perhaps, or to blow out one birthday candle. If they didn't have actual star quality, still, their small, bewhiskered presence made one happy in a quiet sort of way.

And as for their breed, gerbils (pronounced júr-bles), I had never heard of it before and hardly expected ever to hear of it again.

A few months later, though, it suddenly became apparent that I had simply been out of the mainstream, for wherever I turned, I found myself running straight up against them: gerbils in schools, gerbils in play centers, gerbils in the house of the people next door, and the people next door, and the people next door. Gerbils on little blue exercise wheels, gerbils on little green exercise wheels, gerbils eating mouse pellets, gerbils on the floor. *Eek! He's out again!* Gerbils—

Gerbils? Looking back into my childhood, I drew a complete blank on gerbils. By concentrating deeply and squinting very hard, I could remember guinea pigs. Neither pigs nor from Guinea, eerily lacking in tails, they had worried me in the first and second grades. And then, yes—white mice. Little boys had them, and the mice had little pink eyes. Later, there were hamsters—cuddly, sweet, and adorable, except for a disconcerting habit of eating their children. Now, apparently, it was gerbils—the IN Furry Animal of the Year.

Who exactly were gerbils? Where had they come from, and why? And where had all the hamsters gone?

In the beginning (I learned), gerbils lived in eastern Europe, Africa, or Asia, going quietly under the name of desert rats. They probably would have lived there forever, gnawing and breeding as was their wont, if scientists hadn't discovered a few years ago that they made good laboratory animals and begun to transport some for research purposes, first to Europe and then to the United States. Once here, unlike the Beatles or Twiggy or Catherine Deneuve, they created absolutely no stir whatsoever. Mostly they just lived in laboratories and helped science. Perhaps occasionally someone would take one or two home to his wife and children, but perhaps not. The situation was entirely under control.

Then came 1966. The year gerbils began to happen.

A talent scout for Creative Playthings, a manufacturer of educational toys, who was casting about for some small animal to provide a new Creative Experience for children, chanced one day on a pair of gerbils in a laboratory. After an audition, it was found that gerbils are docile, amiable, have tails, shred newspapers magnificently, and don't eat their young. (Which is not necessarily a virtue, as we shall see.)

Gerbils went, without further ado, into the 1966 catalogue, and that year 1,200 were sold. The next year some more were sold, and the year after that some more, until about 3,800 were at large. A modest success story, to judge by the figures; but the figures are the one thing you can't judge by. For, in point of fact, gerbils turned out to be the most creative playthings in history. For the approximately three years they live, gerbils have the capability of creating a litter once every month,

/ *turn to page 139*

Happiness is having a mother to love you

And nine-month-old Lin Su contentedly sucks her thumb as she watches her new "mother" come to give her a nursing bottle of warm milk.

Lin Su's "mother" is a staff member at our Pine Hill Babies' Home in Hong Kong and to Lin Su she means happiness and security—and most important—love.

You see, until she came to us, this little girl had been badly neglected and abused. Her mother died when Lin Su was born and her father disappeared soon after. Lin Su was left alone in the shack which was her home. Neighbors found her and tried to take care of her.

But they were desperately poor with several children of their own. There simply wasn't any place where Lin Su was wanted. No one picked her up to cuddle her, she was often hungry and wet and cold for hours before anyone found time for her.

Besides being dangerously undernourished, Lin Su had been deprived of the warm, loving atmosphere that all babies need if they are to thrive.

Now, Lin Su is happy. You can see from her picture that contentment and security have filled her world. She is responding well to the tender care she receives and her eyes light up when her "mother" comes near.

It's good to comfort and take care of a little one like Lin Su. Won't you share this feeling with us by becoming a CCF sponsor for one of thousands of other children who are victims of events they cannot help?

I urge you to reach out to a needy child. For only $12.00 a month you can sponsor a little boy or girl, and help provide happiness, security and love.

Please fill out the coupon today. Then in about two weeks, you will receive a photograph of the child you sponsor and a personal history. Your sponsored child will write to you and a housemother or staff worker will send you the original letter and an English translation, direct from overseas.

Whenever you may wish to send a special little gift, you've only to send your check to the CCF Richmond office and the entire amount will be forwarded, along with your instructions for its use.

For more than thirty years, through CCF sponsorships, Americans have shared their blessings with needy children around the world. Please, let today be the day you join this special group and begin to enjoy the rewards that come from person-to-person sharing with a little child.

Thanks so much.

Sponsors urgently needed this month for children in: Philippines, Thailand, Taiwan (Formosa), India and Brazil. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country)________

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month. I enclose first payment of $______. Send me child's name, story, address and picture. I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $______.

☐ Please send me more information.

MC 62DO

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Registered (VFA-080) with the U.S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7

How much is enough?

The Christmas tip can be a reward, an act of charity, or pure extortion. Any way, it's a puzzle

BY JANE O'REILLY

Last Christmas Eve, I arranged a pile of eighteen white envelopes, each filled with crisp new bills, on a tray just inside my front door. I dispensed them, with entirely fraudulent gestures of largess, to the hearty well-wishers who came to my holiday door: the mailman, the milkman, the garbage man, the doorman, the laundry-pickup man, and many, many more. Then I delivered a gaily wrapped package of Christmas cookies, made by my loving hands, to my mother. It seems to me something is wrong with that arrangement. I am either too old to be giving homemade cookies or too young to be tipping half the city of New York.

Something should be done about tipping. It should be abolished as a custom incompatible with a democracy. Or else it should be philosophically reappraised. We should stop pretending that a tip is a gesture made with thanks and received with delight and admit that it is much more like a mini-Mafia transaction, a kind of protection racket. It is absurd for grown-up people like me to stumble along through life in constant fear that, in the ordinary course of our daily life, we may somehow provoke a situation that requires a tip. Only cheapskates feel perfectly calm and unwaveringly resolved about tipping: they just don't do it. The rest of us suffer an agony of embarrassment and outrage every time we do some of the simplest things—like getting out of a taxi. I live in the outrage capital of the world, a city where cabdrivers mean it when they suggest that one third of the meter reading is a barely acceptable tip. But all across the nation I have had tips thrown back at me, with shouted denunciations of the purchasing power of the quarter. It was years before I learned to snatch back the quarter gratefully, get out of the cab and walk away, leaving the door open.

Taxi drivers at least are often so exceptionally hostile that the offer of a tip is clearly a cynical joke. But what about hairdressers? There are dozens of places all around the world to which I can never return, because I was so unnerved by the tension of deciding how much that I sneaked away, after comb-out, without tipping at all. I have friends who demand to be set by the owner, or go to great trouble to find a one-man shop, on the theory that you don't tip the artist-owner, who—they say—would be insulted. (I have other friends who do tip the owners, and the gentlemen have never indicated that they felt insulted.)

Nowadays I go to a place around the corner, where I have worked out a spoils system that keeps the staff from outright rebellion. But even so, I spend the time under the dryer in an agony of calculation: "I had an extra rinse today. Should I tip Paul or the girl who held the towel? And lord deliver me from the brand-new person coming toward me. What does *she* do, and should she be tipped for it?" All the women locked in the dryer bank around me have the same look of terror, their lips move in a silent computation like mine, so I assume I am not the only woman who is unsophisticated enough to wish that she still were in pigtails and would never have to tip a hairdresser again.

Holly Golightly requested $50 for tipping in the ladies' room. The rest of us stare glumly at those little plates with their loathsomely suggestive displays of quarters, and we either snatch our own paper towel and run or we donate—with the air of someone giving alms to lepers—and then demand a complete refinishing job from the poor attendant, who does, after all, earn her meager living in the fumes of a restroom.

Traveling has come to resemble the progress of a medieval court, the touring family unwillingly sprinkling gold coins from the back of the station wagon to the insistent throngs. The only place I've been lately where a tip is not considered a constitutional right is Vermont, where one native told me: "We've seen tips, all right, but we didn't know it was a custom. We just thought it was rich city people with money to throw around."

If daily tipping is an assault on the sensibilities, Christmas tipping is institutionalized extortion. In England they have Boxing Day. On the first weekday after Christmas, the tradesmen, staff, and servicemen receive tokens of gratitude. But it is a *separate* day, not a kind of national lottery mixed up with a lot of false wassailing. As I made up my lists two weeks ago—the list of those I *want* to please and the list of those I *have* to please—I realized I could brighten my garage attendant's or my sister's Christmas, but not both. I decided to liberate Christmas. What would happen if I didn't tip anyone? Would the hot water grow cold, the mail be delivered across the street, the milk sour, the groceries appear too late for dinner? Would my hair be dyed green and my car left to dissolve into the curb outside the parking lot? Would it perhaps be worth it if all those things happened? I decided to confront my oppressors and discover what they felt about tipping. I wanted to know what the rules are.

It turns out there are no rules. The answers to the most-asked questions are entirely personal, and you must just pray that your personal answer and the tippee's personal answer coincide. How much is it appropriate to give? Slightly more than you can afford. One man's largess is another's penny-pinching. Who receives a tip? Anyone appearing at your door at Christmas whom you have seen more than twice before during the year and you don't have nerve enough to turn away. Do people prefer a present or money? Alas, they do not prefer homemade Christmas cookies. Money wins every time. I always hoped that a little present made the thing seem more like a gesture of friendship than a payoff; but it seems that was only my opinion. And now that I think of it, I was usually giving away things, like a ghastly desk set some printing firm sent me as a "grateful client" tip. *I* would rather have had money, too. Is Christmas tipping a national problem? Except in Vermont, as noted, it appears to be a problem everywhere, certainly in the suburbs and the cities.

Last week I discovered what we loosely call the building staff grouped in the apartment lobby in an attitude

/ *turn to page 132*

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"How I Would Change the World at Christmastime"

Under 21

by SYLVIE REICE

Mary Rinaker has round eyes and a nose like an apostrophe. With the long, streaked, straight hair of her tribe (California teen) and jargon-peppered speech, she is as American and immediate as a firecracker. Especially in Rome, where I met her. She was one of a group of young Americans studying abroad. We all lunched in a school that had once been a monastery, and beyond Mary's head, framed in an ancient window, were gardens and the dark-green pines of Rome.

Mary was raging about the Paris police, who had arrested young people for vagrancy, "but really because they look different—because their hair is long, or maybe just because they're young. I was just walking with my girl friend, and they grabbed me and threw me into this big cage for three and a half hours and wouldn't tell me why. And the worst part was that nobody complained. Nobody talked up except me. It was a nightmare. That wouldn't ever happen back home."

"I don't know about that," said 17-year-old Herman Adams, Jr. He spoke coolly, but anger seemed to lurk in his eyes. Herman is black.

"No, not like this," Mary insisted. "They were wearing rubbery white suits, to defend themselves against riots. They had nasty weapons. It was enough to blow your mind. If ever I had the say, I'd ban all riot weapons. I'd destroy this power structure and put logic and compassion in its place."

We all fell silent, thinking. "What else would you do," I asked suddenly, "if you had the power?" Mary looked at me. "Power?" I made it more explicit. "Suppose," I said, "you woke up Christmas morning with the magical power to change things, what would you give the world?"

"Oh!" Mary said instantly. "I know, I know." And then she began to sing—in a small, high, untrained voice, looking so brave and vulnerable it brought a lump to my throat.

"And I would trade all of my
ten thousand sunsets
I could be like Jesus
for one single day.

"I'd walk on the water and
heal the sick children,
Feed all the hungry, give
sight to the blind.

"I'd turn all the cannons and
guns into flowers,
Turn all the whiskey into
Sacrament wine.

"That's what I'd do,
that's what I'd do. . . ."

"And more," Mary rushed on. "I have faith in America. We could feed the world in two weeks with our technology. We could end the war in forty-five minutes if we all worked on it."

Herman clung to an implacable viewpoint. "If I could change the world," he said, "I'd reverse things so that people would *feel* what they had done to others. All the pain they'd given others, they would suddenly feel inflicted on themselves. All the pleasure they'd given others, they'd feel, too. That would be my gift to the world."

Michael Smothers and Herman go to the same school in Detroit. Like Mary, they were abroad with the American Institute of Foreign Studies. Michael is also 17 and a Negro. He is less emotional, somehow too serious for his age. "The greatest gift would be to initiate respect for individuality, to wipe out the habit of categorizing people. That's what causes polarization and hatred. The blacks have been polarized—that, incidentally, is why there's such a need today for black awareness. But my gift—my hope—would be for polarization to end and the black to be accepted."

Other students joined us. "Is it a game?" one said. Mary took over, asking them the question I had posed to her. Immediately, they became very sober. "You really don't have to be serious about it," I said. "Maybe you'd like to present the world with a rock band on every corner—or shorter school hours."

They snorted condescendingly, as though I'd belittled them. Then Ray Richard said, "I would like to give everyone a chance to get ahead—Chinese, Indians, Biafrans. Those born of the poorest families should have a chance." Ray goes to Flintridge Prep School in Glendale, California. His parents are obstetricians "We have no money problems," he said flatly. Then, "It's pitiful how some people are stuck *all* their lives in a rut of poverty."

John Teeter is from Indianapolis. An outright, clean-cut boy, he seems almost a stereotype Midwesterner. "This question requires lots of thought," he said ponderously. "But there is only one answer. I would give the world peace."

I had to fly home that evening, and staring down into pink drifts of cloud, I thought of the lunchtime conversation and how it underscored the character of young Americans today—their seriousness, their idealism, their compassion. Would Europeans, Asiatics answer the same way? Had wars and a long history made them cynical?

I decided to pursue the question and rounded up four exchange students in New York, under the auspices of the Experiment for International Living. These Incoming Ambassadors, as they are called, had been chosen for a six-week stay in an American community because they were exceptionally articulate and aware.

Bernard Grevink studies economics at the Netherlands School of Economics in Rotterdam. Behind glasses, his eyes seem bright and humorless. "I'd like to give more persons in Europe, eastern Europe, and underdeveloped countries a chance to study. If you understand another person, it's easier to make peace with him personally and politically. It's not more power that we need, but more friendship. But the great countries, like the United States, want power to defend their interests abroad. . . . Right now, young people have power; we must try to further our interests and goals. In twenty years, we will be the old men, and there will be conflict with us."

I wondered why power is considered benign by the young only when they possess it. I tried to get him on a lighter plane. "Would you like to change the way the world looks, perhaps?" I asked.

"I'd like to change the dress—there is no sense to a jacket and tie. I'd like to call people by first name and visit them without telephoning first, as my father does. Why do we all live in uniforms? But change the way the world looks?"

In the next days, as I spoke to more young people, I kept running up against an unwillingness to fantasize. This must be the most serious generation that ever lived! Even Massimo De Gregori, who started off like science fiction, ended earthbound. Massimo, a medical student in Genoa, Italy, is big, handsome, assured. "Waking up Christmas morning," he said, "I'd like to see people disappear from the earth." He paused for shock value. "Then they could come back with another way of civilization. We're an old country, Italy, and the old things are on us like a stone, so that we can't be free. Everything we think is a mixture of old thoughts from the past. I'd like to cut our minds off. The past is dead. I hate it." His fertile mind jumped about. "I'd like to see divorce in Italy. But we must wait for the big decision from the church." He scored the words with irony. "The next thing is birth control. The biggest problem today is overpopulation. We need a scientific culture. Everyone should have a significant job to do. Artistic culture—" he made a face—"I hate artists. They do nothing for society. What kind of improvements does a picture or a song make in the world?" Massimo enjoyed outraging an audience. "Italy is a living museum. It's a bore. I'm tired of looking at pictures of centuries ago. I'd like everything to begin fresh—right *now.*"

Massimo meant every word. This was no put-on. I thought of Marya Mannes' chilling book *They,* in which the young take over the world. "To this generation of youth, history was what took place ten seconds ago!" one of her characters says.

Beatrice Prokociner brought the subject back to a personal plane. Beatrice has a degree from the Sorbonne. "First," she said, "I'd like to give the world the cure for cancer. I think that would be quite enormous. And I'd like to be able to find a solution to the problem of women who want to work and have children, too. Another wonderful gift would be if parents could let their children be free enough to discover many things and have many experiences, but

/ *turn to page 154*

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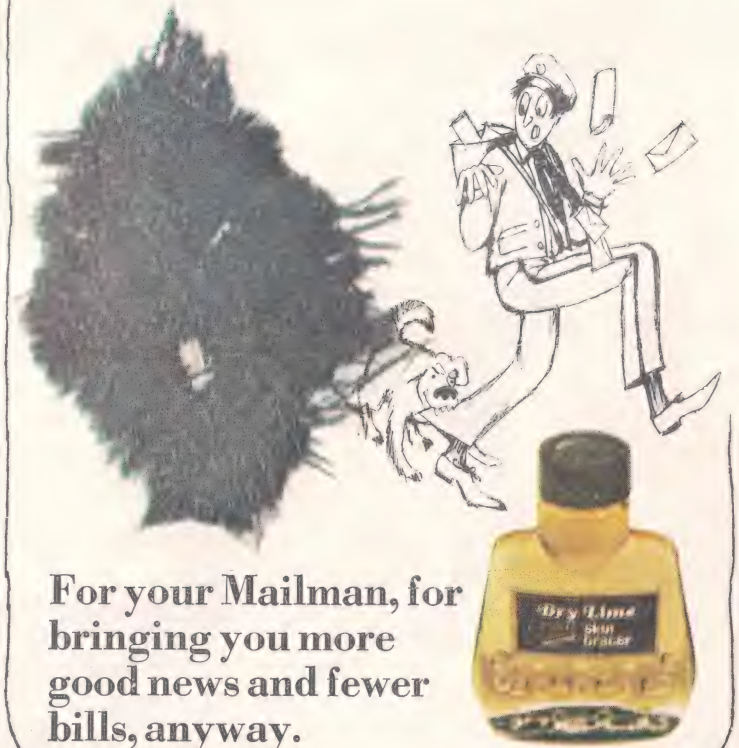
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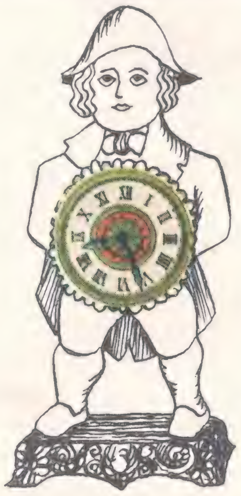

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HOROSCOPES

For Gift Giving

by MAURICE WOODRUFF

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A CAPRICORN, December 21 to January 19

Attractive, graceful, and charming, Capricorns love the new, the elegant, the sleek (chrome, plexiglass, silk), and although precise, their passions are constantly changing. If your gift pleases them, they will wear it into the ground. The men dig physical fitness, and the *wear*-with-all (*i.e.,* karate outfits, boxing gloves, wet suits); the women, animal beauty—including their own—that tends to be feline (*i.e.,* angora cats, furry slippers, or ocelot coats). Black, dark brown, a palette of reds not only suit them but bring them luck. In jewels, it's garnets for men, rubies for women.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO AN AQUARIUS, January 20 to February 18

Intellectual, even as children, they love the arts—concerts, ballet, opera—so a ticket or season subscription for any of these is a natural; or a piece of sculpture, a painting, an anthology of plays, even modern jewelry. With great stores of natural energy, they are nearly always on the go, making the scene, so they also love things that attract attention to themselves. For the men, a wild neck scarf or batik trousers; for the women, a Garbo hat, phosphorescent stockings, or heady perfume. They enjoy the action and the competition of sports and would appreciate anything from a challenging game, like Aggravation, to a stainless-steel tennis racket or a ping-pong set. If you insist on gifts of clothing for the ladies, certificates are the ticket, because Aquarians are likely to be choosy, conservative. Their pet colors are slinky blacks and aquas. A highly appropriate jewel is a carved amethyst of the most imperial purple.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A PISCES, February 19 to March 20

Since this double sign often produces dual personalities, Pisceans frequently feel schizophrenic. They are impressionable, receptive, and above all highly sensitive. Gifts should be practical, to counteract their inborn weakness—procrastination. They love antiques, loathe the ultramodern, and groove on quality. More than any other sign, Pisceans appreciate the small things in life and anything handmade. The children have inquisitive minds, so give "think" gifts—chemistry or magic sets, mythology books, responsive pets, such as parakeets. A water sign, Pisces produces extremely good swimmers, so anything aquatic is on target. The women love understated but exotic jewelry, sinuous clothes, rich accessories. The men are so finicky about their et ceteras that you'd better make these—ties, sweaters, socks—basic, muted, *and* returnable. Their favorite colors are in the twilight zone; navies, purples, forest greens boost their confidence and bring them luck. Their jewel is the bloodstone, but anything in gold will do at a pinch—as will currency in easily convertible forms.

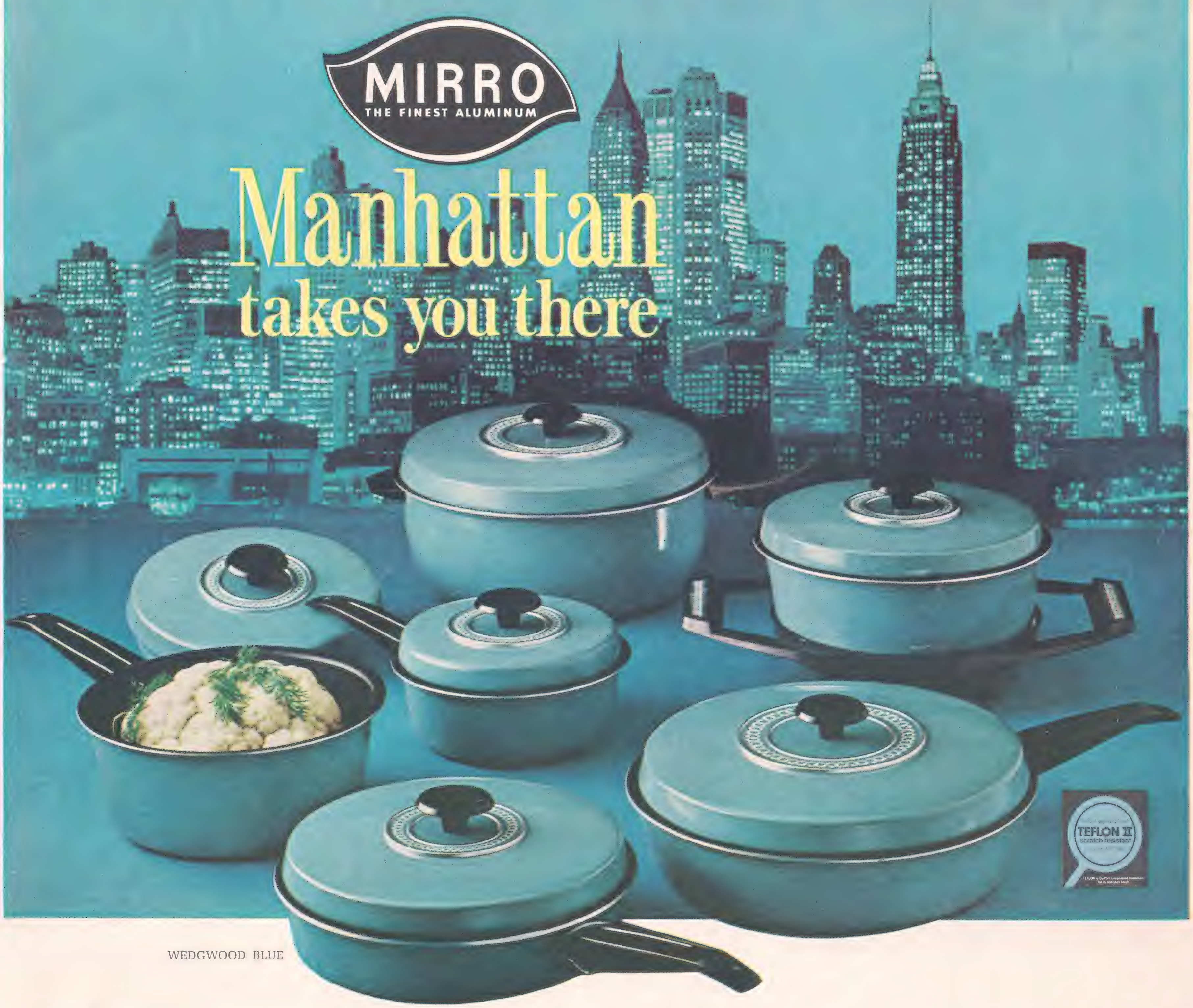
MERRY CHRISTMAS TO AN ARIES, March 21 to April 20

Fearless, venturesome, daring, headstrong, and confident, Arians can be dogmatic and have peculiar preferences; so size up the possessions they've chosen to surround themselves with, and act accordingly. Big buyers themselves, they often overlook small essentials: nail clippers, pocket comb, pencil sharpener, address book, a cactus plant (it doesn't need regular watering). The women like to be right on top of fashion. They're mad for furs, the newest costume jewelry, way-out accessories, newly concocted perfumes. The men are more practical: chronometric wristwatches, credit-card cases, pipe rack (or specially blended tobaccos) are their bag. Children will light up if given fancy-dress clothes: a miniature astronaut suit for him, a Jane Eyre nightgown, with bows and ruffles, for her. Fire-man-red and sailor-blue are auspicious colors. The diamond is their jewel (and best friend), since they relish a look of wealth and success.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A TAURUS, April 21 to May 20

Taureans of all ages are jet-propelled; they burn up ergs of energy, are likely to be high-strung. For the adults flaking out during the holiday season, gifts should be relaxing: a massage device (or a massage), a reclining chair, aromatic bath salts, accompanied by their favorite reading matter: a good autobiography. The women are wildflower lovers, favoring mixed, subtly scented bouquets; their taste is the same for perfume—but this is not a safe gift, for each will most likely have her own favorite and keep it in stock. If your Taurean woman wears pearls, they should be in limited array, so give a single strand of cultured beauties. The men can be rather fussy, although they tend to austerity in clothes; all outfits must be coordinated, impeccably styled, and invariably imported. For children, anything that can keep them in motion—racing bikes, skate boards, a jump rope in their stocking—will keep them in smiles. Moody blues suit the women's temperament, but cheery yellows are lucky. Bejewel them in lucky emeralds and rubies, but keep the setting simple. / *turn to page 138*

live in Manhattan, wherever you live!



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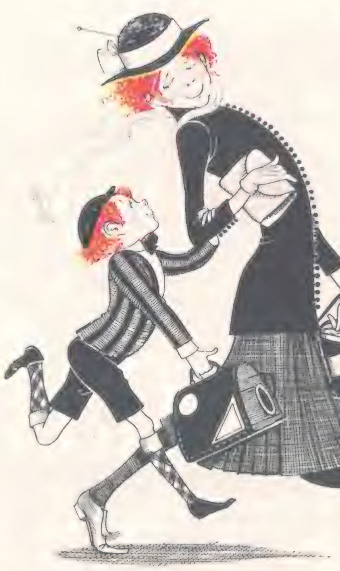

HILARY KNIGHT

By PATRICK O'HIGGINS

My earliest Christmas memory is of being hustled around Paris by a woman whose hair matched her complexion. Both were fiery—like coals glowing in a grate. Mary Murphy was her name, although she had chosen the more sophisticated pseudonym of Galway, the Irish county of her birth: "How can I call myself Murphy?" she explained. "It's the British word for potatoes."

I adored her. For the first ten years of my life she was my nurse and constant companion in "that divilish city full of painted women and pastry shops," as she described Paris.

Actually, Nanny Galway, like so many of the Irish of her world, was a captive of Anglo-Saxon snobbery. Nannies in grand English houses invariably adopted the names of their titled employers: Warwick, Marlborough, even Windsor. We didn't have a grand house or a title and, like Nanny Galway, had long been "displaced" from our native bogs. Himself (as she called my father) currently favored French cooking; my mother, French fashions. Besides, Himself was employed in France.

At Christmastime, Nanny Galway purred: "Come, child! Let us go pray to the infant Jesus at Notre-Dame. They have such a nice, lusty choir."

"What's lusty?"

"Hush!" she said. "You'll learn soon enough."

As a youth, I continued to spend my Christmas holidays in a succession of what Nanny Galway lumped together as "foreign parts." My parents were peripatetic. We dipped cheese fondue on a Swiss Alp, wolfed Roman lamb in Trastevere, struggled through gigantic dishes of Moroccan couscous served with incredible formality at Marrakesh's Mamounia Hotel.

Then came the war.

One Christmas morning, digesting the traditional "pudding and fixings" during a schoolboy outing on a Dover cliff, I enviously watched Spitfires hurtling over the Channel. The following year, huddled in a slit trench, I ate cold Spam from a mess tin; instead of being airborne, I had landed in the infantry. The place was Arnhem; the vista, a gutted Dutch town with, beyond it, the frozen Rhine. Soon afterward a lucky shell retired me from that cold, dank spot to a cozy hospital bed in England.

Postwar Christmases reestablished the "gypsy life" (as Nanny Galway called our earlier travels) that had been programed in me during my childhood and youth. In 1948 I saw Vienna rising from the ashes. The glorious Opera House was still gutted and Sacher's comfortable hotel hadn't yet been refurbished, but Demel's delicious pastries could be purchased, if only singly. Nibbling on a chocolate torte, I discovered the famous Boys Choir, whose fresh young voices still ring in my ears, as does the bittersweet zither music of *The Third Man* theme.

Nanny Galway would have approved of my first American Christmas in 1950 in one of "those lovely heated churches." I also spent it in discovering New York, traveling incessantly via the Third Avenue el and on the tops of double-decker buses. My salary of fifty dollars a week was then ample for my needs, and after rationing, even a simple meal at the Automat seemed Lucullan.

But although New York became my base, each Christmas I zoomed around the country, usually in Greyhound buses, gripped by the special wanderlust which infects the unattached at that season. The old-fashioned pleasures of New England—particularly Vermont—were a revelation. Snow crunching underfoot, the chiming of church bells, open fireplaces, and gargantuan family

/ *turn to page 134*

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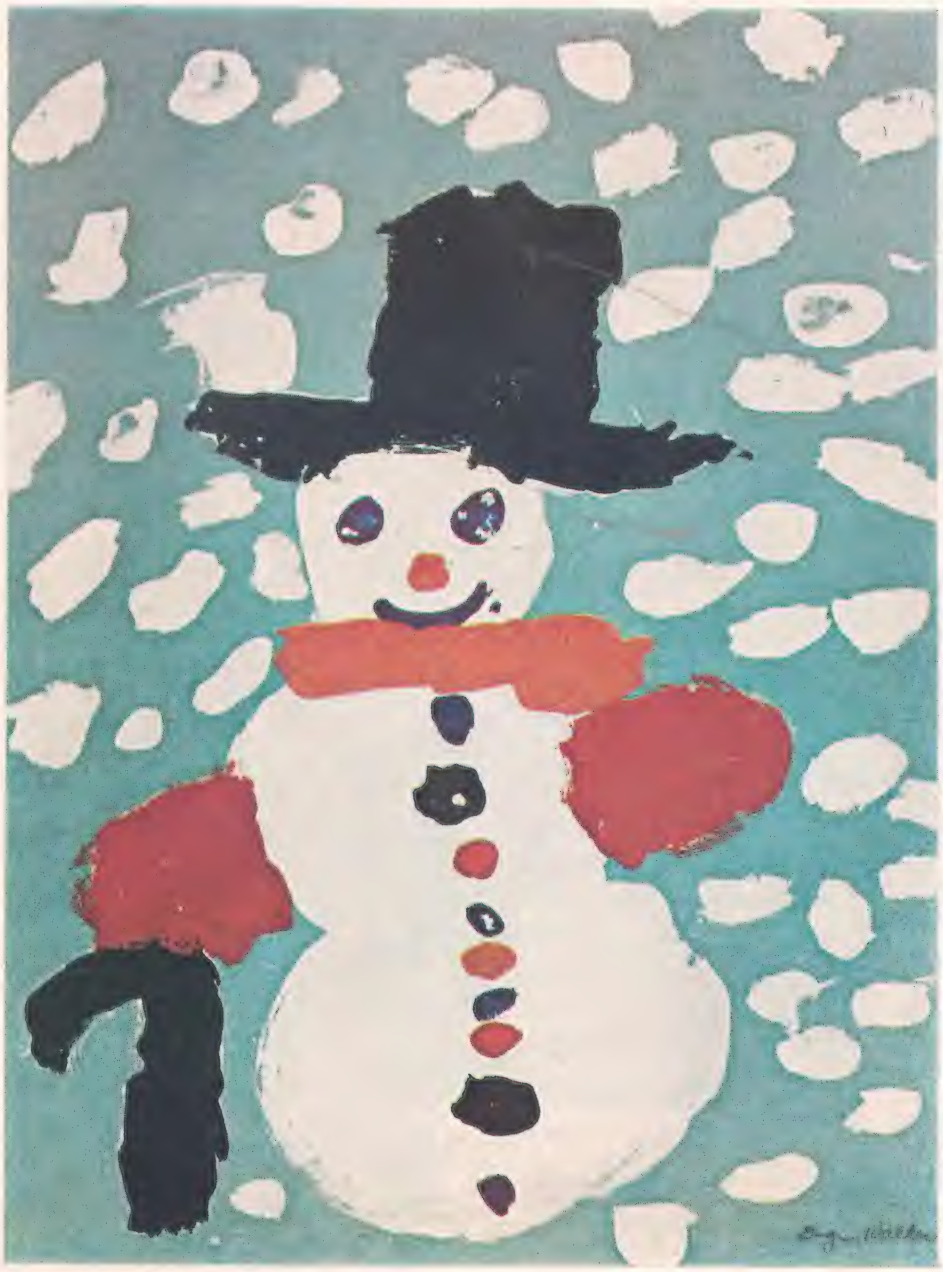
Junior McCall's Club

Merry Christmas from us to you! Meet this month's award winners: Gigi Walker ("Mr. Snowman") has won two other art awards. And Christine Wang ("Angels") is one of four artistic children; their parents—both doctors—were born in China. Our two poets come to us through teachers who recognized their talent. Junior McCall's is for all children 14 or younger. So do get busy! Manuscripts can't be returned; art only if you send proper postage and wrapping. We send a certificate for *original* work only, a Junior McCall's Award Pin if we publish it. Address Junior McCall's Club, 230 Park Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017.



MR. SNOWMAN, by Gigi Walker, age 5, Cheyenne, Wyo.

HOW UNCONTROLLABLE I WAS

I couldn't think of
Others being lonely.
I could think only
Of myself. I was selfish,
Acting as if I were the
Only one, the only one.

At night when I
Came home, I grew
Mad at myself,
Thinking, thinking, thinking.

I thought of
What had happened
During that day and
The previous.

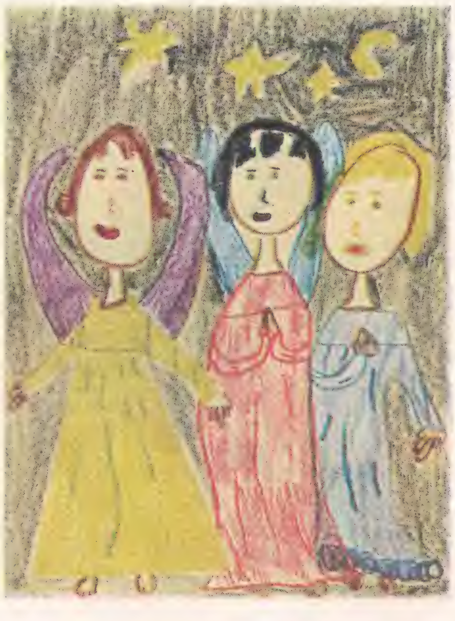
I resolved to do
Better, but in
The end I didn't.
I still don't know
Whether I changed or not.
To find out, I would
Have to ask others.

Liza Hendricks
Age 11
Lake Forest, Ill.

ANIMAL KINGDOM

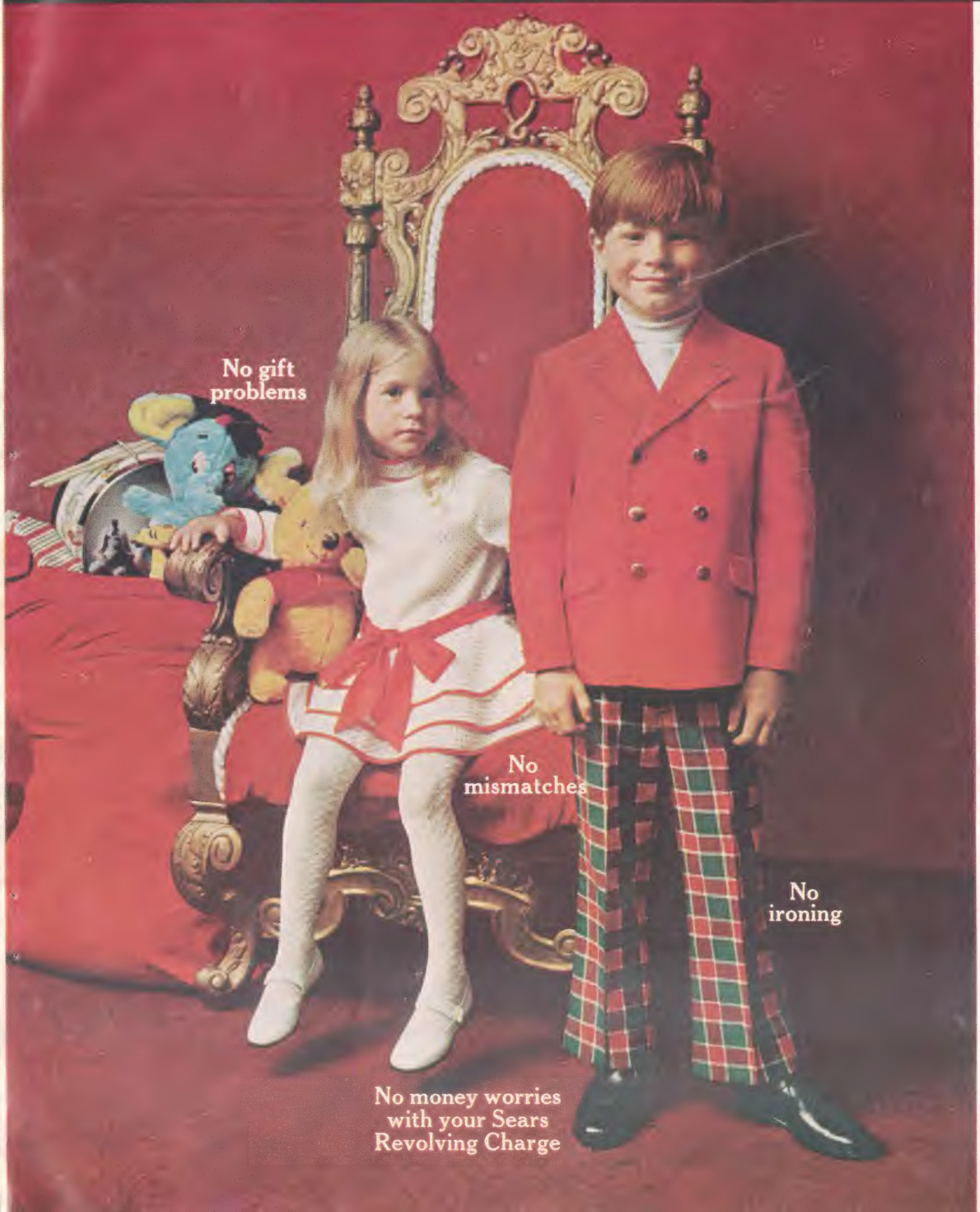
I walked within a field of flowers,
Spending not-so-precious hours,
Letting nature take me in,
To places where I've never been.
I found a young deer's thicket
deep,
Wherein a fawn was fast asleep;
Within a stream close by the
bank,
I found a toy boat someone sank.
And by my feet, hid in the grass,
A garter snake went sliding past.
And by the bank, a muddy bog
Held, hidden deep, a tiny frog.
This was a kingdom all their own,
So, quietly, I started home.

Debbie Simpkins, age 12
Chatham, N.Y.



ANGELS,
by Christine Wang,
age 7,
Fairmont, W.Va.

No-no's. for mommies from Winnie-the-Pooh


No gift problems
No mismatches
No ironing
No money worries with your Sears Revolving Charge

Presenting all the things a mommy could wish for in holiday fashions kids want to wear.

Style? It goes without saying. And what you see here is just part of the pretty Pooh-rade waiting for Santa in sizes 3-6x at Sears.

The crisp Christmas colors are coordinated head to toe so there's no mismatching.

They're carefree as can be, too. Most need no ironing when tumble dried. Even Pooh's new shoes wipe clean with a damp cloth.

Another surprise: the reasonable Sears prices. Just anothe good reason Winnie-the-Pooh i Santa's best helper.

Put in your requests now a most Sears, Roebuck and Co stores and in the Sears catalog Anywhere else is a no-no.

The Winnie-the-Pooh collectio only at

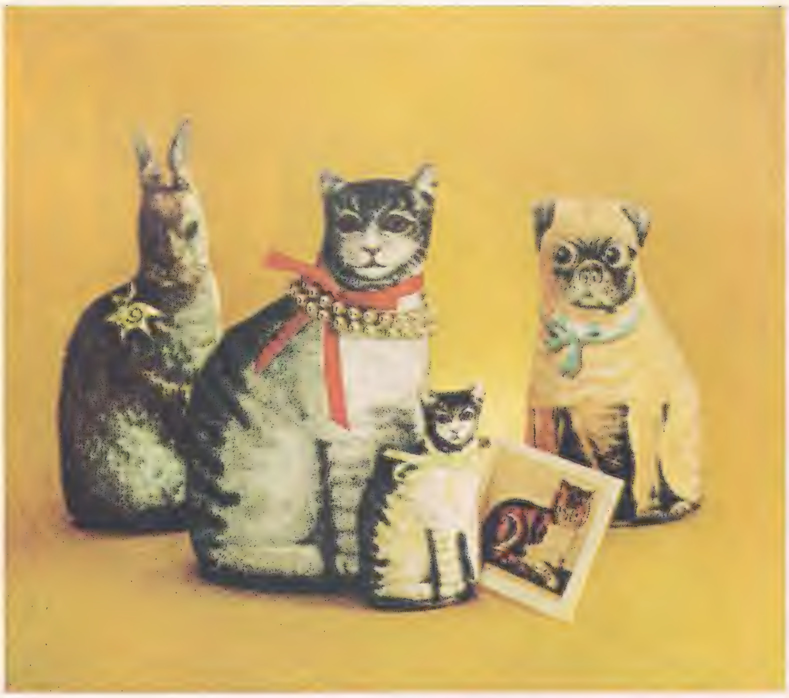
Sears

Winnie-The-Pooh Drawing ©
MCMLXIV Walt Disney Productions

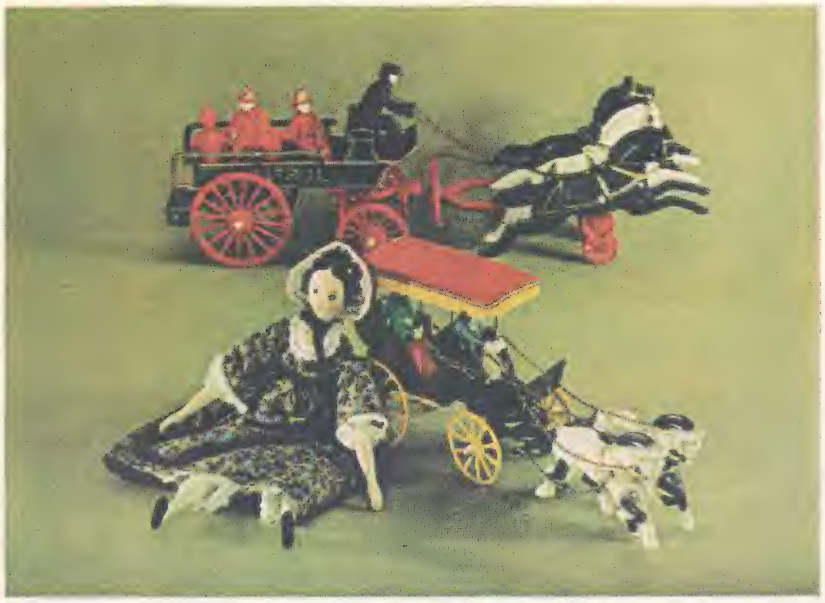
Little masterpieces at modest prices, and no shopping problems at all

Museum Finds

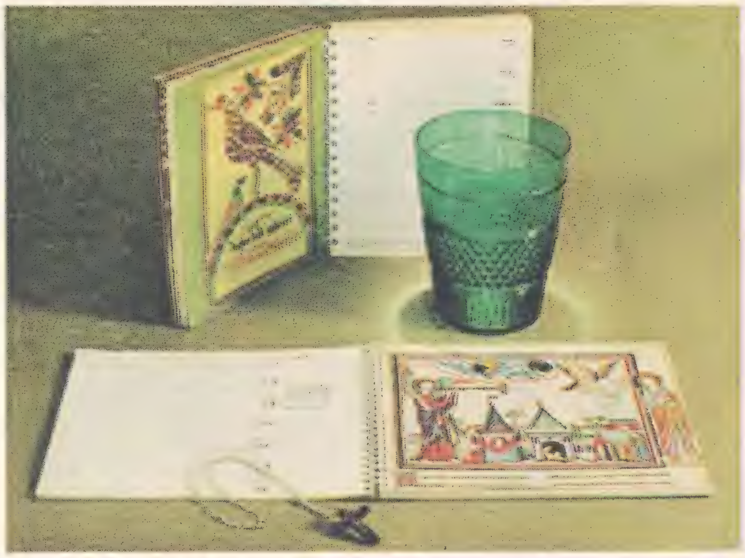
Some are copies of precious antiques; some are imports; all can be bought by mail from museum gift shops. Consider the big, docile animals, right, $5.50 each; tiny tabby, $3.25; from the Museum of the City of New York. Silver pin, $7; handmade silver beads, $18; from the Phoenix Art Museum. Kitty card, 15 cents, from a collection of cards and notes at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in New York City.



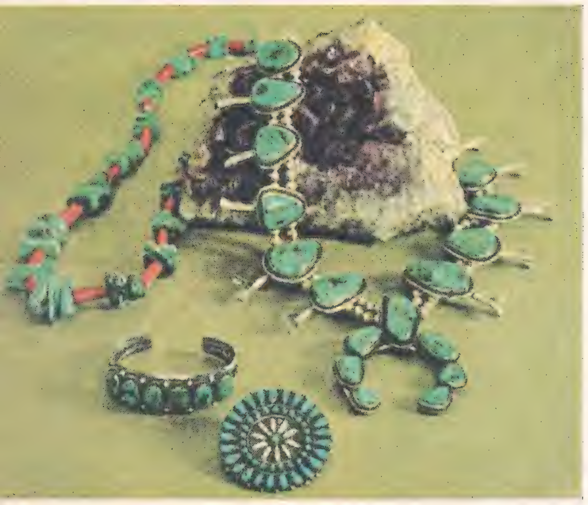
TOM YEE



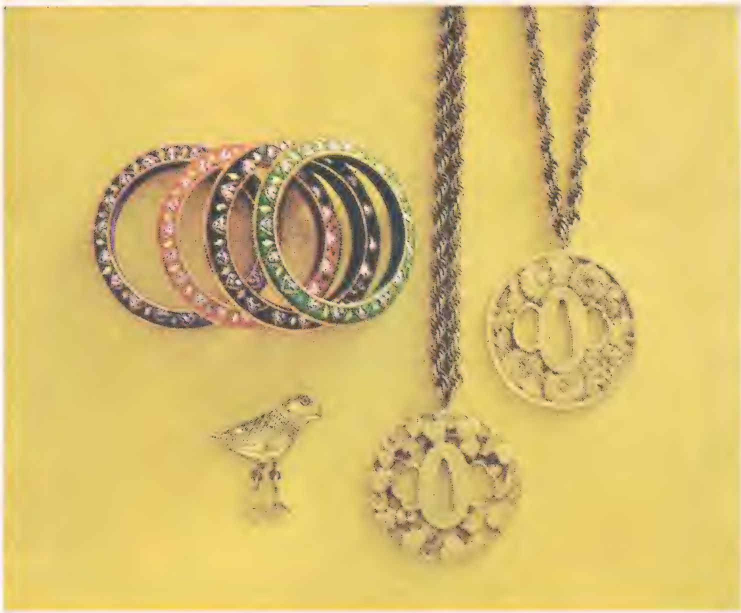
Only an expert could tell these toys, above, from their distinguished and costly ancestors. Cast-iron fire patrol, $39.50; surrey, $33; stylishly dressed wood doll, $15. Complete makings for a smaller wood doll (not pictured) come in a kit, $6.50. All are from the Museum of the City of New York.



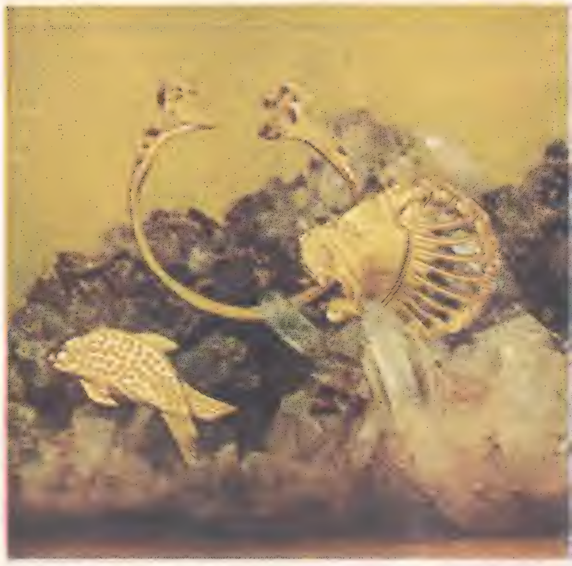
Limited-edition hand-blown emerald flip glass, $15; Apocalypse calendar, $1.95; Metropolitan. Rosewood-and-silver crucifix, $5.50; Phoenix Art Museum. Animal-kingdom calendar, $2.95; Philadelphia Museum of Art.



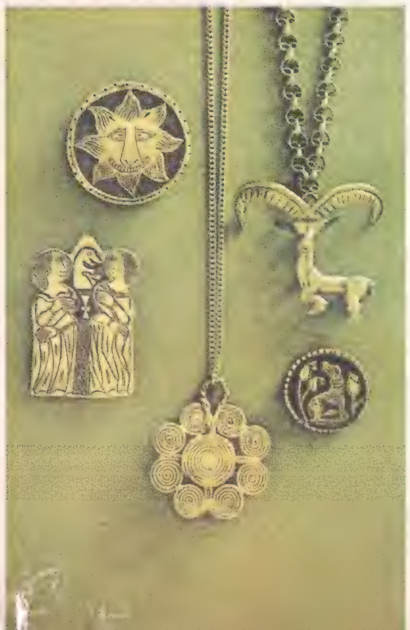
Turquoise-and-silver "pawn" jewelry, pawned by Navajos needing cash: turquoise-coral beads, $82.50; necklace, $400; bracelet, $26; pin, $60; quartz, $35. Museum of Natural History.



Mirror bracelets, $5 for set; Museum of Natural History. Copies of Japanese sword guards, $6.50 each; Philadelphia Museum of Art. Fourth-century bird, bronze, $12.50; the Phoenix Art Museum.



In gold, from Metropolitan originals: Ashanti fish brooch, $7.25; duck bracelet, $13.50; lion pin, Iran, sixth century B.C., $10.25. Quartz, $42.50 postpaid, Museum of Natural History.



Silver heraldic badges: sun lion, $8.75; Tristram and Yseult, $9.75; dog, $6. Ashanti pendant and chain, $15; ibex pin, 800 B.C., Luristan, Iran, $18.50; Byzantine chain, $38. Metropolitan.

FOR SHOPPING INFORMATION, SEE PAGE 155

We've been told the PERFECT SLEEPER mattress makes a perfect Christmas gift.

All we promise is something great to sleep on.

The Perfect Sleeper Mattress won't fit in a stocking, or under the tree. But, because it brings with it the priceless reward of a luxurious night's sleep, it's a gift that's always welcomed—at Christmas or anytime. That's because only the Perfect Sleeper, with its exquisite, quilted gold-damask cover, provides just the right combination of comfort plus healthful support. The patented Sertaliner innerspring construction with exclusive Twinedge® design lets you sleep on all the mattress, right out to the edges. And the matching box spring works coil-for-coil with the mattress for the ultimate in sleeping comfort. There is no finer mattress in all the world. Perfect Sleeper Imperial mattress or box spring $89.95, twin or full size.

Queen Size 2-pc. set $239.95
King Size 3-pc. set $339.95

The Perfect Sleeper *Imperial* King Size Set

The PERFECT SLEEPER® mattress and box spring

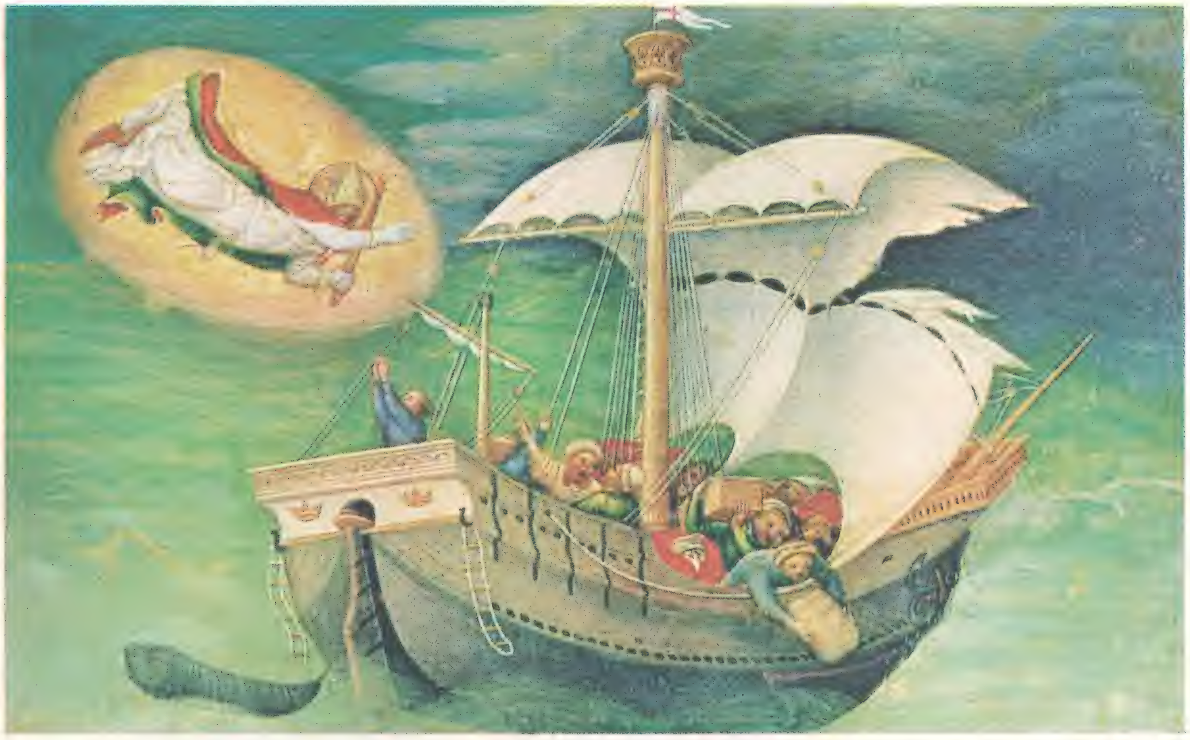
All prices shown are manufacturers suggested retail prices.
Prices may vary in Hawaii and Canada. ©1969, Serta Associates, Inc.

Ivory
LIQUID
Gentle White Detergent

Hands off that bridal bouquet, Mrs. Massnick!

Even though your hands have that creamy, young, un-married look, we know you're sixteen years older than those other bridesmaids. You're thirty-eight—and married and wash dishes for your husband and four gorgeous children. Of course, creamy-looking mild Ivory Liquid helps leave any married lady's hands with that creamy, young, un-married look. But that doesn't mean you Ivory Liquid ladies can go around catching bridal bouquets. Just be real proud of your young-looking hands.

McCall's
CHRISTMAS 1969

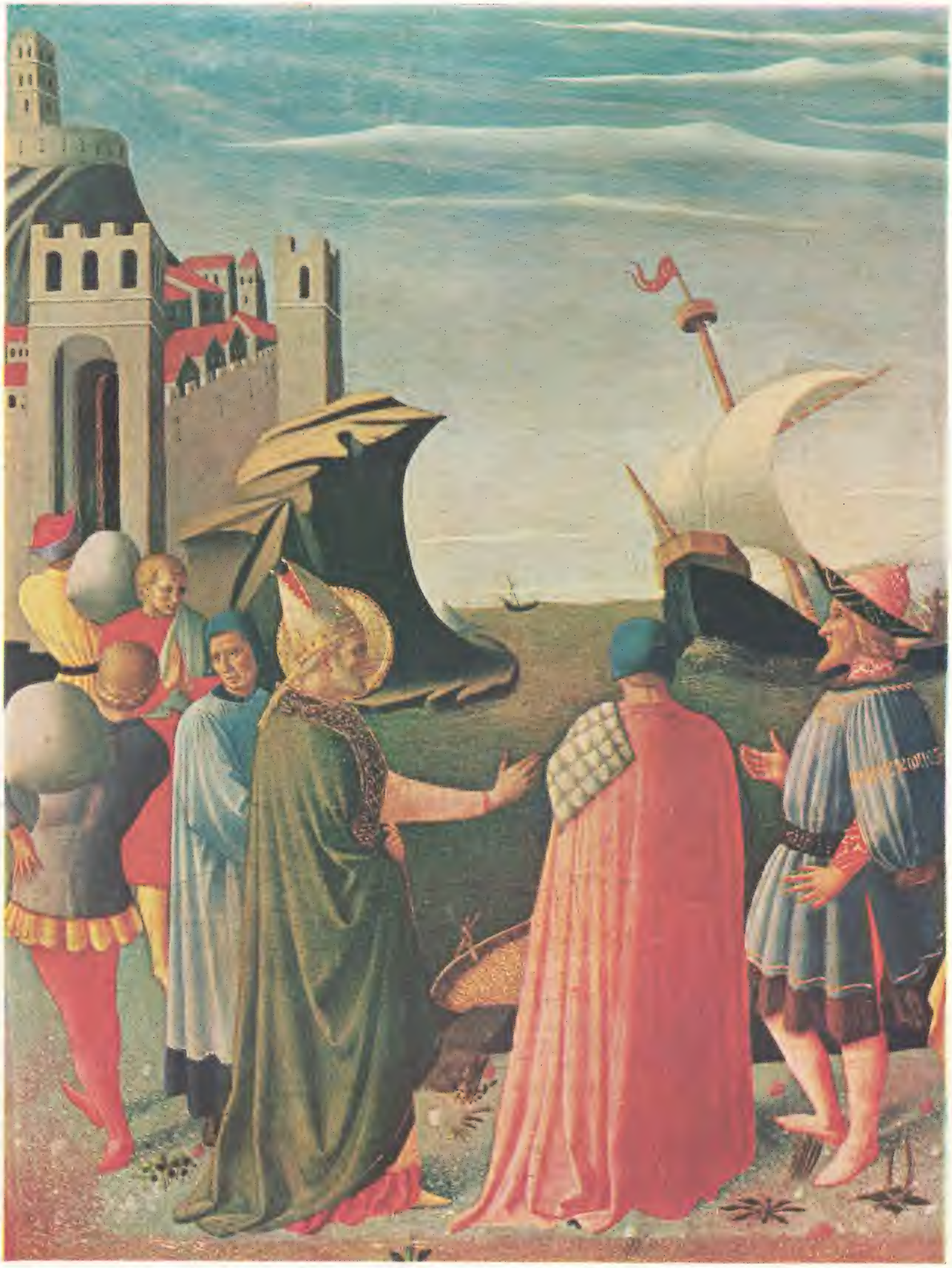


ALDO DURAZZI

Saint Nicholas, always ready to help those who are in need, is pictured here flying to the rescue of sailors aboard a foundering ship. The painting, by Gentile da Fabriano, is in the Vatican Museum

Who is Santa Claus?

Christmas is a time of surprises. There is the surprise of opening gifts—and the joy of watching surprise on the faces of others. There is the surprise of suddenly rediscovering feelings of warmth and kindness and love which had become submerged during the more practical months. Here are some of the surprises we have gathered for this issue. The first is a solution to that oldest of Christmas mysteries—who and why is Santa Claus. Our literary detective traces the legend of a bishop who lived centuries ago in Asia Minor, who became Saint Nicholas, and whose bones lie in the Italian town of Bari. During his investigation through many lands and cultures, he discovers why, in an age which prides itself on telling it like it is, we so deeply need this surprising and miraculous old elf.



The first clue to Santa's real identity

BY SAM ROSENBERG

Every Christmas Eve, the mysterious Falstaffian familiar—known to others as Sinterklaas, Père Noël, Kris Kringle, Saint Nicholas, or Father Christmas, but to us as Santa Claus—makes his regular nonscheduled flight to this country in his reindeer-drawn aerial sleigh. He glides bliplessly and undetected through the supervigilant Early Warning System and arrives simultaneously in every locality in the United States, including Hawaii and Alaska. Then, during the very short winter's night, Santa Claus unerringly delivers nearly two billion dollars' worth of individually selected gifts to about forty million sleeping children.

The entire amazing operation is performed flawlessly with *Rififi*-like stealth and cool, while Santa Claus, nicely described by the Dutch psychoanalyst Dr. Adriaan de Groot as the "Secret Donor par excellence," remains invisible throughout the night, speaks to no one, and never waits for expressions of delight or gratitude.

After completing his miracle of discreet philanthropy, the transcendental Phileas Fogg leaps into his sleigh at precisely the crack of dawn on Christmas Day (6:57 A.M.). The well-known Dancer, Prancer, Donder, Blitzen, and company then whisk him home with the speed of light to his factory-warehouse complex at the North Pole, and he plunges at once (6:58 A.M.) into planning and production for the following Christmas.

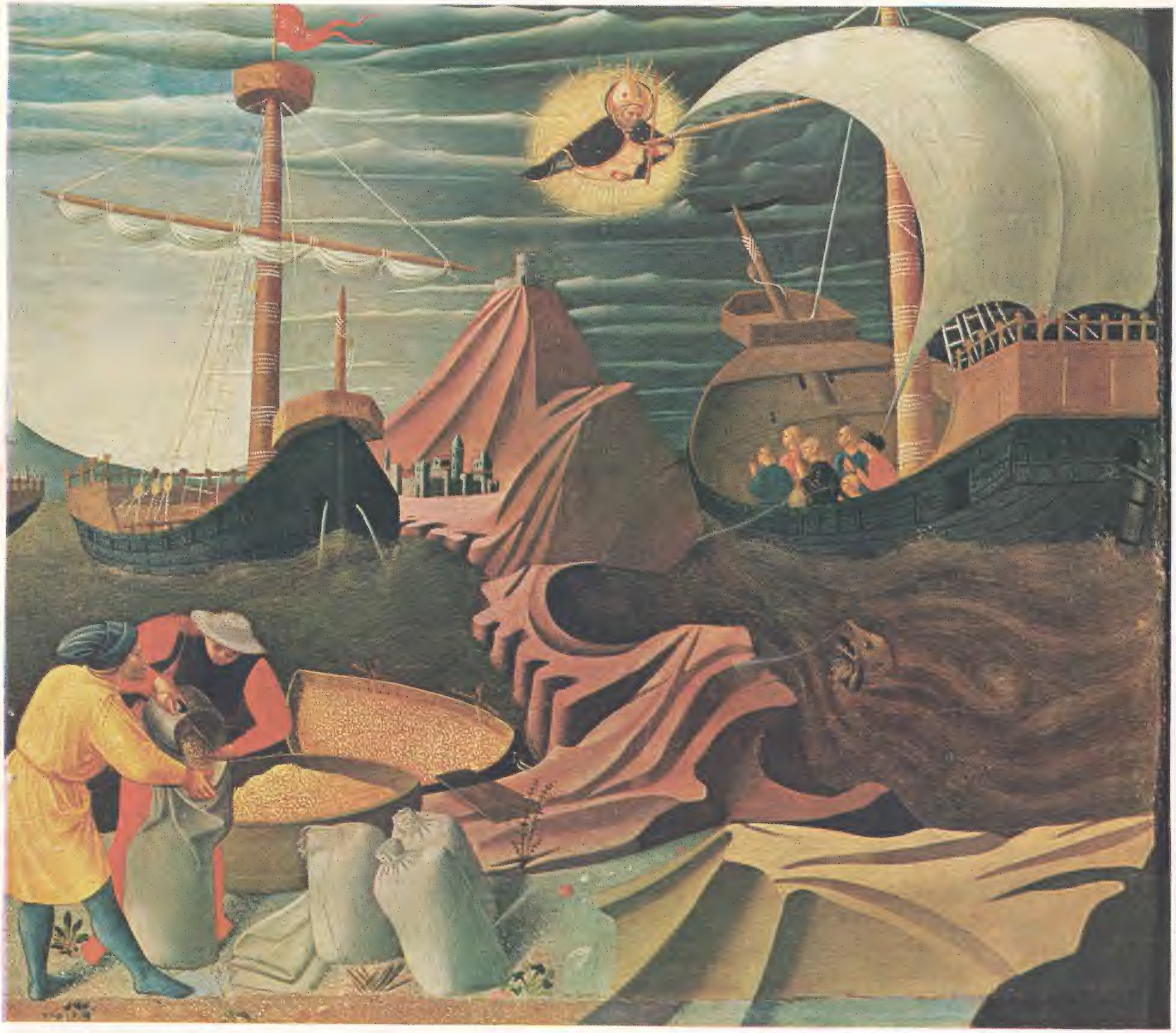
As with so many of the things that are most immediate to our lives, this prodigious Secret Donor remains shrouded in mystery. Out of what dim, half-forgotten ages does he come, and what rare ingredients went into the making of his indestructible being? But one question must be asked about him that is far more important, far more intriguing, than any other. Why is it that, year after year, millions of American families invite this shadowy figure into their homes, onto their very hearths, to be the instrument of their clandestine Christmas giving? Answer that and you have come close to solving the question of who and what is Santa Claus.

After many years of cynical indifference, I regained my childhood belief in Santa Claus and began to sense the profundity of his actions while I was visiting Bari, an old seaport on Italy's Adriatic coast; and although it happened exactly twenty years ago, I still remember clearly the incidents that led to an investigation of the strange career of our elusive nocturnal benefactor.

As I wandered through the lovely, neglected old town with its once-famous harbor (Julius Caesar, Brutus, Tiberius, and Pontius Pilate sailed eastward to Egypt and the Holy Land from it), a curious thing happened. I am an art buff and collector of popular folk art and always carefully study art objects wherever I go. But in Bari on that particular morning, the process reversed itself. I had the uneasy sensation that the bishop in two dramas I saw depicted everywhere was studying *me*. Every restaurant, every shop, every outdoor shrine displayed an image of at least one of these surrealistic dramas, and, always, the sad-looking bishop was the leading actor.

In one painted happening, the mitered bishop, though always dressed in the resplendent robes of his office, was not in his cathedral performing a High Mass. Instead, he was standing in a humble butcher shop before a large barrel, out of which three naked boys had sprung.

The second of the haunting images was even more enigmatic, disquieting, and, yes, poetic. In it it is always the middle of the night. The streets of a medieval village



SCALA NEW YORK/FLORENCE

A Saint Nicholas sea miracle was the subject of this altarpiece by the great fifteenth-century Italian, Fra Angelico. In this painting belonging to the Vatican Museum, we have a panorama of the ships riding quietly at anchor, their cargo of wheat, and the furious storm

lies in a small south Italian town

are deserted except for the melancholy bishop, who stands alone outside the window of a bedroom. Inside, three young girls are asleep in the same narrow bed, and near them is an ugly old man. Sometimes the old man is asleep, but at other times he is depicted as insomniacally seated on a chair. Is this evil-looking man the father of the girls or their captor? He cannot see the bishop, who, in every version of the scene, is throwing a moneybag *surreptitiously* through the window into the room.

The mild delusion of mysterious pursuit, incited by the constant appearance of these pictures, reached a kind of climax at 11:15 one morning. I entered a small café and found not one but both icons ornately framed under flyspecked glass, pretending they had been there long before my arrival.

There was only one thing to do. I asked the café owner and his waiter to tell me about the pictures.

They were surprised and delighted by a foreigner's interest in their private icons and sailed into an excited and literal reenactment of the scenes. It was charming and funny, but not very helpful.

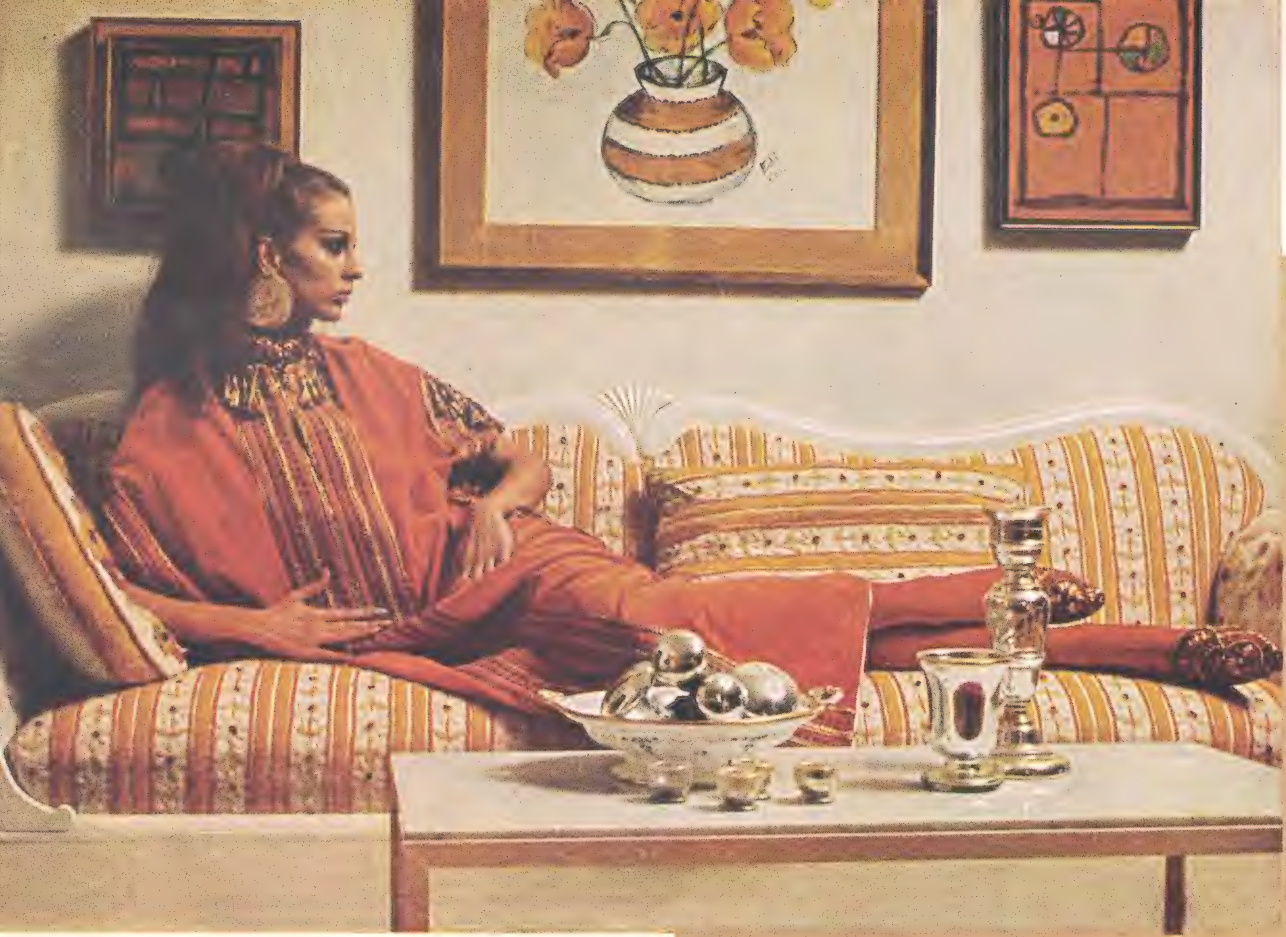
I thought that I understood their redundant pantomime, but could only get the following facts from their high-speed explanations: The bishop was San Nicola. He was the local / *turn to page 107*

Christmas is giving a part of yourself. "For my husband and me, Christmas is a time for sharing love through the personal surprises we make," says the distinguished California artist and designer Eszter Haraszty. Eighteen years ago on her birthday, sculptor Harry Bertoia gave Eszter this golden dandelion. "This year," she says, "it cries for white doves. After all the other decorations are packed away, the birds will nest there until peace does come." On the following pages. McCall's presents one woman's Portfolio of Special Surprises for

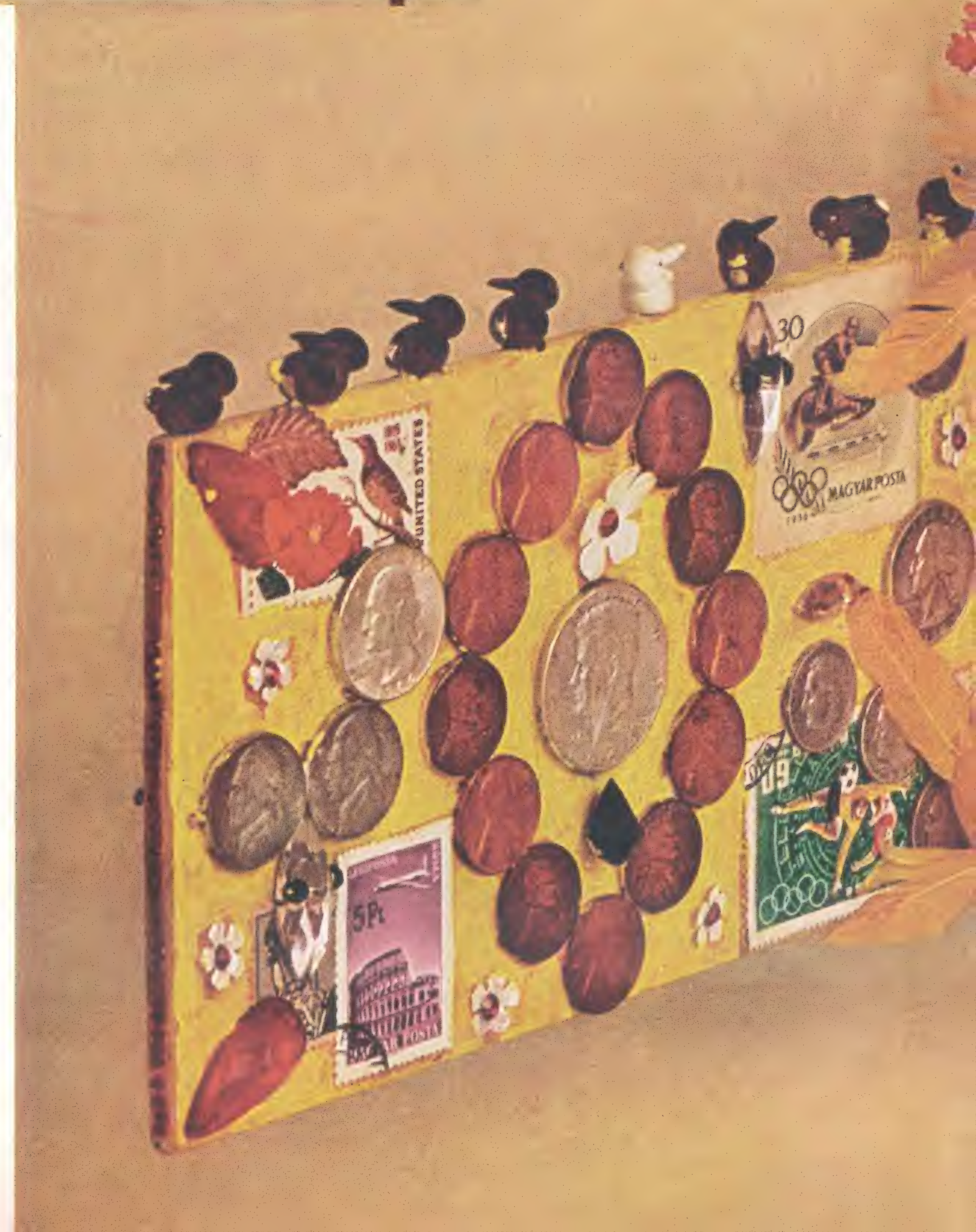
a very personal Christmas

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD GROSS, ALLAN GRANT,
JOYCE RAINBOLDT, BEN ROSE

"I guess the best way to describe my embroidery is painting with a needle. The stitches are ad lib. What started out to be a small fire screen (above) just kept growing. Things without any usefulness often give the most joy. The flower in full bloom (at upper right) is thirty-two inches across. Christmas begs for dressing up. One way is to contemporize a brightly colored peasant Mexican wedding dress with shocking-pink tights." For shopping information see page 155.



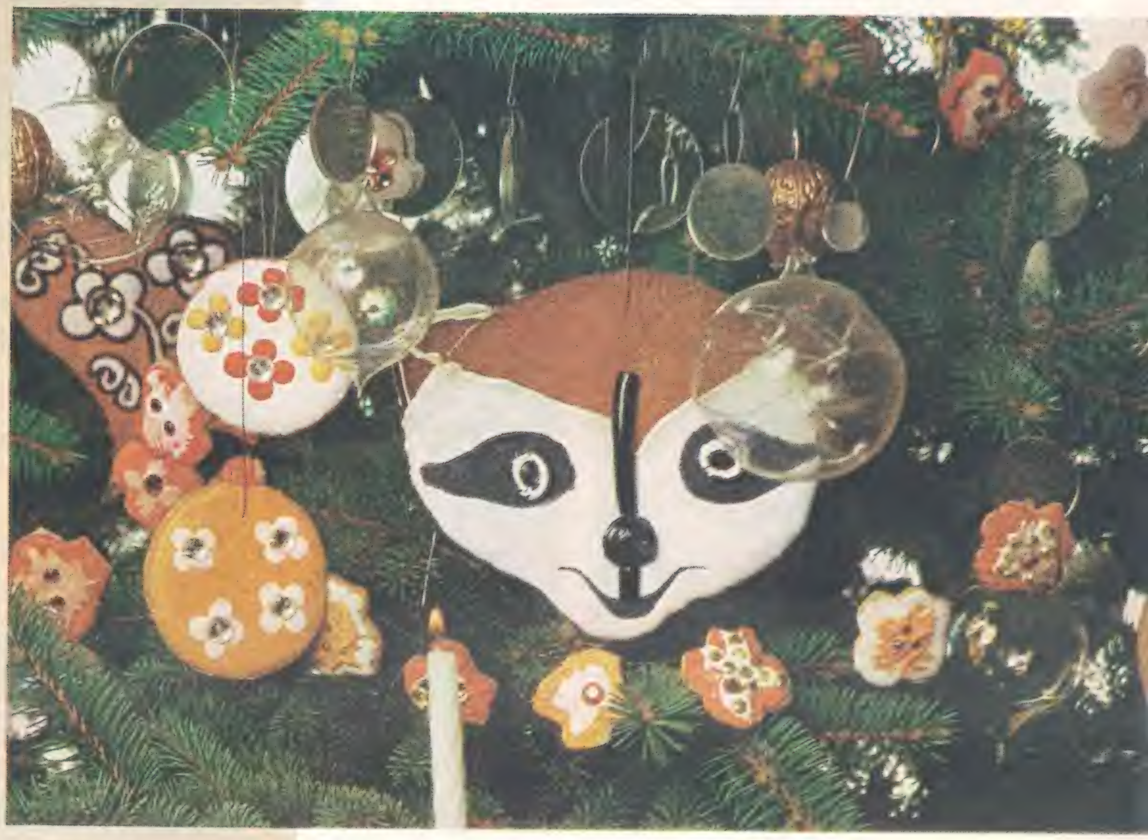
"A roll of exquisite handwoven ribbon, lugged back from the Far East by a loving friend, called for a Christmas effort and gift in kind." Eszter Haraszty used that ribbon to trim the orange djellabah above. The sofa is covered in a handmade fabric she designed. "Of all the presents I have ever received, I know I love the cigar box best (right, actual size). My husband gave it to me two years ago, and until that moment the only other thing he had ever made was a doorstop in kindergarten. It's a sort of collage scrapbook, containing some very private memories of our life together."



B
B&I

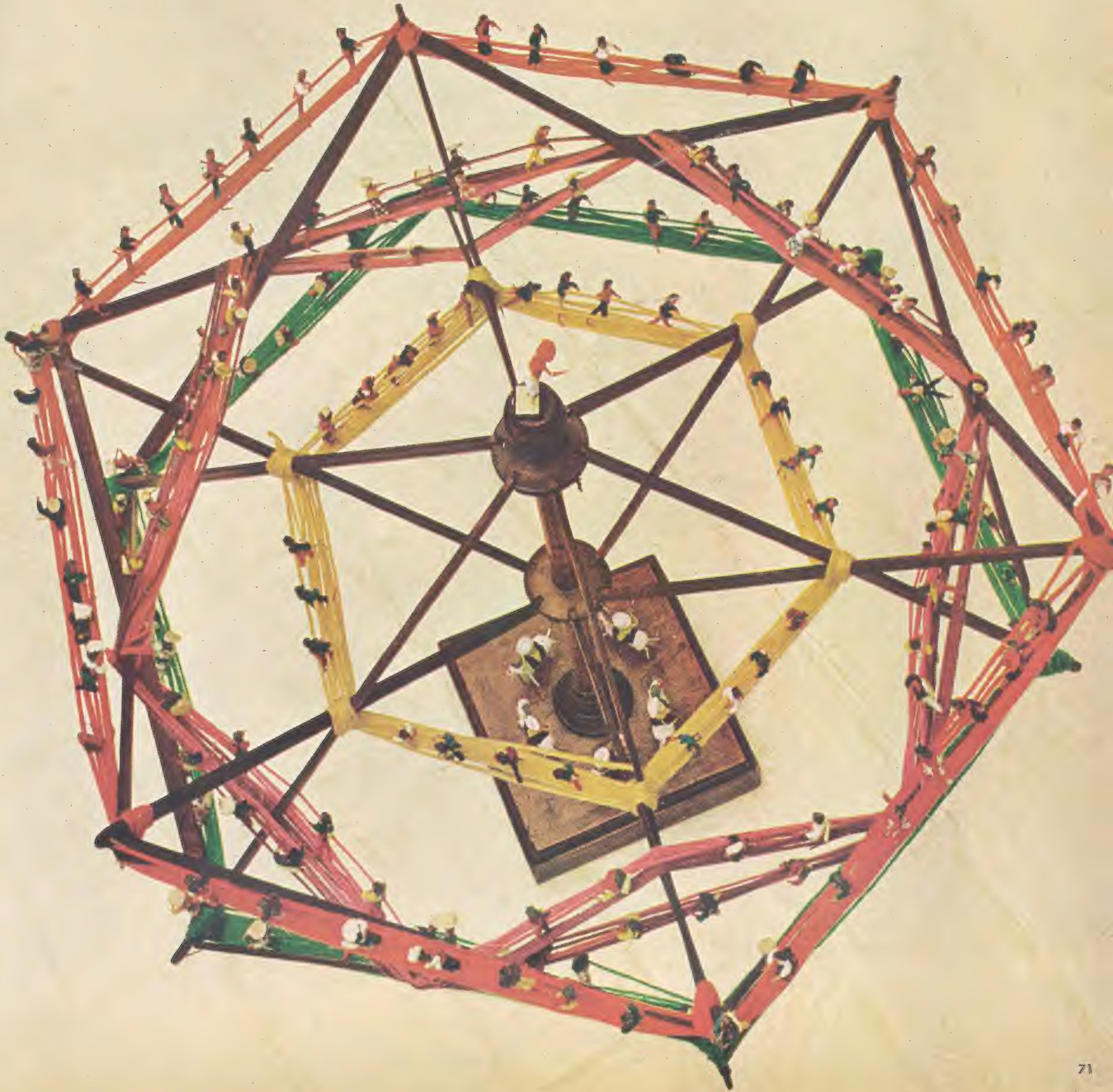
Continuing the theme of matching the sparkle and festivity of Christmas in costume, an embroidered Mexican dress (left) is emblazoned with Kenneth Lane jewelry. The model sits on a hand-embroidered couch cover, which "never would have been finished if there hadn't been another long, hard winter of bad television. Behind the model's head is a framed mistake. It was to be an evening tunic, but stitchery stopped at the waist when it weighed in at four pounds." For children (right) is a baby Christmas tree they can lick their way through. And below, small inexpensive Mexican terra-cotta "soul bowls" are turned into special presents with just a touch of paint and whimsy.

The kitchen is one of Christmas' nicest workshops. A basketful of free-form flower cookies is painted with colored frosting (see page 155). Below is a section of an old-fashioned edible Yule tree. "When I was thinking of animal cookies to shape, the face of Brinks, our pet raccoon, came back in memory. He wandered off and was shot six years ago this Christmas." Above is one way to turn a traditional holiday plant into something a little different: Tiny birds drink out of cups made from miniature mirrors and attached to the cushions of pale-yellow chrysanthemums.



More dressing-up of people and plants. Right, Christmas-morning pajamas of Indian silk. Stained-glass window of California poppies was designed by Eszter Haraszty. Below, a dwarf kumquat tree, not yet in bloom, is hung with marzipan oranges, pincushioned with cloves. "We had a heat wave in California when this picture was being taken. The oranges kept melting from the hooks and plopping to the floor. It became a contest between the photographer and our two Great Danes, who got to the marzipan first." Lower right, a tiny Karramandarin tree is brought into the house, where a swarm of bejeweled wax butterflies alight on it. Opposite, "Every December this old squirrel cage has a new and different tenant. Its little garden is fresh from our bigger garden."

Christmas night—a time of soft repose, to remember and savor the pleasures of the day. The lady dreams in a striped hostess gown of rich Renaissance colors. "Outside our bedroom curtain last Christmas morning there was a magical birdhouse (opposite) my husband had been working on in secret. He calls the architecture Early Zhivago. There's a bell in the tower, but that doesn't stop birds from dining on all floors." In either gifts or dress, extra hours of patience and attention mark the difference between the ordinary and the extraordinary gift. Below, an eighteenth-century yarn winder, painstakingly peopled with miniature figures.



Back at the kitchen: "I can safely say that no two of these cookies are alike. Even if you cut out the dough with a mold or follow a pattern, the painted icing of an ear is apt to droop or a black nose will drip. I call the patterned and mirrored ones Calico Cookies." (See suggestions for making and decorating cookies, page 155.) Turning a flowing, lacy room divider (above) into a Christmas gallery of Mexican tin cutouts.

Stars on a star pine (above). For those who celebrate on Christmas Eve, there is no more dramatic or lovely way to bring sparkle to the eyes of young and old than by lighting candles. "We always arm ourselves with fire extinguishers, buckets of water, and a prayer.

"And the glow and reflection of candlelight seem the perfect setting for a classic gown by my friend Rudi Gernreich (right). I think he is the most 'now' designer in the world, because he proves that stark simplicity and purity of line can outshine the shiniest.

"There is a wall niche facing our front door, and every year a traditional Christmas tree is nestled there. I have never put it in words before; but what Christmas really is is a light in the front door."

PART ONE

RUFFLES & Flourishes

By Liz Carpenter

No one ever offered me the job I had at the White House. I asked for it.

It happened on a chilly afternoon in December, 1963. Mrs. Lyndon Johnson and I were sitting before a crackling fire at the Elms, the Johnsons' Washington home before they moved into the White House. I had known the Johnsons for nearly twenty years, as reporter and as friend, and during LBJ's years as Vice-President, I was his Executive Assistant. The First Lady and I were discussing how the talent from LBJ's Vice-Presidential staff could best be put to use in the White House. Finally I mustered up enough courage to say, "As for me, I would like to be your press secretary, if you would let me."

"Of course, Liz, I'd love to have you as press secretary—and my staff director," Mrs. Johnson said.

I was delighted. In my sixteen years as a reporter in Washington, I had always been disappointed that no First Lady had ever named a professional newswoman as her press secretary. Instead, this duty had been left to just a secretary, who had little or no understanding of the requirements of the news media. It was the President's press secretary who had to handle nearly all news, and I always felt it lessened the dignity of the President's office to have a press briefing interspersed with questions about the First Lady's clothes. The newswomen didn't like to ask these frivolous questions in the midst of discussion about Cuban missile crises and other world-shaking events; but before LBJ, they had no alternative.

Pierre Salinger, who was press secretary during the Kennedy Administration and for the first few months after President Kennedy's death, had watched this happen and been rewarded for his labors with a picture from Mrs. Kennedy, which bore the inscription: "To Pierre, for the greatest cross you have to bear, Jacqueline Kennedy."

Pierre and I worked out a clear division of powers. Under it, the President's press secretary would worry about all the news from the President, Kosygin, Vietnam, and De Gaulle. I just had to worry about women, dogs, Luci changing the spelling of her name, Luci becoming a Catholic, Luci having her ears pierced, Luci getting engaged, Luci getting married, Lynda's engagement, Lynda's wedding, a hot-tempered French chef, and forty Lady Bird trips.

When the Johnsons moved into the White House, I set up quarters / *turn to page 140*

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DRAWINGS BY CHARLES M. SLACKMAN

The backstage fanfare and flurry in Lyndon Johnson's White House: all those frantic, funny moments that reporters never heard about

RUFF & Flouris

The study of words has been my lifetime
profession. That is why my wife
and I were able to see a new meaning in "retarded,"
a meaning that has kept us very close to

OUR SON MARK

by S. I. HAYAKAWA
President of San Francisco State College

It was a terrible blow for us to discover that we had brought a retarded child into the world. My wife and I had had no previous acquaintance with the problems of retardation—not even with the words to discuss it. Only such words as imbecile, idiot, and moron came to mind. And the prevailing opinion was that such a child must be "put away," to live out his life in an institution.

Mark was born a mongoloid. The prognosis for his ever reaching anything approaching normality was hopeless. Medical authorities advised us that he would show some mental development, but the progress would be painfully slow, and he would never reach an adolescent's mental age. We could do nothing about it, they said. They sympathetically but firmly advised us to find a private institution that would take him. To get him into a public institution, they said, would require a waiting period of five years. To keep him at home for this length of time, they warned, would have a disastrous effect on our family.

That was twenty years ago.

In that time, Mark has never been "put away." He has lived at home. The only institution he sees regularly is the school he attends—a special public school for retarded children. He is as much a part of the family as his mother, his older brother, his younger sister, his father, or our longtime housekeeper and friend, Daisy Rosebourgh. Moreover, despite the turmoil into which my present job as president of San Francisco State College has thrown us all, that family unit has remained stable, happy, and serene.

Mark has contributed to the stability and serenity. His retardation has brought us grief, but we did not go on dwelling on what might have been, and we have been rewarded by finding much good in things the way they are.

From the beginning, we have enjoyed Mark for his delightful self. He has never seemed like a burden. He was an "easy" baby, quiet, friendly, and passive; but he needed a baby's care for a long time. It was easy to be patient with him, although I must say that some of his stages, such as his love for making chaos, as we called it, by pulling all the books he could reach off the shelves, have lasted much longer than for normal children.

Mark seems more capable of accepting things as they are than his immediate relatives; his mental limitation has given him a capacity for contentment, a focus on the present moment, which is often enviable. His world may be circumscribed, but it is a happy and bright one, and his enjoyment of simple experiences—swimming, food, birthday candles, sports-car rides, and cuddly cats—partakes of that directness and intensity so many philosophers recommend to all of us.

Mark's contentment has been a happy contribution to our family, and the challenge of communicating with him, of doing things we can all enjoy, has drawn the family together. And seeing Mark's communicative processes develop in slow motion has taught me much about the process in all children.

My professional field is general semantics, which is concerned with communication and the reactions people have to the world of words and other symbols with which we live. Most people understand semantics to be the study of the meanings of words and assume that I am therefore by training and profession a stickler for "correct usage" and "real meanings." General semantics goes much beyond that narrow concept. And I believe that my lifetime involvement with this field has had much to do with the way we feel about Mark and with our decision to keep him with us. Let me explain.

General semantics deals with the way in which our understanding of the world is influenced and shaped by how we talk about it. It deals with the fact that just as maps are not the territory they depict, so words are not the realities they describe, but merely convenient handles with which we mentally grasp those realities. And just as maps can be mistaken, so can words. General semantics deals with the fact that evaluations (value judgments) are built into many of the words we use and that those evaluations govern, and sometimes distort, our thinking: "ex-convict" (don't trust him); "diplomat" (distinguished); "blondes" (have more fun); and, of course, "retarded child" (what a tragedy).

So general semantics is not simply a matter of studying language, but of studying yourself and your reactions. If you know of the uncertain relationship between language and reality, you are habitually skeptical, especially of those things that "everybody knows." (As the poet e. e. cummings said: "Whenever men are right, they are not young.") You are therefore constantly observant and open to experience because, whatever you have been told by whatever authority, you know that it may not be so.

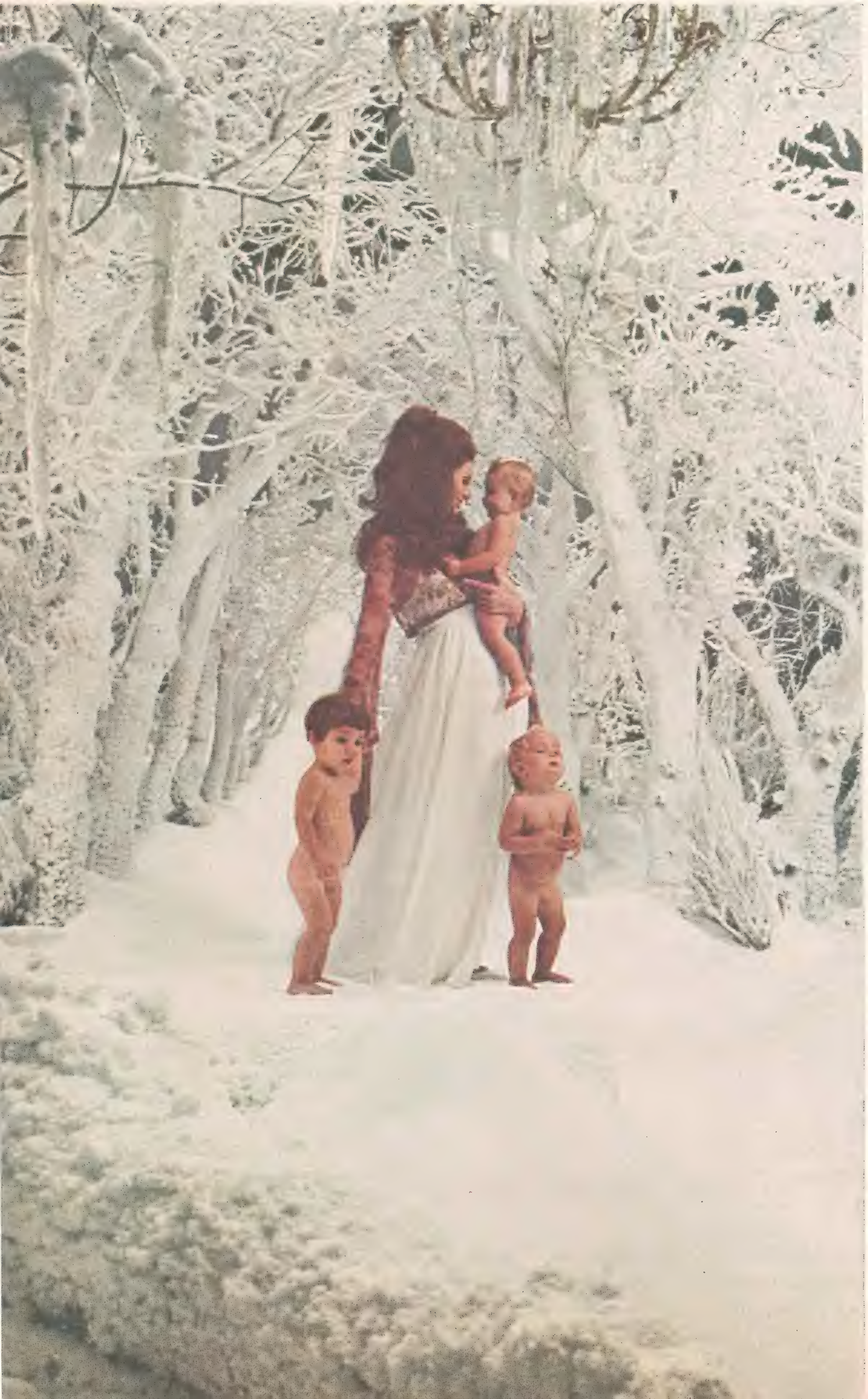
Of course you can acquire this attitude without ever studying general semantics. Part of it is the scientific method, and a great deal of it is what is called common sense: "Let's see." "Let's check that." "Let's try to get more information." Studying general semantics makes it easier to systematize and develop these habits of mind. Fortunately, a whole

/ *turn to page 156*

JOHN OLDENKAMP

Christmas Fashions:

Wide-Awake and Dreaming



The good news this Christmas—something lovely and lively has happened to nighttime fashions. Not so long ago, they led the most private of lives, strictly *en famille* and largely confined to the bedroom. But all that has changed. Today's regal robes and frothy gowns have gone beautifully public, are worn by the hostess *and* her guests—even masquerading as evening dresses for nights on the town. Here, in a fanciful enchanted forest, which we created to complement our fanciful fashions (that story on page 10), are six cases in point, the kind of gown every woman dreams of finding under the tree on Christmas morning.

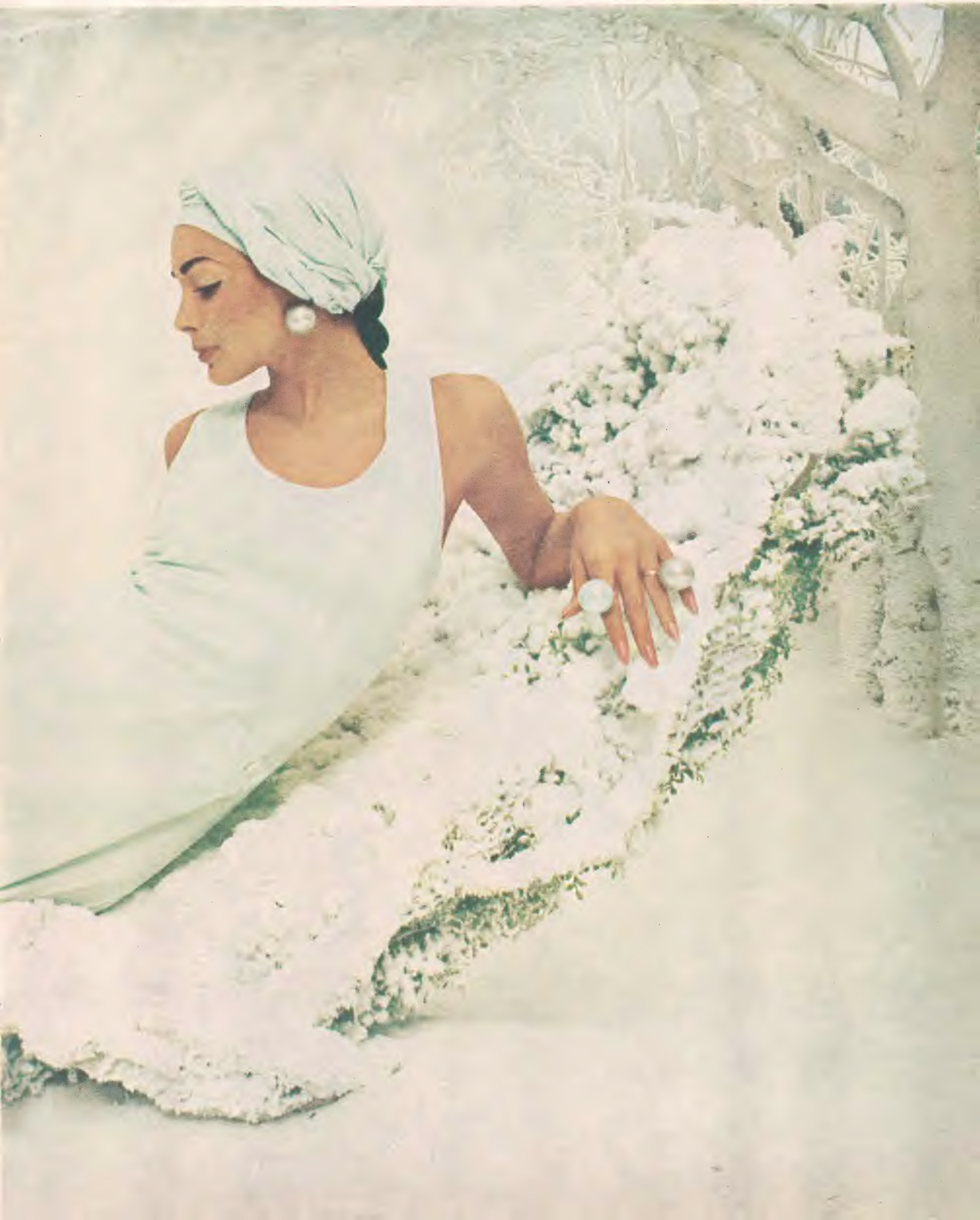
Left: Perfect for a late evening supper *chez vous*, a little lace combing jacket tops a gown composed of yards and yards of semi-transparent nylon tricot.

Right: An entirely covered-up robe of white linenlike fabric, with a spill of bright ribbons, a matching-ribboned wreath of flowers. Shopping information for the entire section is on page 150.

Photographs by
Joyce Rainboldt

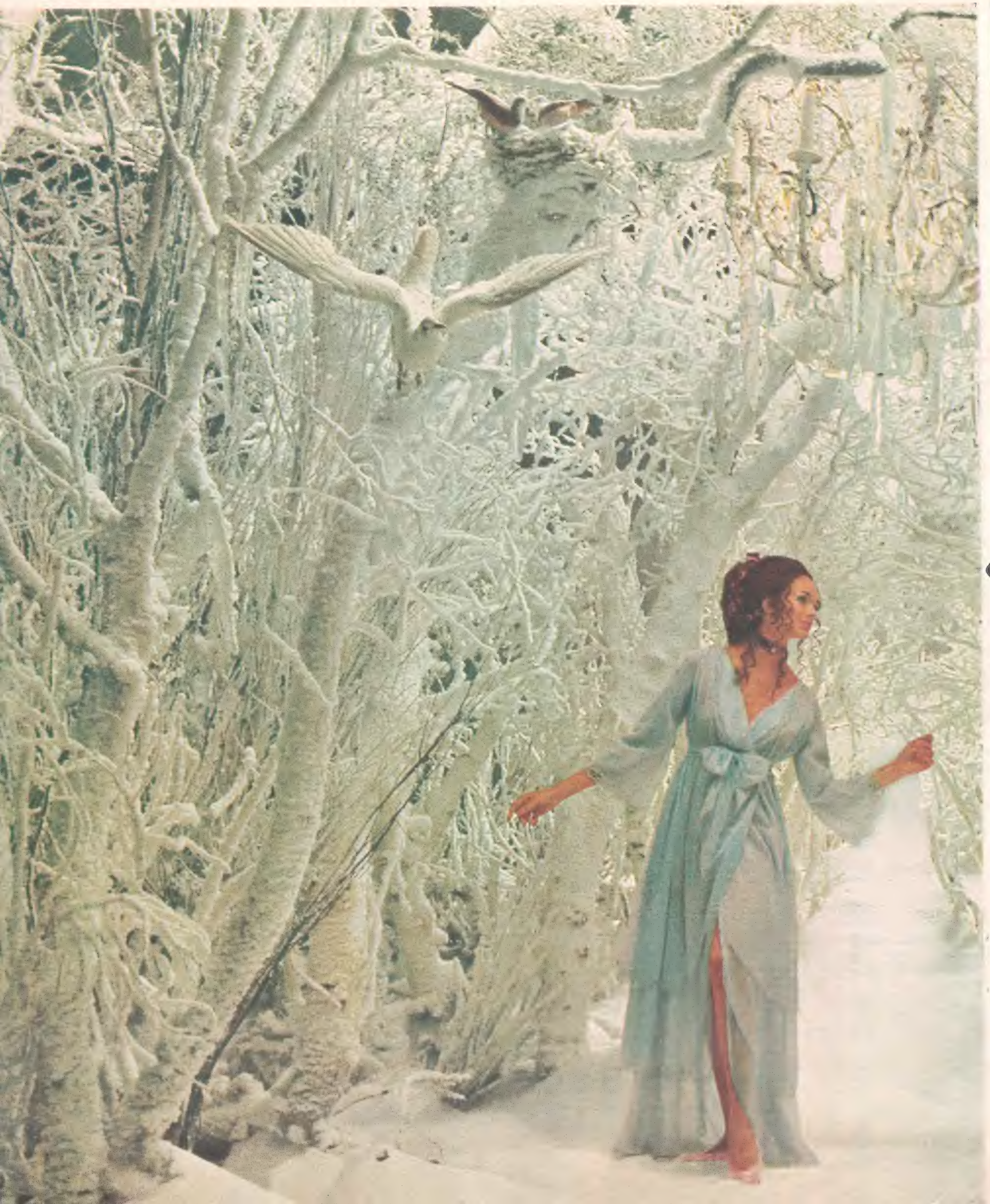
Sorcery 1969: A completely contemporary but strictly private gown of clinging aquamarine matte jersey,

for a sultry stay-at-home siren-on-the-half-shell, who has turbaned and jeweled herself for *his* eyes alone.

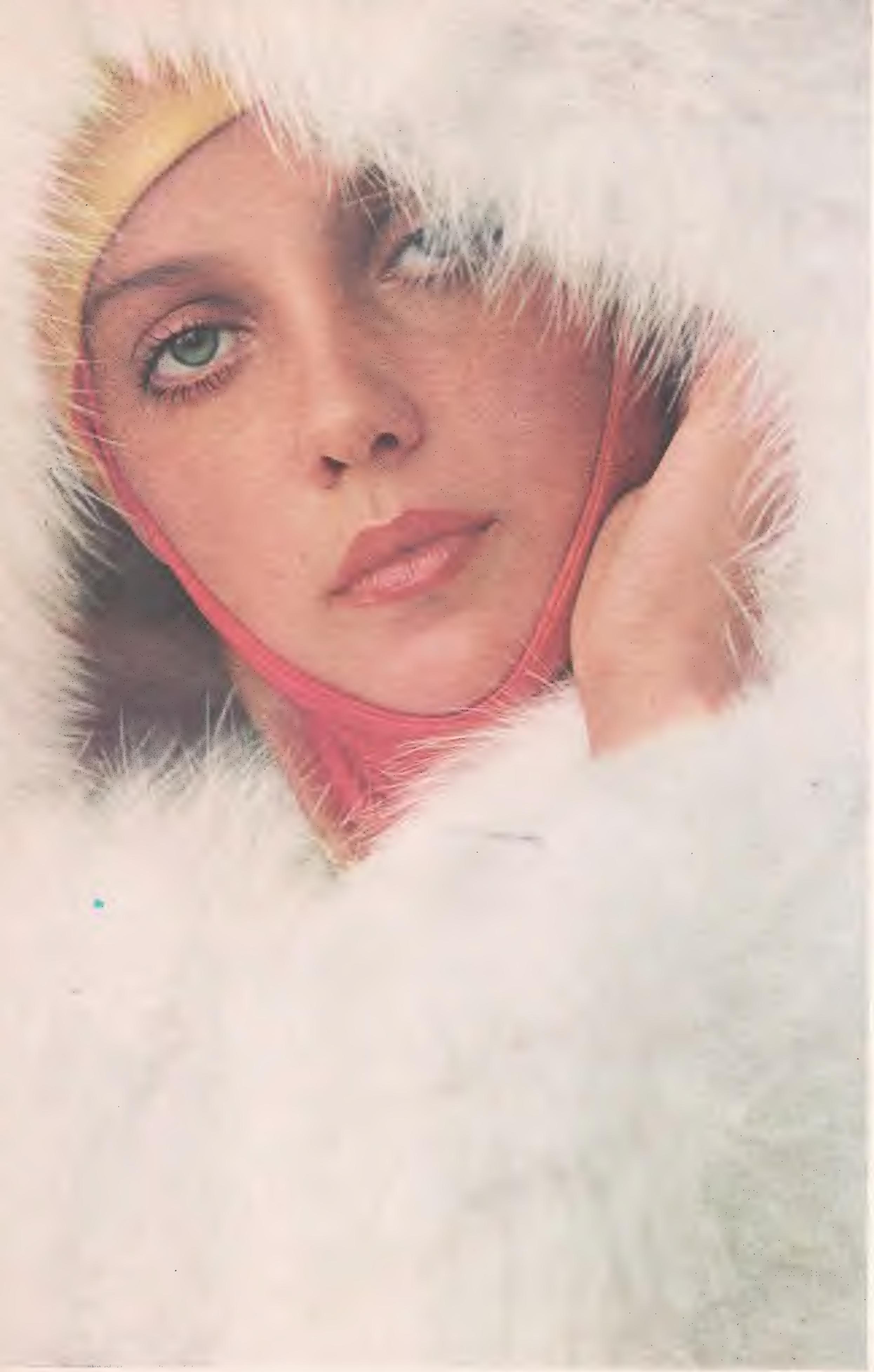


With fashion's current trend toward see-through fabrics and bra-less bodices, diaphanous nightgowns and clinging robes come into their own as party costumes, especially festive topped by an ornate hairstyle or romantic headdress. If you're young, slim, and daring, wear these fashions without benefit of any special underpinning or, more conservatively, with a body stocking. Left: Her bird's-nest hairdo might be a bit much at the breakfast table, but her classic long-sleeved robe, of opaque champagne-color satin, is a lovely way to look on Christmas morning, or Christmas Eve, and any morning or eve throughout the year. Right: A gown of dusty-pink chiffon, cut almost like a monk's robe with wide sleeves and drawstring waist, can literally go to a ball. Underscore it with a body stocking, ornament it with a matching headdress, a tasseled pendant, and dance happily and publicly till dawn.

A latter-day Venus, observed by a pale woodland spirit, wears a period tea gown, layer upon layer



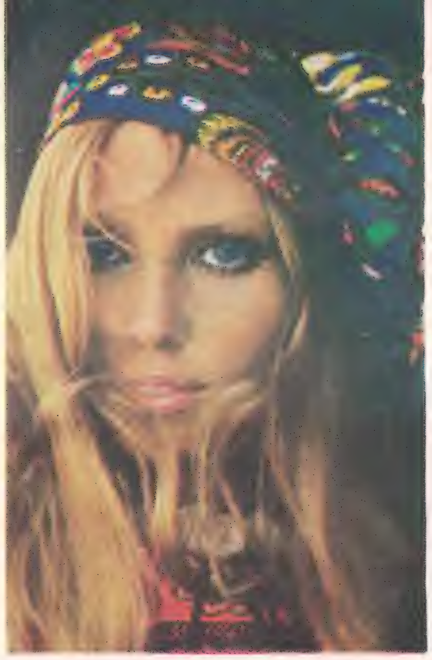
of drifting semi-sheer nylon, edged in deep scallops, caught at the Empire waistline with a bow-tied sash.



Art Kane

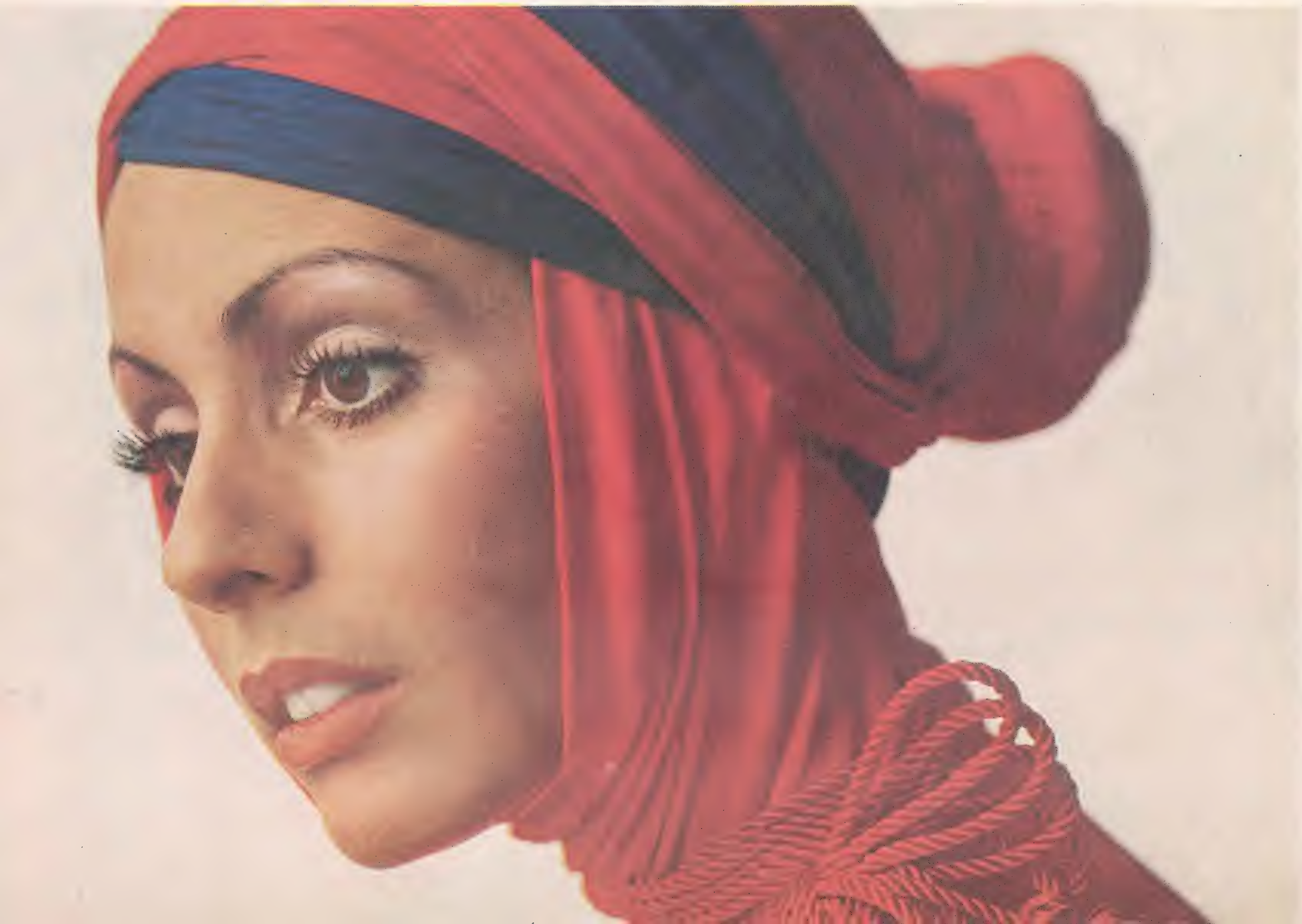
Turbans, brilliantly colored, exotically entwined, recall the Wise Men who trekked across the Eastern sands. As they were kings, their bejeweled brocades were more elaborate than those of the average nomad, who coiled homespun cloths as protection against the sun and wind. This simple headgear has evolved from a rudimentary need to a purely decorative piece that reappears whenever the fashions become fanciful: the Renaissance, Empire, the 'twenties. And here today are the beautiful new twists turbans are taking, improvisations to duplicate with your own scarves. Left: Deep in a snow-white fox hood, a brilliant turban of silk binds and winds the head with warmth and mystery. Completely circling her eyes, and on her lips, are the same colors—pink, orange, and yellow, all the eye powders blended together for a fire-and-sunlight effect. Right: A turban inspired by a Persian miniature. It's made from native embroidered cloth and shades of purple silk, with curly tendrils of her own hair pulled out or snips from an old wig attached wherever it's the prettiest. Her face is paled with pink for a rosy glow.

GIFTS FROM THE MAGI



Out of the Arabian Nights, below, winds a flowing turban to flatter any face. The secret is in the swathing—in keeping it sleek and smooth against your head. The best fabric of all for wrapping round and round is jersey, shown here in flame-red and deep purple. Take two lengths of contrasting colors, about 6 feet long and 8 inches wide, and sew them into one pliable sash. Then begin winding around your head, dipping under the chin, banding the throat, swooping across the forehead, finally twisting and tying the ends into a back bun. Secure with long corsage pins. The headdress above looks flamboyant and fun, twisted in flowered challis with a kind of gypsy abandon. The skullcap hugs the head; the rest, two oversize knots with bubbles of fabric bursting over the ear (rather like Carmen Miranda's turban slipped-to-one-side). It requires two pieces of fabric (6 feet by 12 inches and 4 feet by 4 inches) with rounded ends that can be wrapped, then rolled, shaped, and stitched down for the pouf. Opposite: Fit for an Ethiopian princess—black silk jersey, framing the face in a perfect oval. One wavy scarf, 6 feet long and 12 inches wide, winds twice under her chin and around her head, building up the crown, twisting and rolling as it goes along. The remaining ends can fall in front. Her face shines as if she just stepped into a tent out of the blaring desert sun.

All furs, turbans, and jewelry by Giorgio di Sant'Angelo



Therefore Choose Life...

DEUTERONOMY 30:19

A gifted journalist, Tom Wicker, talks with George Wald, one of the few men over thirty whom young people trust

There is a new prophet abroad in the land, and his name is George Wald. On every campus, in every school, wherever the young congregate to put down the old world and ring in the new, George Wald, age sixty-three, Higgins Professor of Biology at Harvard, a Nobel Laureate, is the name to conjure with.

He is both the inspiration and the champion of the young—and of the pure in heart of all ages—because less than a year ago, in a blazing, angry speech, he ranged himself on the side of life at a time when death seems to have the upper hand.

Since that day, Wald has become a tireless traveler and spokesman for all those who agree that the first business of man is with life. Frequently he takes his text from Deuteronomy: "I have set before you life and death, blessing and curse. Therefore choose life, that you and your descendants may live."

Wicker: In your work at Harvard and in your travels from campus to campus, what is it about today's young people that impresses you most? How are they different from earlier generations?

Wald: Well, I've taught at Harvard for thirty-five years now, a long time, and there have been times when I have been distressed with things that the administration has done, or my colleagues on the faculty have done. But there have always been the students, and to me they are the heart of what I do at Harvard. Teaching has been a wonderful experience, a great experience always. As lately as about ten years ago, I could have said to a class of Harvard students, "Here you are, among the world's chosen, a very highly selected group, at a great university, being trained to live the good life. After you leave here, you will get some professional training, and pretty soon you will have a house in a good suburb and maybe two cars. You'll have nice children, who will be going to private schools. You'll be writing checks to good causes, and you'll be a fine, responsible, and highly respectable member of the community." As lately as ten years ago, that was what Harvard students seemed to want. That is how they saw their future.

If I talked that way to a class now, they would die laughing. And if you ask students now how they see their future, where and how they see themselves ten years hence, twenty years hence, you tend to draw a blank. One of the things they know best is that those ideals that animated their parents haven't made their parents very happy and have brought us into an ugly world, a world that threatens us—and, what is more important, them—with disaster. So they are looking for other and better ways to live, and they haven't found the answers.

In their quest they are making all the mistakes in the book, and they are going to go on making them, but they have that right because they are young. I keep coming back to my generation and saying, How about us? We had the vote and we had the maturity, we had untold wealth and power, and look what we've done with it. We're asking those kids to pull our chestnuts out of the fire. About all they can do is tell us that the chestnuts are *in* the fire and it's time they came out. We'd better pull our own chestnuts out of the fire and be quick about it, because we've made a highly unpleasant world for those kids, and in the course of it we've given up an awful lot of the American dream and the American tradition. I want us to repossess America.

Wicker: In what sense do you mean that we've given up the American tradition?

Wald: Well, as one good example, I just can't think of anything more un-American and more inexplicable than the peacetime draft. The draft is spoiling the lives of that whole younger generation. It's poisoning academic life in America. We keep running into these kids who didn't want to come to college at all but who are there to get out of the draft. Or we come to kids who are in college but who clearly ought to go away for a year to think things over and pull their lives together, or go away for two years, or maybe go away and stay away. But they can't go away because of the draft. And if the faculty decides to expel a student, it has to realize that it may be condemning him to death. The draft board, with General Hershey's encouragement, will pick out that very kid, get him into the Army as quickly as it can, and send him to Vietnam. And so the faculty that wants only to send him away from that college, perhaps only for a time, may have to read in the newspapers a few months later that he has just been killed in Vietnam. If people in Congress want to do something about campus unrest, they can get rid of the draft. A peacetime draft has no place in American life.

Wicker: Before your famous speech at MIT last spring, you were well known primarily in scientific circles. What specifically caused you to become more active in social matters?

Wald: At Harvard I teach about 350 students—freshmen and sophomores mainly—and I had sensed the increasing upset on their part. It was getting harder and harder

/ *turn to page 135*

TED POLUMBAUM

Nobel Prize biologist George Wald

THE MANY FEASTS OF CHRISTMAS

The holiday season is a time for parties of every sort, setting, and size—all different, but each incorporating the three essentials of successful entertaining—congenial people, high spirits, and wonderful food. Here, the first of our Christmas feasts, an after-the-theater supper set on the stage where, only minutes before, the final curtain had rung down on a performance of the Broadway musical *1776*. The host is the play's producer, Stuart Ostrow; the scene, the Chamber of the Continental Congress; the company, Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Jefferson, Mr. John Hancock, and so on through the play's whole cast, including director Peter Hunt and principal backer Edgar Bronfman. And the menu, also in the spirit of '76, is a piquant combination of spiced meats, fruits in mustard, sugared tomatoes, and an assortment of sweets. Benjamin Franklin, played by Howard Da Silva, presides at the punch bowl, ladling out cups of flaming mulled wine while cautioning historically, if not entirely seriously, "Eat not to dullness, drink not to elevation." At right, a choice of spiced roast beef or spiced baked ham, and a compote of oranges and pears in a Grand Marnier sauce. Menu and recipes, easy to duplicate at home, are on page 110.

George Ratkai

Married this year, actress Natalie Wood and her British producer husband, Richard Gregson (top), celebrate their first Christmas and her latest smash-hit film, *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice,* in a just-moved-into new home. Still living out of suitcases and eating off packing cases, they demonstrate that it's possible to have a gourmet feast with little more equipment than a can opener and an electric plate. Their main dish is an epicurean combination of quenelles and crabmeat in lobster sauce—all out of cans. For dessert, Russian pancakes are skillet-cooked and spread with apricot jam. Menu and recipes are on page 110.

Gordon Parks made his name as a photographer, turned successfully to writing, and then became Hollywood's first Negro director when he filmed his autobiography, *The Learning Tree.* He and his wife, Liz, a former model, make their New York headquarters in a Beekman Place apartment decorated with blowups of his favorite photographs. Brought up in Kansas, Parks favors fried-chicken dinners. Liz, who spent her girlhood in Switzerland, is a formidable international cook and will cheerfully tackle anything from Brazilian feijoadas to British suckling pig. For a Christmas Eve supper with family and friends, above, Liz (in white) serves a superb cassoulet of beans, fortified with duckling, pork, and Polish sausage; Gordon makes his own punch out of ale and rum. Menu and recipes, page 112.

Kenneth Jay Lane, right, whose popular K.J.L. designs run from costume jewelry to lingerie, will soon add a line of men's fashions. He lives in a town house just off Park Avenue, and in culinary cahoots with his cook, Eugene Brown (below), entertains often and lavishly. The kitchen is a delightful combination of old blue-and-white Dutch and Portuguese tiles, heavy beams, an open fireplace, and row on row of pewter and copper pans, some of them seventeenth-century antiques. Here Lane whips up such year-round specialties as his pasta with white truffles or with spinach and prosciutto. At holiday season he serves up a New Year's Day breakfast that begins with Bloody Marys and champagne, moves on to paper-thin slices of smoked salmon, melt-in-your-mouth blinis with sour cream and great servings of beluga caviar, and ends with lemon soufflés baked in scooped-out lemon shells. Food Editor's note: To flip a blini, à la Brown, loosen from pan with spatula, and flip with a sharp upward twisting movement. Or for the fainter-hearted, loosen and turn them with a spatula. The menu and recipes are on page 112.

It's a fact of feasting that it tends to be (sorry, we have to say it) fattening. Another sorry fact: Over the holiday season you are likely to gain an average of five pounds. This being so, why not gain them in the most indulgently delicious way possible with desserts and sweetmeats rich with crunchy nuts? Here, our own collection of favorites, a treasury of non-weight-watching cakes and candies, worth, we submit, every calorie they cost. Clockwise from left center: Chocolate Pinecone Cake, Walnut-Bourbon Poundcake, Easy Caramel-Nut Roll, Old-Fashioned Mixed-Nut Brittle and Glacéed Nuts, Black-Walnut Caramels, Chestnut Yule Log, and Orange Chocolate-Nut Truffles.

ORANGE CHOCOLATE-NUT TRUFFLES

1¾ cups semisweet-chocolate pieces (10 oz)
1 cup confectioners' sugar
⅓ cup heavy cream
2 tablespoons orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange peel
1 can (4 oz) walnuts, finely chopped

1. In top of double boiler, combine the chocolate and 2 tablespoons water. Heat over hot, not boiling, water, stirring occasionally, until chocolate is melted.

2. Turn chocolate into medium bowl. Add sugar, cream, orange juice and peel; stir until combined; then beat to mix well.

3. Place plastic film or waxed paper directly on surface of chocolate. Refrigerate at least 1 hour, or overnight.

4. Sprinkle walnuts liberally on sheet of plastic film or waxed paper. Drop rounded teaspoonfuls of chocolate mixture onto nuts; roll with palm of hand into balls, covering them completely with nuts. Refrigerate, covered, to store. The truffles will keep well for several weeks.

Recipe makes about 3 dozen candies. For the other recipes, turn to page 118.

The James Hoskinson family, eight strong, lives in a big restored vintage-American house in suburban Connecticut. Seated around their Christmas dinner table, clockwise from left they are Anne 17, Patty 20, Father Jim, Jean 14, Mary 18 (behind her mother), Liz 9, Mother Harriet, a small visiting cousin, Andrew 2½, and Jimmy 11. Everything about their Christmas is a year-after-year tradition, including the roast pork and cranberry mold shown below. / *turn to next page*

And preparation for the big day begins many weeks in advance. First there's the cookie making—lebkuchen and pfeffernuesse, which grow more delicious with a few weeks' aging. The older girls do the baking, and later Liz and Jimmy (above) decorate the cookies as gifts for friends, place cards for the family table, and hangtags for presents. Then the clan takes to the nearby woods to gather pine and holly, which they fashion into wreaths and swag in garlands over the huge old brick fireplace. Tree choosing is a matter of great moment and tree trimming an elaborate ritual. The table is set, year after year, with glowing pewter mugs and plates against a brilliant red cloth. The centerpiece is always candles of different lengths, attached to a wood base concealed by greens. And every Christmas the family gives thanks for its blessings with an old grace, which is sung rather than spoken: "For health and strength and daily food, we praise Thy name, O Lord." Since all the girls are good cooks, each has her special task, and preparing the feast is no great burden. The regal roast is stuffed with a prune-and-apricot dressing, flanked with roast potatoes, and served with squash, peas, and relishes. The dessert, a transcendent baked Alaska, is Patty's tour de force. At right, she bears it to the table looking justifiably proud. And finally, the last cookie consumed and dishes done with the help of many hands, the Hoskinsons—eight strong—take off for Vermont to spend the balance of the holidays on skis. Menu and recipes are given on page 124.

DESIGN BY WALTER EINSEL. PHOTOGRAPH BY IRWIN HOROWITZ

Candyland House

You will need heavy brown paper for patterns, and, for the Illustration-Board House, illustration board or cardboard, corrugated cardboard, and cellophane tape. The framework is covered with cookie sections; Sugar-Cookie Dough recipe is on page 131. Then the house is decorated with Snow Frosting (see page 128) and candies. We used a 6¼-ounce package of miniature marshmallows; ½ pound each assorted jelly slices, gumdrops, jelly beans, round peppermint candies, pink and striped pillow mints; 12 peppermint sticks; 1 pound assorted licorice candies; 2 red licorice twists; 36 inches red licorice lace. You can decorate the house to suit your fancy.

1. Allow several days for making house. Make paper patterns, then illustration-board frame. Bake cookie dough, and cut out pieces. Decorate the walls. Then assemble house and complete decorating.

2. To make pattern for walls: Draw a 12-by-6-inch rectangle on heavy brown paper. Cut out. Mark center of sides and center of one end. Draw a line between each side point and end point. Cut on lines.

3. For gables, cut out an 8½-by-4-inch rectangle; divide on diagonal. Then cut along diagonal. You use only one piece.

4. For chimney, cut out a 2¼-by-4½-inch rectangle. On long sides, make mark 2 inches from one end. Draw line between points; mark center of line. Draw lines from center mark to nearest corners. Cut along these two lines.

5. For roof, see Diagram B. Draw a 17-by-8-inch rectangle. On 17-inch sides, mark off 2½ inches from both ends. Draw lines across width to connect marks. On these 2 lines, mark 1⅛ inches from both sides toward center. Join marks as in diagram. Cut out.

Illustration-Board House

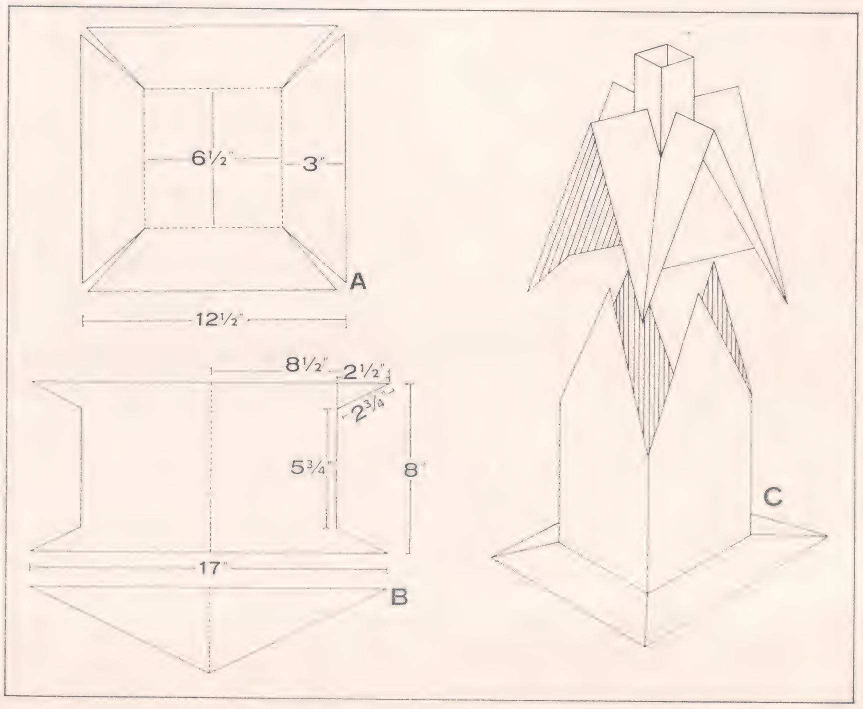
1. Save paper patterns for wall, gable, and chimney (not roof) for cutting cookie dough. Trace pattern for wall of house on illustration board 4 times, with sides touching. Cut out in one piece. Score between sections.

2. Trace pattern for gable on illustration board twice, wide ends touching, as in Diagram B. Repeat. Cut out; score on dotted line. Chimney is made of cookie pieces and does not need reinforcement.

3. Trace pattern for roof on illustration board. Cut out; score on dotted line.

4. Draw a 12½-inch square on illustration board for base of house. Mark sides 3 inches from all corners. Join points, as in Diagram A. Score on dotted lines (see diagram). Cut out a 12-inch square of corrugated cardboard.

5. Slash base from each corner to inner dotted-line square (see Diagram A). Cut a wedge, tapering from ⅝ inch wide, from each corner. Bend along scored lines; tape corners together. / *turn to page 131*



Santa sauce.

The holiday flavor comes straight from Campbell's Tomato Soup.

SAUCY COCKTAIL MEATBALLS

1 pound ground beef
2 tablespoons bread crumbs
1 egg, slightly beaten
½ teaspoon salt
⅓ cups each finely chopped green pepper and onion
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
2 tablespoons brown sugar
4 teaspoons Worcestershire
1 tablespoon each prepared mustard and vinegar

Mix beef, crumbs, egg, salt; shape into 50 meatballs. Place in shallow baking pan (13x9x2"). Broil until browned; turn once. Spoon off fat. In saucepan, cook pepper and onion in butter until tender. Stir in remaining ingredients. Pour over meatballs. Cover; bake at 350°F. for 20 minutes.

Cocktail frankfurters: Substitute 1½ pounds frankfurters, cut in 1-inch pieces for meatball mixture. Proceed as above.

WREATH ROLLUPS

1½ pounds thinly sliced round steak (¼ inch thick)
½ pound fresh mushrooms
½ cup chopped onion
1 teaspoon basil, crushed
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 cup cooked rice
⅛ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons shortening
1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
1 medium clove garlic, minced

Cut meat into 6 pieces (6x4"); pound. Chop mushroom stems; cook with onion and ½ teaspoon basil in butter until tender. Add rice and salt. Place about ¼ cup rice mixture near center of each piece of meat. Starting at narrow end, roll up; tuck in ends and fasten with toothpicks or skewers. Brown in skillet in shortening; pour off fat. Add remaining ingredients. Cover; cook over low heat 1 hour 15 minutes. Stir now and then. Serve with green beans garnished with pimiento. 6 servings.

For 12 servings, double recipe. To thicken, cook uncovered last 15 minutes.

CHEESE TREE

1 can Campbell's Tomato Soup
¼ cup milk
1½ cups shredded mild process or Cheddar cheese
4 slices toast, cut in half diagonally
4 slices cooked bacon

In saucepan, combine soup, milk, and cheese. Heat until cheese melts. Stir now and then. Overlap two pieces of toast.* Pour sauce over. Form tree trunk with bacon. Garnish edges of toast with finely chopped parsley. 4 servings.

**Top toast with poached egg, if desired.*

Campbell's
CONDENSED
TOMATO
SOUP

M'm! M'm! Good and easy!

The best-selling peaches in the world.
Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
YELLOW CLING
NET WT. 16 OZ. (1 LB.)
PEACH HALVES
IN HEAVY SYRUP
One of 174 success stories.

Sight and sound

continued from page 33

learns how toys become real. In the same league is Maurice Sendak's *Where the Wild Things Are* (Harper & Row, $3.95; 4 to 8), the deliciously unfrightening account of a little boy's encounters with nightmare monsters.

For more sophisticated imaginations, look for *Ever Ride a Dinosaur?*, by Scott Corbett, with captivating illustrations by Mircea Vasiliu (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95; 9 to 11). Despite a downbeat start with a middle-aged hero, it picks up when he is transformed into a small boy and happily finds himself riding dinosaur-back.

Any almost-grown-up girl should make the acquaintance of Susan, Harriet, or Al. Susan is really *Big Susan,* with whom author-artist Elizabeth Orton Jones (Macmillan, $3.95; 4 to 8) eavesdrops on the exciting goings-on in a dollhouse-come-to-life on Christmas Eve. *Harriet the Spy,* by Louise Fitzhugh (Harper & Row, $3.95; 10 and up), is a nosy sixth-grader who keeps a fascinating notebook on all she sees. And *A Girl Called Al,* by Constance C. Greene (Viking, $3.95; 10 to 14), is the frumpy one of the two heroines of this gentle, relaxed, sad-funny book that may well become a classic. One more little girl worth knowing—this one with a real-life grown-up problem—is Mary Call Luther, a 14-year-old Appalachian Mountain girl struggling desperately to hold a family of three other orphans together in *Where the Lilies Bloom,* by Vera and Bill Cleaver (Lippincott, $3.95; 12 and up).

CHRISTMAS BELLE

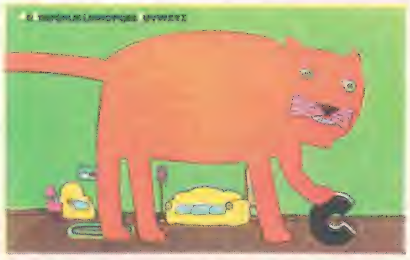
I'm lurking 'neath the mistletoe
Expectantly, because I know
I'll soon be seized in mad embrace
By Five-Years-Old with jelly
face.

—BETTY BILLIPP

Similarly, for boys, there are Anthony, Stevie, Peter, and Obadiah. Anthony, of *I'll Fix Anthony,* by Judith Viorst, with pictures by Arnold Lobel (Harper & Row, $3.50; 4 to 8), is actually the villain, whom his much-put-down younger brother dreams of getting back at as soon as he attains the powerful age of six. In one family, at least, everyone who read this book laughed—including big brother. *Stevie,* by John Steptoe (Harper & Row, $3.50; 4 to 8), is also about an older brother: a grumpy, baby-sitting foster-brother, who realizes too late that he's grown attached to his unwanted little buddy. (This outstanding book marks the debut of a major new talent; a 19-year-old black artist-author from Brooklyn, who paints in a rich, glowing, stained-glass style and writes with a clear ring of truth.) Peter, the hero of *Goggles!,* written and illustrated by Ezra Jack Keats (Macmillan $3.95; 4 to 8), finds a pair of old motorcycle goggles on a ghetto dump, only to be chased by a band of big bullies; easy reading, dramatic pictures, and breathless suspense. And Obadiah is simply a Nantucket Quaker boy of long ago who in *Thy Friend, Obadiah,* by Brinton Turkle (Viking, $3.77; 5 to 8), is shadowed by a friendly sea gull. The whole book radiates Quakerly neatness, kindliness, and charm.

For more ripsnorting action, set any young boy loose with *The Mad Scientists' Club,* by Bertrand N. Brinley (Macrae Smith, $3.75; 10 to 16), the hilarious adventures of a gang of youthful pranksters who are as hep to electronic gadgetry as they are to bikes or baseball.

One of the sunniest finds of the year is *Still Another Alphabet Book,* a visual feast of crazily colorful pop-art pictures by Seymour Chwast and Martin Stephen Moskof (McGraw-Hill, $4.50; up to 6). Still another alphabet book is *Alphabet of Girls,* by Leland E. Jacobs, pictures by John E. Johnson (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $3.95; 6 to 10). With each verse crafted out of spun glass, these airy-down-derry jingles about girls' names will enchant any little girl, particularly if her own name turns up among the delightfully down-to-earth poems.


C-A-T: "Still Another Alphabet Book

For older whiz kids, try *Perplexing Puzzles and Tantalizing Teasers* (Simon & Schuster, $3.95; 8 to 12), by Martin Gardner, who writes the popular Mathematical Games column in *Scientific American.* It's got riddles, mazes, illusions, trick questions, story puzzles, and much more to challenge the kids.

If it's "a collection of connections, endless tales, reiterations, and other echolalia" (which are author Remy Charlip's words) you're after, there is *Arm in Arm* (Parents' Magazine Press, $3.50; 5 to 9). This potpourri of word play, mirror images, and surrealistic fun looks at first like a weird put-on, but is really a roller coaster of happy lunacy.

No matter how many Bibles are sold—or left unread in hotel-bedroom drawers—the Good Book too often remains a closed book to the young. But a new volume, *Brian Wildsmith's Illustrated Bible Stories,* as told by Philip Turner (Franklin Watts, $7.95; all ages), recasts the rich narrative of both Testaments into modern language and glowing illustrations. What more timely occasion to introduce them than Christmas?

THE END

Our peas are wrinkle-free.
Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
Early Garden
NET WT. 17 OZ. (1 LB. 1 OZ.)
SWEET PEAS
One of 174 success stories.

Great for upside-down cake.

SLICED PINEAPPLE
IN EXTRA HEAVY SYRUP · 10 SLICES
Del Monte
BRAND
QUALITY
One of 174 success stories.

Who is Santa Claus?

continued from page 57

local patron saint. These pictures showed his two most important miracles. His "holy bones" were in the Basilica of San Nicola, near the center of town. If I hurried, I could get there before it closed for the afternoon.

At the basilica, there was no guide in sight to show me the tomb. Suddenly a new mystery popped up from the floor; there were Arabic words woven through the intricate design of the circular border all around the altar!

Then similar mosaics in other parts of the Mediterranean came to mind, and I assumed that, like the others, this tessellated floor and its intrusive Arabic calligraphy had been installed during a Muslim occupation of Bari in the fourteenth or fifteenth century.

My assumption was wrong. As I stared at the wall-to-wall mystery, a pale, uniformed guide materialized. "Excuse me, sir," he said cheerfully, "but I see that you are admiring our *pavimento*. You are thinking—as all visitors do—that they were placed here by Mohammedan invaders."

"I guess I *was* thinking that. But in other places—"

He interrupted. *"Other places* were occupied by the Moors. But never Bari! These words were placed here by Moorish artists brought from Sicily. When they realized that our holy fathers could not read Arabic, the infidels put their creed—'There is no God but God, and Mohammed is his prophet!'—in many parts of the basilica."

"Why weren't the words removed later on?"

"It would have been impossible without ruining the whole floor. Besides, none of the common people realized these were Arabic words. Until very recently, most of them couldn't even read Italian. And now—" he shrugged—"it doesn't matter."

As I continued to gaze in admiration at what was perhaps the most exquisite practical joke in history—or was it a pioneer act of ecumenism?—the guide abruptly changed the subject: "But, sir, you are an American! You did not come so far to read Arabic from a mosaic *pavimento*. You came to see San Nicola. You came to see Saint Nicholas! You came to see Santa Clothes! Come, I will show you Santa Clothes!"

Santa Claus! Was this—this *foreigner* trying to tell me that the skinny, sad-looking local saint was actually our American Santa Claus?

That is exactly what he was telling me. "San Nicola was originally called Saint Nicholas of Myra, an ancient seaport in Asia Minor, near the island of Rhodes," he began. "He was buried there until 1087. At that time, some Barese sailors heard their Venetian rivals were going to make a raid on Myra to liberate the body of Saint Nicholas from the Turkish infidels. But our sailors got there first and brought the body here."

He then explained that San Nicola is honored only on his birthday (December 6) and has no connection with the Italian celebration of Christmas. The only traditional Italian folk figure resembling our Santa Claus is a little old woman, called Befana. She gets her name from Epiphany, because she comes on January 6, the Day of Epiphany, when the Wise Men visited the Manger. Befana rides a broomstick, comes down the chimney, and gives presents only to good children. Bad children find ashes, pieces of coal, and rusty nails in their stockings.

At first, my interest in Saint Nicholas was merely incidental to a general preoccupation with folklore. But after some research and iconographic study, it became more and more evident that this mythical saint (as of 1969, the Catholic Church doubts that he ever existed, and he has been dropped from the church calendar, along with such notables as Saint Christopher, Saint Valentine, and Saint Patrick) was different from all other saints. He was credited with miracles that became more and more profound as one thought about them.

The legendary Nicholas was born in the third century in Asia Minor (now Turkey) of wealthy Greek parents. At birth, he astonished—and frightened—the midwives by standing bolt upright during his very first bath and for two full hours afterward, a record for a newborn infant that has remained unchallenged for seventeen centuries.

His parents and their awestruck neighbors, naturally enough, regarded this extraordinary feat as a miracle, and when the infant adamantly refused to accept more than one breast-feeding on Wednesdays and Fridays (because they were fast days), all were convinced that Nicholas was predestined for sainthood.

Nicholas' entire life was filled with such theatrical miracles. When, for example, the old Bishop of Myra died, it was decided that his successor should be chosen magically. The first male who entered the cathedral on a secretly designated day would be named the new bishop. Early one morning, the selection committee waited inside the cathedral for the door to open, and I'll bet you can guess who walked in!

From the beginning, Saint Nicholas was the patron of all the people. He became the protector of shipwrecked sailors and other men, including pawnbrokers and thieves, who worked in hazardous trades. But mainly he was the guardian saint of young children and of girls without dowry, and it was for these that he performed most of his innumerable astonishing miracles.

But always—and this is for me the heart of the Saint Nicholas/Santa Claus legend—the saint performed his rescuing miracles in a manner that makes one think he was a predecessor of Dr. Sigmund Freud. A farfetched comparison? Perhaps. But let's look at the two miracles attributed to Saint Nicholas which I saw depicted everywhere in Bari that day and then decide whether or not it is farfetched.

1. The Miracle of the Three Sleeping Girls: In this early Christian story, Saint Nicholas established the moral

continued on page 108

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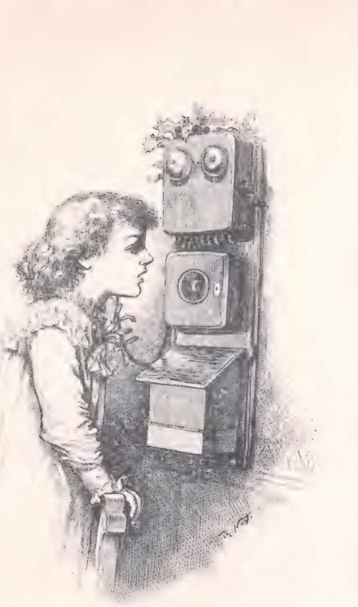


continued from page 107

and psychological patterns, as well as the modus operandi, for all his miraculous actions.

Late one night, the ancient story goes, Saint Nicholas sensed that somewhere in the city a terrible crime was about to be committed. He arrived magically at the home of an evil nobleman who had become impoverished and could not provide the all-important dowries for his three virgin daughters. As a result, the man was preparing to sell the girls to a house of prostitution the following morning.

Saint Nicholas, without permitting himself to be seen, threw a bag of gold into the room and then disappeared.

He repeated this act on successive nights, to make sure that the evil father would use the money for its intended purpose. On the third night, the identity of the family's benefactor became known, for the father hid outside and saw the bishop in action. The father seized Saint Nicholas, thanked him, and begged forgiveness for his intended crime. After a meaningful delay, Saint Nicholas forgave the filthy man. The pattern of happy endings for all Saint Nicholas stories is established here: The girls are saved from a life of shame; they find good husbands; and the father is rehabilitated.

2. The Miracle of the Butcher Shop: While preparing to officiate at a Mass, Saint Nicholas, this legend says, divined that a hideous crime against innocent persons was being enacted. He instructed his clergy to carry on and left the church. Guided by his mystical, extrasensory powers, he arrived at a butcher shop owned by a pagan.

Saint Nicholas entered, unerringly walked to one of the many barrels in the shop, and raised his hand in benediction. At once the pieces of meat in the barrel reassembled, and three naked boys, who had been murdered by the butcher and were about to be sold as pork, leapt out of the barrel and danced joyously about the bishop.

In some of the icons of this tale, the cannibalistic butcher begs for mercy. Once again, after a curious bit of moral strategy, Saint Nicholas hesitates, but soon forgives the dreadful man.

There are two other legends attached to the life of Nicholas which must be examined to understand fully the meaning of the saint's acts.

1. The Miracle of the Boiled Bambino: In this fable, a young mother, preparing to bathe her child, places the infant in a metal tub and begins to heat the water by lighting a fire under it. Then the scatterbrained wench runs off to church to light candles to her favorite saint, Nicholas. With the speed of light, Saint Nicholas flies to the woman's house, gets there in the (Saint) nick of time (possible origin of the phrase), and snatches the baby from death. The mother begs forgiveness, and Saint Nicholas grants it.

2. The Miracle of the Condemned Prisoners: Three innocent men are condemned to death as the result of an enemy's perjured testimony. Saint Nicholas arrives just as the axes are about to fall, and confronts the perjurer. He confesses, the prisoners are released and returned to their families. With his characteristic generosity, Saint Nicholas forgives the guilty man.

The tip-off to the mythical nature of these stories, if such a hint is required, is their three-ness. The three boys, three daughters, and three bags of gold recall at once the patterns of the fairy tales we read as children: the three kings, three sons, three princesses, three wishes, three wicked stepsisters, three little pigs, and even the three companions of delightful Dorothy in *The Wonderful Wizard of Oz.*

But what do these stories tell us about the role Saint Nicholas has played in the lives of hundreds of millions of people through the ages? For it would be naïve to dismiss these legends as mere tales without meaning.

It is clear at once that the stories reveal—if you will—three important aspects of Saint Nicholas' mythical character. In the first place, the persistence of these tales through so many centuries tells us they have fulfilled a desperate yearning among the expendable common people for a supernatural friend at court, a divine ombudsman, who could bring direct help to the individual in dire need.

Second, the saint has been a kind of grand private eye, a divine detective, who works invisibly to ferret out crimes that have been or are about to be committed against the innocent. Arriving magically at the scene, he almost always uses his powers to prevent the crime. When a crime has been committed, he undoes or erases it.

Finally, Saint Nicholas acts as a supreme judge-psychiatrist who loves, understands, and forgives all men, regardless of their actions. After having, in his role as detective, discovered the crime, Saint Nicholas quickly assumes this new character.

The criminal in all the stories does not at first understand the true nature of the sleuth who has found him out and assumes that Saint Nicholas, like every other authority figure he has known, will punish him. He thus begs for mercy.

It is at this point that the supernatural aspect of the Saint Nicholas stories takes a back seat to the saint's assumption of the role of a modern psychoanalyst toward the culprit. Saint Nicholas does not scold, threaten, or punish. Instead, he silently listens to the sinner's frightened plea for clemency and conveys a feeling that he loves and understands him, despite his stupid, cruel, or murderous intentions.

In these pre-Freudian dramas, the entire process of psychotherapy, which in fact can require years, is compressed into a few minutes. For the saint's love and understanding and his refusal to punish have an instant rehabilitating effect upon the culprit. They dissolve the hard core of evil that made it possible for him to commit his crimes. At this point, the criminal changes his plea for mercy to a plea for forgiveness. But Saint Nicholas, pioneer Freudian that he is, still remains silent, and soon the guilty person realizes that he must understand himself, judge himself, forgive himself. When Saint Nicholas observes that the criminal has, in effect, rehabilitated himself, he, too, forgives him.

"Before the tenth century," writes Dr. de Groot, "Saint Nicholas became greater than all the saints and was called 'the second Saviour' because of his Christlike forgiveness of all men." But his virtues were his undoing. After the Reformation, Saint Nicholas was quickly discarded by the Protestants. They felt that they could have direct access to God and no longer wanted saints who acted as celestial intermediaries. And so Saint Nicholas disappeared from much of Europe and North America for a little over two hundred years. But the world still needed his special therapeutic services, and he was eventually resurrected under a variety of disguises and pseudonyms.

In England, in the middle of the nineteenth century, Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert, introduced a folk figure named Knecht Ruppert from his native Germany and renamed him Father Christmas. He soon became the gift bringer to all little Britishers. In the United States, Washington Irving helped rehabilitate the almost forgotten Saint Nicholas by writing stories about Sinterklaas, the rather sinister winter spirit brought to New Amsterdam by the early Dutch settlers. Sinterklaas did indeed become Santa Claus, though in Irving's version he retained many of the gnomelike characteristics of his Dutch original.

Our current popular stereotype of Santa was dreamed up by the American political cartoonist Thomas Nast—who also invented the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey—in his drawings for the magazine *Harper's Weekly,* in the 1880s. A close look at the generous senior citizen created by Nast reveals that he bears a good deal of resemblance to Old King Cole (that merry old soul), divested of his crown and dressed in winter furs. Nast's conception caught the public fancy and quickly replaced all the earlier images of Santa Claus.

The triumph of Nast's kindly, rotund, warmhearted Santa represented a significant change in the way men were thinking. The images of Saint Nicholas found in American children's scrapbooks antedating Nast's Santa are fairly grim. Gone is the all-embracing, Christlike, divine lifeguard. He no longer rescued anyone; instead, this secularized saint carried a whip in one hand and a toy in the other. And he was no longer allowed to indulge in his nocturnal habit of secret generosity, for he came in daylight and held a kangaroo court, where he judged every child according to a merciless Victorian moral code. Like the odious Befana, he gave presents only to good children and whipped the daylights out of bad ones.

But as our country became more and more prosperous and the Victorian ideas of conduct gave way to a new permissiveness, Nast's jolly Santa revealed once more many of those characteristics that had once made Nicholas the most beloved saint in all Christendom.

True to the formulas established by his third-century prototype, Santa Claus now arrives in the middle of the night to rescue the American family. He does this by acting as an invited supernatural mediator in the year-long domestic struggle waged by that Odd Couple known as parent and child.

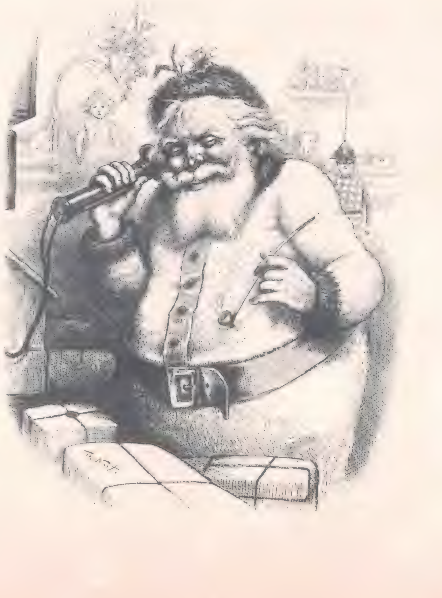
Santa is invited because each one of us is aware of how extremely difficult it is to be a child. To be forced to live in a world created and dominated by those loving, tall despots called parents and adults, and to be the recipient of food and shelter and clothing and toys and entertainment and candy and guidance and love—especially love—which have to be paid for item for item, is very trying.

But we parents also know—or the ancient folk wisdom hidden inside social custom knows it for us—that once a year the little Oedipal stranger in our midst must be given one day of respite from the necessity of paying for all he gets. And that is why we stage the Christmas Eve charade and bring in that veteran performer named Santa Claus to be the gift giver.

Yes, I believe in Santa Claus! Not, of course, in the commercial figure who is endlessly reproduced during the Christmas season. I put my faith in the invisible Santa Claus who has always been a useful myth.

That is why, at this time of the year, I am grateful for the mythical reality of Santa Claus. He doesn't widen the credibility Grand Canyon more than a fraction of an inch. He comes and goes quickly. He brings a flash of gaiety and happiness to millions. And he always leaves behind a singing night cryptogram.

Decoded, the message reads: "Magical repeat magical possibility exists in universe. Stop. Yes comma possibility exists that anyone repeat anyone can learn to give love comma understanding comma and to grant amnesty to children. Stop. But must be done invisibly comma secretly comma and without expectations of a single thing in return. Stop. See you next Christmas. Stop. Love to all." Below the message is a note from the telegraph company: "Upon request of sender, signature withheld." THE END



HOLIDAY PARTIES

**On the following pages you will find exciting ideas for Holiday party giving.
We hope you'll enjoy the useful flavorful suggestions that follow.
Happy holiday partying!**

Bacardi Rum
Kitchens of Sara Lee
Hunt's Tomato Sauce
Kellogg's Rice Krispies
Blue Bonnet Margarine
Best Foods Mayonnaise
Baker's Angel Flake Coconut
Uncle Ben's Long Grain and Wild Rice
Diamond Walnut Growers of California
Saran Wrap—The Dow Chemical Company
Kellogg's Croutettes and Reynolds Wrap
Hunt's New Manwich Sandwich Sauce
Bar-Tender's Brand Products
Coffee-mate from Carnation
Canada Dry Corporation
Hellmann's Mayonnaise
Snow's Clam Chowder
Fleischmann's Yeast
Knox Gelatine, Inc.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 95

THE MANY FEASTS OF CHRISTMAS

"1776" AFTER-THEATER SUPPER
(see page 94)
(Planned for 12. Recipes given
for starred dishes)

Flaming Mulled Wine*
Spiced Roast of Beef* or
Spiced Baked Ham*
Mustard Fruits
Buttered Parker House Rolls
Watermelon Pickle
Old-Fashioned Sliced Tomatoes*
Almond Cake*
Oranges and Pears Orientale*
Coffee
Jordan Almonds Sweetmeats

FLAMING MULLED WINE
(pictured, page 94)

2 bottles (1-pt, 8-fl-oz size) red Bordeaux
1½ cups sugar
18 whole cloves
3 (3-inch) cinnamon sticks
¾ cup brandy

1. In large, heavy saucepan, heat wine until bubbles form around edge; do not boil.

2. Stir in sugar until dissolved; add cloves and cinnamon sticks. Let stand over low heat for 10 minutes. Pour into a heated serving or punch bowl.

3. Pour brandy into a large ladle or small saucepan; heat gently; then ignite with a match. Pour flaming brandy over hot wine mixture.

4. Ladle into punch cups to serve.

Makes 12 (punch-cup) servings.

SPICED ROAST OF BEEF
(pictured)

10½-lb full beef round, or 12½-lb top sirloin
3 tablespoons salt
1 tablespoon black pepper
1 tablespoon dry mustard
1 tablespoon celery salt
1½ teaspoons garlic salt
1½ teaspoons ground thyme
1½ teaspoons ground cloves
3½ cups red-wine vinegar
2 cups salad oil
2 cups catsup
2 cups finely chopped carrot
2 cups finely chopped celery
2 cups finely chopped onion
2 cloves garlic, crushed
4 bay leaves
1 tablespoon dried thyme leaves
½ lb salt pork, cut into pieces

MADEIRA SAUCE
1 cup red-wine vinegar
2 cans (10¾-oz size) beef gravy
1 cup Madeira

1. Wipe beef with damp paper towels.

2. In small bowl, combine salt, pepper, mustard, celery and garlic salts, ground thyme, and cloves; mix well. Rub into beef on all sides.

3. Place beef in a pan; cover pan tightly with foil. Refrigerate overnight.

4. Next day, combine 3½ cups vinegar, the salad oil, and catsup; pour over beef. Refrigerate, covered, overnight.

5. Next day, about 3½ hours before serving beef, preheat oven to 300F.

6. In large roasting pan, combine carrot, celery, onion, garlic, bay leaves, thyme leaves, and ¼ cup water. Place beef on the vegetables (discard marinade); surround with salt pork. Insert meat thermometer into thickest part of beef.

7. Roast, uncovered, 2½ hours, or until the meat thermometer registers 140F, for rare; 3 hours, 160F, for medium.

8. Remove beef to heated serving platter. Cover with foil; keep in warm place. Discard salt pork.

9. Make Madeira Sauce: Over direct heat, cook vegetables in roasting pan, uncovered, with vinegar until almost all liquid has evaporated.

10. Turn vegetables and liquid into a 2-quart saucepan. Stir in beef gravy; bring to boiling; reduce heat, and simmer, covered and stirring occasionally, 20 minutes.

11. Press liquid and vegetables through a coarse sieve; skim off fat. Stir in Madeira; heat gently.

12. Serve beef, thinly sliced, with Madeira sauce.

Makes 20 to 25 servings.

Note: Spiced Roast of Beef may also be served cold, without the Madeira Sauce.

SPICED BAKED HAM
(pictured)

10- to 12-lb fully cooked, bone-in whole ham
½ cup dry bread crumbs
3 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon allspice
¼ teaspoon cloves
¼ teaspoon nutmeg
⅛ teaspoon pepper
1 tablespoon butter or margarine, melted
1 egg, beaten
1 jar mustard fruits

1. Preheat oven to 325F.

2. Wipe ham with damp paper towels; remove any skin.

3. In small bowl, combine bread crumbs, sugar, allspice, cloves, nutmeg, pepper, and butter; stir to blend well.

4. Brush beaten egg over ham. With hands, press crumb mixture in an even layer over ham. Insert meat thermometer into thickest part of meat.

5. Place ham on rack in shallow roasting pan. Bake, uncovered, 2½ to 3 hours, or until meat thermometer registers 130F.

6. Ham may be served hot or cold. Place on serving platter; garnish with mustard fruits.

Makes 20 to 24 servings.

OLD-FASHIONED SLICED TOMATOES

8 large tomatoes (about 4 lb)
¼ cup sugar
2 teaspoons salt
¼ teaspoon pepper
½ cup tarragon vinegar

1. Wash tomatoes; cut out cores. Cut into ¼-inch-thick slices.

2. Arrange half the slices in a large, shallow serving dish; sprinkle with half the sugar, salt, and pepper. Top with remaining slices; sprinkle with rest of sugar, salt, and pepper. Drizzle vinegar over top.

3. Refrigerate, covered, at least 1 hour before serving.

Makes 12 to 16 servings.

ALMOND CAKE

CAKE
1 cup butter or regular margarine
1 cup sugar
4 eggs
¼ teaspoon almond extract
1¾ cups sifted cake flour

TOPPING
6 tablespoons butter or regular margarine
⅓ cup sugar
¼ cup heavy cream
¾ cup sliced blanched almonds
2 teaspoons flour

1. Make Cake: Preheat oven to 375F. Grease a 9-inch springform pan well.

2. In large bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat 1 cup butter and 1 cup sugar until light.

3. Add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add almond extract; beat until mixture is very light.

4. At low speed, beat in 1¾ cups flour until well combined. Pour batter into prepared pan; spread evenly. Bake 30 minutes.

5. Meanwhile, make Topping: In heavy, medium saucepan, combine butter, sugar, cream, and ¼ cup almonds; bring to boiling, stirring constantly. Reduce heat; cook, uncovered and stirring occasionally, until mixture thickens slightly—about 10 minutes. Stir in flour; boil 1 minute longer.

6. Pour mixture over cake when it has baked 30 minutes. Sprinkle remaining almonds over top. Bake 15 minutes longer, or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean.

7. Cool on wire rack 10 minutes. Carefully loosen around edge with small knife or spatula; remove ring. Let cake cool completely.

8. Cut in thin wedges to serve.

Makes 10 to 12 servings.

ORANGES AND PEARS ORIENTALE
(pictured)

8 medium navel oranges
2 cups sugar
1 pint light corn syrup
8 medium winter pears (4 lb)
½ cup lemon juice
¾ cup Grand Marnier

1. With sharp paring knife, remove peel from 6 oranges in 1½-inch-long strips. Remove any white membrane from strips; cut each into ⅛-inch-wide pieces. (Or, if desired, remove peel with a coarse grater.) Makes about 1 cup.

2. Peel remaining oranges; remove any white membrane from all oranges. Place whole oranges in large bowl; set aside.

3. In small saucepan, combine prepared peel with 2 cups cold water; bring to boiling, covered. Remove from heat; drain. Reserve peel.

4. In 6-quart Dutch oven or kettle, combine sugar, corn syrup, and 2 cups water; bring to boiling, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Cook over medium heat, uncovered, 10 minutes.

5. Meanwhile, with sharp paring knife, remove peel from pears, leaving stems on.

6. Add pears to syrup; simmer, covered, 20 minutes, or until cooked in center, but not mushy, when tested with a wooden pick. With slotted spoon, remove to bowl with oranges.

7. Add reserved peel to syrup. Continue cooking 30 minutes longer, or until syrup is slightly thickened. Remove from heat; stir in lemon juice and Grand Marnier.

8. Pour hot syrup and peel over oranges and pears in bowl. Refrigerate, covered, at least 8 hours. Turn fruit occasionally.

9. Serve the chilled fruit topped with some of the syrup and candied peel. Serve with dessert forks and fruit knives.

Makes 16 servings.

NATALIE WOOD'S LITTLE DINNER
(see page 96)
(Planned for 4. Recipes given
for starred dishes)

Quenelles in Lobster Sauce*
Pastry Crescents*
Cucumbers in Dill*
Russian Pancakes*
Champagne

QUENELLES IN LOBSTER SAUCE
(pictured, page 96)

1 can (10 oz) frozen condensed lobster-langostino bisque
1 can (10¾ oz) quenelles de brochette
1 can (6 oz) whole mushrooms
1 can (7¾ oz) king-crab meat
1 cup light cream
2 tablespoons dry sherry
Pastry Crescents, below
Watercress

1. Place unopened can of soup in hot water 10 minutes, to thaw around edge.

2. Drain quenelles and mushrooms, discarding liquid. Turn crabmeat into a sieve; drain. Remove and discard any cartilage.

3. Turn undiluted soup into heavy, medium saucepan. Add cream; heat over medium heat, stirring until mixture comes to boiling; reduce heat.

4. Add quenelles, mushrooms, and crabmeat, saving a few pieces of crabmeat for garnish, if you wish. Cook 10 minutes, or until heated through. Stir in sherry.

5. Turn into a heated serving dish. Garnish with reserved crabmeat, Pastry Crescents, and watercress.

Makes 4 servings.

PASTRY CRESCENTS
(pictured)

1 pkg (10 oz) frozen patty shells

1. Preheat oven to 450F.

2. Cut each frozen shell in half, using a 3-inch round cutter. This will make a crescent and an oval. Place on large cookie sheet.

3. Place in oven; immediately reduce temperature to 400F. Bake 20 minutes, or until well puffed and golden-brown.

4. Serve at once.

Makes 6 crescents and 6 ovals.

continued on page 112

Butter Frosting?
Butter Sauce?
Garlic Butter?
Butter Crunch?
Butter Cookies?

No; made with Blue Bonnet Margarine.

From butter sauce for Christmas dinner to butter frosting on the New Year's cake, make them all with Blue Bonnet Margarine. Because Blue Bonnet tastes like butter. Fries better. Browns even faster. And *Blue Bonnet is made closer to butter than any other margarine.* We think that's worth celebrating about. The whole year round.

HOLIDAY PARTIES

Everything's better with Blue Bonnet® on it (or in it).

Blue Bonnet
Margarine

continued from page 110

CUCUMBERS IN DILL
(pictured)

1 cucumber, unpared and thinly sliced
¼ cup cider vinegar
1 tablespoon snipped fresh dill
1 tablespoon sugar
⅛ teaspoon salt
Dash pepper

1. In small bowl, combine all ingredients, tossing to coat cucumber well.

2. Refrigerate, covered, several hours or overnight, to blend flavors.

3. Turn into chilled attractive serving dish.

Makes 4 servings.

RUSSIAN PANCAKES

BATTER
6 tablespoons butter or regular margarine
½ cup unsifted all-purpose flour
½ cup light cream
3 eggs, separated
1 teaspoon grated lemon peel
¾ cup apricot preserves
Confectioners' sugar

1. Make Batter: In medium saucepan, combine 4 tablespoons butter and ½ cup water; heat to boiling.

2. Remove from heat. With wooden spoon, beat in flour. Return to low heat; beat until mixture forms a ball and leaves side of pan.

3. Remove from heat; beat in cream. Add egg yolks, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Stir in lemon peel.

4. In medium bowl, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form when beater is raised.

5. Add one third of egg whites to egg-yolk mixture; stir until completely mixed. With wire whisk or rubber spatula, fold in remaining egg whites just until blended. Set batter aside until ready to make pancakes.

6. When ready to serve, make pancakes: Heat a 6- or 8-inch heavy skillet. Add ½ tablespoon butter (butter should sizzle but not brown); tip skillet to coat bottom.

7. Pour about ¾ cup batter into skillet; quickly spread into a 6-inch circle. Cook over low heat 4 or 5 minutes, or until golden-brown on underside; turn, and brown other side. Remove; keep warm. Repeat with remaining batter and butter, to makes 4 pancakes. At the same time, heat apricot preserves.

8. To serve: On heated serving plate, stack pancakes, spreading hot apricot preserves between them. Sprinkle top with confectioners' sugar. Serve at once, with whipped cream, if desired.

Makes 4 servings.

Note: If you like, you may make the batter an hour or so ahead of time. Let stand at room temperature. Then make the pancakes just before serving.

GORDON PARKS' CHRISTMAS-EVE SUPPER
(see page 96)
(Planned for 12 to 15. Recipes given for starred dishes)
Rum Wassail Bowl*
Cassoulet*
Salad of Tossed Greens and Avocado
Cheese and Fruit
French Bread, Water Biscuits, Crackers
White Fruitcake*
Espresso Coffee Burgundy

RUM WASSAIL BOWL
(pictured, page 96)

4 small oranges
Whole cloves
3 bottles (12-oz size) ale
3 cups dark rum
⅔ cup sugar
⅛ teaspoon ginger

1. Preheat oven to 350F.

2. Stud unpeeled oranges with cloves ½ inch apart. Place in shallow pan; bake, uncovered, 30 minutes.

3. In large saucepan, combine ale, rum, sugar, and ginger; bring just to boiling, stirring until sugar is dissolved.

4. Place hot oranges in punch bowl; pour hot ale mixture over them. Serve hot, in punch cups.

Makes 15 (punch-cup) servings.

CASSOULET

2 pkg (1-lb size) dried white Great Northern beans, or 2 lb flageolets
8 cloves garlic
8 sprigs parsley
3 (3-inch) celery tops
8 whole cloves
6 cups sliced onion
4- to 5-lb ready-to-cook duckling
Salt
Pepper
1 medium onion, quartered
1 stalk celery, cut in half
2½-lb boneless smoked pork-shoulder butt
1-lb Polish sausage
8 slices bacon
2 cans (10½-oz size) condensed beef broth
2 cans (8-oz size) tomato sauce
2 teaspoons dried thyme leaves
4 bay leaves
2 cups dry white wine

1. In a 6-quart kettle, bring 3 quarts water to boiling. Add beans; return to boiling; boil 2 minutes. Remove from heat; let stand 1 hour. (Or soak beans in 3 quarts cold water overnight.)

2. On square of cheesecloth, place 4 cloves garlic, the parsley, celery tops, and cloves; tie cloth to form a bag. Add to beans, along with 2 cups sliced onion. Bring to boiling; skim surface. Reduce heat, and simmer, covered, 1½ hours, or until beans are just tender. Remove and discard cheesecloth bag.

3. Meanwhile, roast duckling: Preheat oven to 425F. Remove and discard neck, liver, and giblets. Wash duck well inside and out; drain. Sprinkle inside and out with salt and pepper; place onion quarters and celery stalk in body cavity. Place duckling, breast side up, on rack in shallow roasting pan.

4. Roast, uncovered, 30 minutes; reduce oven temperature to 375F; roast about 1½ hours longer, or until leg moves easily at joint.

5. Cool in pan until cool enough to handle. Remove from pan, reserving drippings. Cut meat from bones in large pieces; set aside; discard bones.

6. Meanwhile, place pork butt in large kettle; add water to cover; bring to boiling; reduce heat; simmer 1½ hours, or until tender when tested with a fork.

7. Slash sausage in several places. Cook in boiling water with pork butt during last 30 minutes.

8. Cut bacon in 1-inch pieces. Sauté in large skillet until crisp. Remove pieces; set aside.

9. Crush remaining garlic cloves; sauté in bacon drippings with remaining sliced onion until golden—about 5 minutes. Stir in the undiluted beef broth, tomato sauce, dried thyme leaves, bay leaves, and the reserved bacon bits; heat to boiling. Remove from heat.

10. Preheat oven to 350F.

11. Cut 6 or 7 slices from pork butt; set aside. Cut the rest in 1-inch cubes.

12. Drain beans. Stir tomato mixture into beans; stir in wine, pieces of duck, and pork-butt cubes. Skim all fat from drippings from the duckling, and discard. Add drippings to bean mixture.

13. Turn into a shallow, 8-quart casserole. Place sausage on top; arrange slices of pork butt, overlapping, in center.

14. Bake, uncovered, 1½ hours, or until bubbling in center.

15. To serve: Remove sausage; slice in ¼-inch slices; arrange slices on top of beans.

Makes 12 to 15 servings.

Note: This is delicious prepared the day before, refrigerated, and reheated, covered, in 350F oven until bubbling and hot.

WHITE FRUITCAKE
(pictured)

FRUIT MIXTURE
4 cans (4½-oz size) blanched almonds, coarsely chopped
2 pkg (10-oz size) light raisins
1 jar (8 oz) diced candied citron
1 jar (8 oz) candied red cherries, halved
1 jar (4 oz) candied pineapple slices, cut into strips
¼ cup brandy

CAKE BATTER
1½ cups butter or regular margarine, softened
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon almond extract
6 eggs
4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
¾ cup milk

Brandy
1 can (8 oz) almond paste
Frosting Glaze, below
Angelica
Candied citron
Candied cherries

1. Prepare Fruit Mixture: In large kettle, combine almonds, raisins, diced citron, 1 jar cherries, the pineapple, and ¼ cup brandy; mix well. Let stand at room temperature, covered, overnight.

2. Next day, line a 10-inch tube pan: On heavy brown paper, draw a 16½-inch circle, and cut out. Set pan in center of circle; draw around base of pan and tube. With pencil lines outside, fold paper into eighths; snip off tip. Unfold circle; cut along folds to circle drawn around base of pan. Grease both tube pan and paper well; fit paper, greased side up, into pan.

3. Make Cake Batter: Preheat oven to 275F.

4. In large bowl, with electric mixer at high speed, beat butter, sugar, and almond extract until smooth and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each addition until light and fluffy.

5. At low speed, beat in flour (in fourths) alternately with milk (in thirds), beginning and ending with flour.

6. Add batter to fruit mixture; mix until well combined. Turn the batter into the prepared pan, packing lightly.

7. Bake 3¼ hours, or until cake tester inserted in cake comes out clean. Let cool completely in pan on wire rack. Turn out of pan; peel off paper.

8. Wrap cooled cake in cheesecloth that has been soaked in ⅓ cup brandy. Then wrap very tightly in plastic film or foil. Store in refrigerator. Resoak cheesecloth with brandy as it dries out—about once a week. Store cake 5 to 6 weeks, to develop flavor.

9. To decorate before serving: Roll almond paste between 2 sheets of waxed paper into an 8-inch circle. Remove top sheet of paper. Invert paste onto top of cake; remove paper. With sharp knife, trim edge of paste; then press paste to cake. Spread paste with Frosting Glaze, letting it run down side of cake. Cut angelica to make stems for flowers. Cut candied citron and cherries for the leaves and petals. Decorate cake as pictured.

Makes a 7-pound tube cake.

FROSTING GLAZE

1½ cups confectioners' sugar
2 tablespoons light cream
¼ teaspoon almond extract

In small bowl, combine sugar, cream, and extract; beat until mixture is smooth.

KENNETH JAY LANE'S NEW YEAR'S BREAKFAST
(see page 97)
(Planned for 4. Recipes given for starred dishes)
Bloody Marys Champagne
Blinis with Smoked Salmon, Beluga Caviar, and Sour Cream*
Green Salad
Lemon Soufflés in Lemon Shells*
Coffee

BLINIS
(pictured, page 97)

½ lb smoked salmon
2 cups packaged buckwheat-pancake mix
2½ cups milk
2 eggs
1¼ cups butter or regular margarine, melted
1 cup sour cream
1 jar (2 oz) black beluga caviar

1. Cut salmon in paper-thin slices. Set aside.

2. In medium bowl, combine pancake mix, milk, eggs, and ½ cup butter.

3. With rotary beater, beat until batter is smooth.

4. Meanwhile, heat a 10-inch heavy skillet over low heat. To test temperature, drop a little water onto hot skillet; water should roll off in drops.

5. For each blini, coat pan with 1 teaspoon of remaining melted butter. Pour in about ½ cup batter, tilting the skillet to spread batter over bottom.

6. Cook over medium heat until lightly browned on one side; turn, and brown other side. Remove to platter.

7. Place 2 or 3 slices salmon on half of blini; roll up. Place seam side down. Keep warm while making rest of blinis.

8. To serve: Place 2 blinis on a heated serving plate. Top with about 2 tablespoons melted butter. Pass sour cream and caviar.

Makes 8 blinis; 4 servings.

continued on page 116

It's Good Old Eggnog Time Again!

Bacardi Eggnog

...and BACARDI® rum makes the world's favorite Eggnog!

QUICK RECIPE

Stir one-half bottle (about 12 oz.) of Bacardi rum—light or dark, or Añejo—into a quart of dairy eggnog mix. Fold in cup of whipped heavy cream. Chill. Stir. Sprinkle with nutmeg. Makes 12 servings and tastes as good as it looks!

DARK DRY
Ron BACARDI
LIGHT DRY
Ron BACARDI
AÑEJO SPECIAL
Ron BACARDI AÑEJO
PUERTO RICAN RUM

"QUICKIE" RECIPE

Very easy and surprisingly delicious. Blend (in a mixer or blender) 5 oz. of Bacardi and a pint of vanilla or eggnog ice cream. Just sprinkle with nutmeg and serve immediately. So easy you can have an Instant Bacardi Eggnog Party!

HOLIDAY PARTIES

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Sara Lee
Brownies
Sara Lee
Strawberry
Sara Lee
CROISSANTS
Sara Lee
Sara Lee
Sara Lee
cake
Sara Lee
Pecan
COFFEE CAKE

HOLIDAY PARTIES

During the Holidays you can never tell when unexpected guests will drop in.

You know the scene. You're obliged to serve them something special or you'll make a humbug of the whole season. And so you end up having a dickens of a time rounding up enough goodies for them all.

Well, at times like this Sara Lee can come to the rescue with new Devil's Food cake. Strawberry Cheese Cake. Croissant dinner rolls. Brownies. Pecan coffee cake. Cinnamon rolls. And some thirty other Sara Lee masterpieces for all occasions.

So, pick up plenty now. Then when those unexpected guests arrive all you have to do is pull a few Sara Lee packages out of the freezer. It's enough to give your spirits a lift this holiday season.

Nobody Doesn't Like *Sara Lee*

Picture courtesy of (left to right): Spirit of Christmas Past, Spirit of Christmas Present, E. Scrooge, the late Jacob Marley and the Spirit of Christmas Yet to Come.

continued from page 112

LEMON SOUFFLÉS IN LEMON SHELLS

- 2 eggs
- 6 extra-large lemons
- 2 ladyfingers
- 1½ teaspoons Cointreau
- 2 tablespoons flour
- 5 tablespoons sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- ¼ cup milk
- 1 tablespoon grated lemon peel
- 1 tablespoon butter or regular margarine
- ⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar

1. Separate eggs, putting whites in medium bowl and yolks in small bowl. Let whites warm to room temperature—about 1 hour.

2. Meanwhile, cut 1 inch from blossom end of each lemon. With grapefruit knife, remove fruit, holding over bowl to catch juice and being careful not to cut through peel. Measure 2 tablespoons juice; set aside. Scrape out inside, to make smooth shells. With paring knife or scissors, scallop edge, if you wish. Cut a sliver of peel off bottom if shells do not stand evenly. Place shells in small baking pan.

3. Separate halves of ladyfingers. Cut each in half crosswise. Place a piece in each lemon shell, and sprinkle ¼ teaspoon Cointreau over each ladyfinger piece.

4. In small, heavy saucepan, mix flour, sugar, and salt. Slowly stir in ¼ cup water and the milk, stirring until smooth. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture is thickened and begins to boil. Remove from heat.

5. With wire whisk or fork, beat egg yolks. Stir half of hot sauce mixture into egg yolks; return mixture to saucepan, stirring. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until mixture just begins to bubble. Remove from heat.

6. Add reserved lemon juice, the grated peel, and butter; beat until well blended. Cool about 10 minutes.

7. Meanwhile, preheat oven to 375F.

8. Add cream of tartar to egg whites. With electric beater at high speed, beat until stiff peaks form when beater is slowly raised.

9. Fold half of egg whites into lemon mixture until well combined. Carefully fold in remaining whites just until combined.

10. Spoon soufflé mixture into prepared lemon shells, filling to rim. Bake 30 minutes, or until well puffed and lightly browned on top. Sprinkle tops with confectioners' sugar, if you wish. Serve at once.

Makes 6 servings.

Here is another holiday breakfast, from Brennan's famous restaurant in New Orleans.

HOLIDAY BREAKFAST AT BRENNAN'S
(Planned for 8)

Ella Brennan's Milk Punch*
Grilled Grapefruit with Kirsch*
Omelets Made to Order*
Choice of Fillings*: Red Caviar and Sour Cream; Chicken Liver and Mushroom; Creamed Oyster; Creamed Spinach;
Münster Cheese with Caraway
Basket of Crescent Rolls, Brioches, Toasted English Muffins
Sweet-Butter Balls, Preserves
Bananas Foster* Coffee

HOLIDAY PARTIES
Only Saran Wrap* keeps them miles apart.
If you think any other wrap seals a smell as well, you've lost your senses.
SARAN WRAP
©THE DOW CHEMICAL COMPANY
*TRADEMARK

GRILLED GRAPEFRUIT WITH KIRSCH

- 4 grapefruit, halved
- 1 cup sugar
- 1 cup kirsch

1. Cut out centers and remove seeds from each grapefruit half. Cut around each section with grapefruit knife, to loosen.

2. Sprinkle each half with 2 tablespoons sugar, then with 2 tablespoons kirsch.

3. Broil, 4 inches from heat, about 5 minutes, or until bubbly and brown. Garnish with maraschino cherries and mint sprigs, if desired.

Makes 8 servings.

ELLA BRENNAN'S MILK PUNCH

- 1½ cups bourbon or brandy
- 1½ pints half-and-half
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- 2½ tablespoons confectioners' sugar
- ½ cup heavy cream
- Nutmeg

1. Combine bourbon, half-and-half, and vanilla. Stir in sugar until dissolved. Cover; refrigerate several hours, or until very well chilled.

2. Just before serving, whip cream until stiff. Pour bourbon mixture into punch bowl or glass serving bowl. Set bowl in a bowl of crushed ice, if desired.

3. Spoon whipped cream on punch. Sprinkle with freshly grated nutmeg.

Makes 8 or 9 (punch-cup) servings.

Note: Half-and-half is half milk and half cream.

OMELETS MADE TO ORDER

BASIC OMELET

- 16 eggs
- ½ cup light cream
- 2 teaspoons salt
- Dash pepper
- Fillings, below and page 118
- ½ cup butter or margarine

1. Make Basic Omelet: In large bowl, with electric mixer at low speed or with rotary beater, beat eggs with cream, salt, and pepper until well blended but not frothy. Refrigerate the mixture until you are ready to cook omelets.

2. Make the Fillings.

3. To cook omelet: Slowly heat an 8-inch skillet. Add 1 tablespoon butter, and heat until it sizzles briskly but does not brown.

4. Ladle about ½ cup egg mixture into skillet; cook over medium heat. As egg sets, run spatula around edge to loosen, and tilt pan to let uncooked portion run underneath. Continue loosening and tilting until the omelet is almost dry on top and golden-brown underneath.

5. Place your choice of filling on half of omelet. Fold other half over, and slide omelet onto heated serving plate.

Makes 8 omelets.

RED-CAVIAR-AND-SOUR-CREAM FILLING

- 1 jar (4-oz) red caviar
- 1 cup (½ pint) dairy sour cream

1. Turn caviar and sour cream into small bowls.

2. Spread omelet, still in skillet, with 3 tablespoons sour cream.

3. Fold over omelet; slide onto serving plate, and top with a heaping teaspoonful of drained red caviar. Serve omelet at once.

Makes enough for 4 or 5 omelets.

CHICKEN-LIVER-AND-MUSHROOM FILLING

- ½ lb chicken livers
- 3 tablespoons butter or margarine
- ¼ lb mushrooms, chopped
- 1 teaspoon instant minced onion
- ½ teaspoon seasoned salt
- ¼ teaspoon dried chervil leaves
- ⅛ teaspoon pepper
- ⅓ cup dry sherry

1. Rinse chicken livers; pat dry with paper towels. Cut into small pieces.

2. In hot butter in medium saucepan, sauté mushrooms until golden-brown—about 2 minutes. Add liver, onion, salt, chervil, and pepper; sauté until liver is browned—about 4 minutes. Add sherry; reduce heat, and simmer 5 minutes. Turn into attractive serving bowl; keep warm.

Makes enough for 4 to 6 omelets (about ⅓ cup each).

continued on page 118

Brew a haunting new taste sensation.

Hunt's.
MANWICH
SANDWICH SAUCE
NEW
Makes 6
Just add 1 lb. ground beef

Hunt's new MANWICH sandwich sauce has proved absolutely irresistible to men. (Also bewitches boys, girls, and small children.)

For years women have been wondering what to do with the familiar one pound of hamburger. Now they know.

Why be a housewife when you can be a temptress?

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Enough to satisfy six hearty appetites.

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STORE COUPON

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10¢ CODE MA-0375 10¢

This is all you do:

Just brown a pound of ground beef, stir in Manwich, simmer, serve, and watch out!

continued from page 116

CREAMED-OYSTER FILLING

1 can (8 oz) oysters
Milk
2 tablespoons butter or margarine
1 tablespoon chopped shallot or onion
3 tablespoons flour

1. Drain liquid from oysters into 1-cup measure; add milk to make 1 cup.

2. In hot butter in small saucepan, sauté shallot until tender—about 2 minutes. Remove from heat. Stir in flour until well combined. Gradually stir in milk mixture. Bring to boiling, stirring constantly; reduce heat, and simmer 1 minute.

3. Add oysters; return to boiling. Turn into serving bowl; keep warm.

Makes enough for 4 omelets (¼ cup each).

CREAMED-SPINACH FILLING

1 pkg (10 oz) frozen leaf spinach
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
1 tablespoon flour
1 cup light cream
⅛ teaspoon nutmeg

1. Cook spinach as package label directs. Drain well; chop.

2. Melt butter in small saucepan; remove from heat. Stir in flour until smooth; gradually stir in cream; add nutmeg. Bring to boiling, stirring constantly; reduce heat, and simmer 1 minute. Stir in spinach. Turn into attractive serving bowl; keep warm.

Makes enough for 4 to 6 omelets (about ⅓ cup each).

MÜNSTER-CHEESE-WITH-CARAWAY FILLING

½ cup grated Münster cheese
1 teaspoon caraway seed

Combine cheese and caraway in attractive serving bowl.

Makes enough for 4 omelets (2 tablespoons each).

BANANAS FOSTER

½ cup butter or margarine
1 cup light-brown sugar, firmly packed
8 ripe bananas, peeled and split lengthwise
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
1 cup white rum
½ cup banana liqueur (crème de banana)

1. Melt butter and brown sugar in flat chafing dish or large, attractive skillet. Arrange bananas in a single layer, and sauté, turning once, until tender—about 5 minutes.

2. Sprinkle with cinnamon; pour in rum and banana liqueur. Ignite with match; remove from heat, and baste bananas until the flame burns out.

3. Serve at once, with vanilla ice cream or sweetened whipped cream, if desired.

Makes 8 servings.

A TREASURY OF CAKES AND CANDIES
(All pictured pages 98 and 99)

CHESTNUT YULE LOG

SPONGE ROLL
4 eggs
¾ cup sifted cake flour
1 teaspoon baking powder
¼ teaspoon salt
¾ cup granulated sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

Confectioners' sugar
Chestnut-Butter Cream, page 120
Marrons in syrup, drained

1. Make Sponge Roll: Separate eggs. Refrigerate yolks. Place whites in large bowl, and let warm to room temperature—about 1 hour.

2. Lightly grease bottom of 15-by-10-by-1-inch jelly-roll pan; line with waxed paper. Preheat oven to 375F.

3. Sift flour, baking powder, and salt. Set aside.

4. In medium bowl, with electric mixer at high speed, beat egg yolks until thick and lemon-colored. Gradually beat in granulated sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating until mixture is light. Beat in vanilla.

5. Wash beater; then beat egg whites until stiff peaks form when beater is raised.

6. With wire whisk or rubber scraper, fold flour mixture into egg-yolk mixture just until no flour appears. Fold in egg whites.

7. Turn into prepared pan, spreading evenly. Bake 12 to 15 minutes, or until top springs back when lightly pressed with fingertip. Do not overbake.

8. Meanwhile, sift confectioners' sugar onto clean towel in a 15-by-10-inch rectangle.

continued on page 120

A tastier turkey, the easy modern way, with real old-time stuffing.

1. Stuff your bird with perfectly-seasoned Kellogg's Croutettes Stuffing.

Here's real old-time stuffing that's even tastier than Grandma used to make. So easy to fix, too. You start with Kellogg's® Croutettes® Stuffing Herb Seasoned Crouton's, the modern croutons with the old-fashioned flavor of eight different seasonings. They're made from herb-seasoned bread baked especially for Kellogg's Croutettes, then neatly cubed and slowly oven-toasted. All you do is add liquids and the stuffing is ready to "pop" into your bird.

Festive Suggestion: Most families want more Croutettes Stuffing than their bird will hold, so satisfy 'em all by baking some foil-wrapped "Stuffin' Muffins", too. See easy recipe on Kellogg's Croutettes packages.

2. Roast it golden brown the easy, no-baste way under a "tent" of Reynolds Wrap.®

Your turkey browns beautifully, stays moist and tender, when you roast it under a "tent" of Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap. The foil eliminates the need for basting and prevents oven spattering. And, if you line your roasting pan with Heavy Duty Reynolds Wrap, you'll save yourself a scouring job. What could be easier?

Strong, tear-resistant Reynolds Wrap is Oven-Tempered for Flexible Strength.

Kellogg's
Croutettes
Stuffing
Herb Seasoned Croutons
Reynolds Wrap
Aluminum Foil
Heavy Duty

HOLIDAY PARTIES

Easy directions for stuffing and roasting on Kellogg's Croutettes packages.

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HOLIDAY PARTIES

When Ann-Margret entertains she gives you her best.

On stage or at home Ann-Margret always gives her best. That's why she serves the quality mixers from Canada Dry at all her holiday parties. This holiday season why not entertain like a star by serving the quality mixers from Canada Dry.

Be sure to watch the Ann-Margret Special "From Hollywood with Love" with special guests Dean Martin and Lucille Ball, Saturday, Dec. 6th on CBS. Brought to you by the Canada Dry Corporation and your local Canada Dry Bottler.

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Soup just can't match it!
SNOW'S
New England Style
CONDENSED
CLAM CHOWDER

The New England Style Chowder in The LARGE CAN.

Nothing in the world tastes like Snow's New England Style Clam Chowder. Gusty, hearty, it's a delectable disguise for the iron, calcium and vitamins your youngster thinks he hates. Serve Snow's as a meal by its savory self, or as a zesty first course. Either way, it's a unique heat-and-eat treat a guy can really get his teeth into — and relish every matchless morsel.

Try these other all-time favorites:
Snow's Fish Chowder — Seafood Chowder — Manhattan Clam Chowder — Corn Chowder — Minced Clams

Good Housekeeping F.H. Snow Canning Co. Division, Borden Inc. BORDEN

continued from page 118

9. With sharp knife, loosen sides of cake from pan. Turn out onto sugar; gently peel off waxed paper. Trim off crisp edges of cake.

10. From long side, roll up cake in towel. Place, seam side down, on wire rack to cool.

11. Gently unroll cake, removing towel. Spread evenly with 2 cups Chestnut-Butter Cream. Reroll, and place, seam side down, on serving platter.

12. With remaining butter cream in pastry bag with number-6 star tip, frost cake with swirls and rosettes, as pictured. Decorate with marrons. Refrigerate until ready to serve.

Makes 8 to 10 servings.

CHESTNUT-BUTTER CREAM

1 can (15¾ oz) chestnut purée
1 lb sweet butter, slightly softened
2 tablespoons golden rum
1 tablespoon vanilla extract
1 cup confectioners' sugar

1. In large bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat chestnut purée until smooth.

2. At high speed, beat in butter, 1 tablespoon at a time, beating until smooth. Mixture should not separate or curdle.

3. At low speed, beat in rum and vanilla, then sugar, 1 tablespoon at a time. When all sugar has been added, beat at high speed until mixture is fluffy.

4. Use at once to fill and frost Chestnut Yule Log.

Makes 6 cups.

WALNUT-BOURBON POUNDCAKE

2 cups finely chopped walnuts
½ cup bourbon
3½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
8 eggs
2 cups butter or regular margarine, softened
2 cups sugar
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

½ cup bourbon
Coffee Glaze, below
Mixed nuts

1. Preheat oven to 350F. Grease well and flour a 10-inch tube pan.

2. In small bowl, combine walnuts and ½ cup bourbon: mix well. Let stand.

3. Sift together flour, baking powder, salt, and spices. Set aside.

4. In large bowl, with electric mixer, beat the eggs until they are thick and light.

5. In another large bowl, with same mixer at medium speed, beat butter with sugar until light; beat in vanilla.

6. Add beaten eggs, beating at low speed, then at high speed until mixture is thick and fluffy.

7. At low speed, gradually beat in flour mixture just until combined. Stir in bourbon-walnut mixture.

8. Turn batter into prepared pan: spread with rubber scraper so that batter is slightly higher at side and against tube. Place a 12-inch square of brown paper over pan.

9. Bake 1 hour and 10 minutes (remove paper after 30 minutes), or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean.

10. Cool in pan on wire rack 15 minutes. Turn out of pan; cool completely on wire rack.

11. Soak 18-inch square of cheesecloth in ½ cup bourbon. Wrap cake completely in cheesecloth, then in foil. Store several days in an airtight container.

12. Just before serving, glaze with Coffee Glaze, and decorate with nuts, as pictured. Slice thinly.

Makes 1 large poundcake.

COFFEE GLAZE

2 tablespoons milk
1 teaspoon instant coffee
2 tablespoons butter or regular margarine
¼ teaspoon vanilla extract
1¼ cups unsifted confectioners' sugar

1. In small saucepan, heat milk with instant coffee and butter, stirring until coffee is dissolved. Remove from heat.

2. Gradually stir into sugar in small bowl; beat until smooth and well combined. Add vanilla. Let cool slightly—about 5 minutes. Glaze will thicken on standing.

3. Use to glaze Walnut-Bourbon Poundcake, covering top completely and letting some of glaze run down the side.

Makes about ⅔ cup.

CHOCOLATE PINECONE CAKE

SPONGECAKE
1 can (4 oz) walnuts
½ cup milk
1⅓ cups sifted all-purpose flour
1½ teaspoons baking powder
½ teaspoon salt
4 eggs
1½ cups granulated sugar
1½ teaspoons vanilla extract

CHOCOLATE FROSTING
2 squares (1-oz size) unsweetened chocolate, melted
1¾ cups unsifted confectioners' sugar
1 egg yolk
¼ cup butter or regular margarine, softened
½ teaspoon vanilla extract

2 pkg (8-oz size) thin chocolate-coated peppermint patties

1. Make Spongecake: In electric blender or by hand, chop nuts until very fine and dry. Measure 1 cup. Grease and flour a 2½-quart melon mold.

2. In small saucepan, heat ½ cup milk until bubbles form around edge of pan. Remove from heat; set aside until lukewarm.

3. Preheat oven to 350F.

4. Sift flour with baking powder and ½ teaspoon salt. Set aside.

5. In large bowl, with electric mixer at high speed, beat eggs until thick and lemon-colored. Gradually add granulated sugar, beating until mixture is smooth and well blended—about 5 minutes.

6. At low speed, blend in flour mixture just until smooth.

7. Add warm milk and 1½ teaspoons vanilla, beating just until combined. Gently fold in chopped nuts.

8. Pour batter into the prepared mold.

9. Bake 1 hour and 5 to 10 minutes, or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Let cool in mold, on cake rack, 10 minutes. Turn out cake on rack; let cool completely.

continued on page 122

HOLIDAY PARTIES

Which side would you rather sink your teeth into?

It's fairly obvious. It doesn't hurt to be pretty.

In fact, Baker's® Coconut can even help a cake that's pretty good to start with. Because it's more than just a beauty treatment. It's a taste of the tropics. A texture that's tender.

And heaven knows it's easy. You might even consider never making another cake without it.

TINTED COCONUT CAKE

Frost your favorite 8 or 9-inch cake with fluffy frosting. Mix ½ teaspoon milk or water and a few drops of food coloring in a bowl. Add about 1⅓ cups Baker's Coconut (Angel Flake®, Premium Shred®, or Cookie™ Coconut) and toss with a fork until coconut is evenly tinted. Sprinkle on top and sides while frosting is still soft.

For more delicious recipes, send for our "Baker's Chocolate and Coconut Favorites" booklet. Mail 25¢, your name, address and ZIP Code to: Box 4052, Kankakee, Ill. 60901.

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Desserts deserve it.

BAKER'S
Angel Flake
COCONUT

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continued from page 120

10. Meanwhile, make Chocolate Frosting: Melt chocolate over hot water. Let cool.

11. In medium bowl, combine chocolate, sugar, and ¼ cup hot water. With electric mixer at medium speed, or rotary beater, beat until smooth and well combined. Add egg yolk, butter, and vanilla; continue beating until frosting is thick.

12. Set bowl of frosting in ice water. With wooden spoon, stir frosting until of spreading consistency. (If it becomes too thick to spread, dip bowl in hot water; stir until frosting is of spreading consistency.)

13. Spread cake evenly with chocolate frosting. To simulate a pinecone, press chocolate mints into frosting, at a slight angle and overlapping one another, in rows, to completely cover cake. Refrigerate until serving time. If desired, decorate with a sprig of fresh pine. To slice cake, you may need to remove mints.

Makes 16 servings.

EASY CARAMEL-NUT ROLL

FILLING

6 tablespoons butter or regular margarine
3 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
Dash salt
¼ teaspoon rum extract
2 tablespoons hot milk
1 cup light-brown sugar, firmly packed
¼ cup cold milk
1 tablespoon light corn syrup
⅓ cup finely chopped unblanched hazelnuts

CARAMEL COATING

1 pkg (14 oz) vanilla caramels
2 tablespoons milk

1 cup finely chopped unblanched hazelnuts

1. Make Filling: In small bowl, with electric mixer, cream 4 tablespoons butter until light. Add confectioners' sugar, salt, rum extract, and hot milk; beat until smooth and fluffy. Set aside.

2. Generously grease with butter a medium cookie sheet.

3. In small saucepan, combine the brown sugar, the remaining 2 tablespoons butter, ¼ cup cold milk, and the light corn syrup.

4. Cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, to 248F on candy thermometer, or until a little of the mixture dropped in cold water forms a firm ball.

5. In a thin stream, pour hot syrup into confectioners'-sugar mixture, beating at high speed until mixture becomes thick.

6. Turn out on cookie sheet. Let stand about 5 minutes, or until cool enough to handle.

7. Sprinkle with ⅓ cup chopped nuts; knead nuts into mixture. Form into a roll 14 inches long.

8. Wrap roll in waxed paper, and refrigerate until firm—will take about 4 hours.

9. Make Caramel Coating: In top of double boiler, over boiling water, heat the caramels until they are melted. Add the milk, stirring until smooth.

10. With a knife or small spatula, spread some of caramel over top and sides of chilled roll, coating evenly. Press some of hazelnuts into the caramel.

11. Turn roll over; spread with rest of caramel, and press remaining hazelnuts into caramel.

12. Refrigerate roll 2 to 3 hours, or until firm.

13. Let stand at room temperature a few minutes before slicing with a very sharp knife into 24 pieces. To store, wrap, uncut, in plastic film or foil; refrigerate.

Makes about 2 pounds.

OLD-FASHIONED NUT BRITTLE

4 cups sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
4 cups unsalted peanuts or mixed nuts
1 tablespoon butter or margarine
2 teaspoons baking soda

1. Grease 2 (15-by-10-by-1-inch) jelly-roll pans.

2. In heavy, large saucepan, stir sugar, syrup, 2 cups water, over medium heat, until sugar is dissolved.

3. Continue cooking, without stirring, to 238F on candy thermometer, or until a little dropped in cold water forms a soft ball—will take about 15 minutes.

4. Add nuts; cook, stirring occasionally, until syrup turns golden—to 300F on candy thermometer, about 20 minutes. Add butter and soda; stir until blended.

5. Pour into prepared pans, forming a large square of brittle in each pan. Cool; then break into pieces. Store candy in an airtight container.

Makes about 3½ pounds.

BLACK-WALNUT CARAMELS

1 can (15 oz) sweetened condensed milk
2 bottles (1-pint size) light corn syrup
2 pkg (1-lb size) light-brown sugar
1 lb butter or regular margarine
2 cans (4-oz size) black walnuts, chopped
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

1. Grease a 15-by-10-by-1-inch jelly-roll pan.

2. In heavy, 5-quart saucepan, combine milk, corn syrup, sugar, and butter. Cook over medium heat, stirring constantly, until the sugar is dissolved and the mixture comes to boiling.

3. Continue to cook, stirring constantly, to 248F on candy thermometer, or until a little dropped in cold water forms a firm ball. Remove from heat; stir in chopped walnuts and vanilla.

4. Pour into prepared pan; let cool to lukewarm. With a sharp knife, score deeply in 1-inch squares. When completely cool, cut into squares. Wrap each square in waxed paper or plastic film. Store in refrigerator.

Makes about 6 pounds (about 12 dozen).

GLACÉED NUTS

1½ cups sugar
1 cup light corn syrup
½ cup pecan halves
½ cup walnut halves
½ cup whole Brazil nuts
½ cup whole hazelnuts
½ cup whole almonds
½ teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons butter or regular margarine
1 teaspoon vanilla extract

1. In 2½-quart saucepan, combine sugar, corn syrup, and ⅓ cup water; cook, stirring, over medium heat, until the sugar is dissolved.

2. Continue cooking, without stirring, to 290F on candy thermometer, or until a little of the syrup dropped in cold water separates into hard but not brittle threads.

3. Meanwhile, preheat oven to 350F.

4. Place nuts in a baking pan; sprinkle with salt. Heat in oven 10 minutes. Keep warm.

5. Generously grease with butter a 17-by-14-inch cookie sheet.

6. Remove syrup from heat as soon as temperature is reached. Quickly add warm nuts, 2 tablespoons butter, and the vanilla; stir rapidly just until butter melts. Immediately pour onto prepared cookie sheet, and quickly spread to edges of the sheet with the back of a wooden spoon.

7. Cool completely on wire rack—

continued on page 124

Coffee-mate® non-dairy creamer. Carnation Company, Los Angeles, California

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What goes together like apple pie and coffee? Coffee with Coffee-mate non-dairy creamer. Coffee-mate does golden things for coffee—makes it taste smoother and richer. For 11 calories per level teaspoon. Great food deserves great coffee—and that's what Coffee-mate's made for. Try it.

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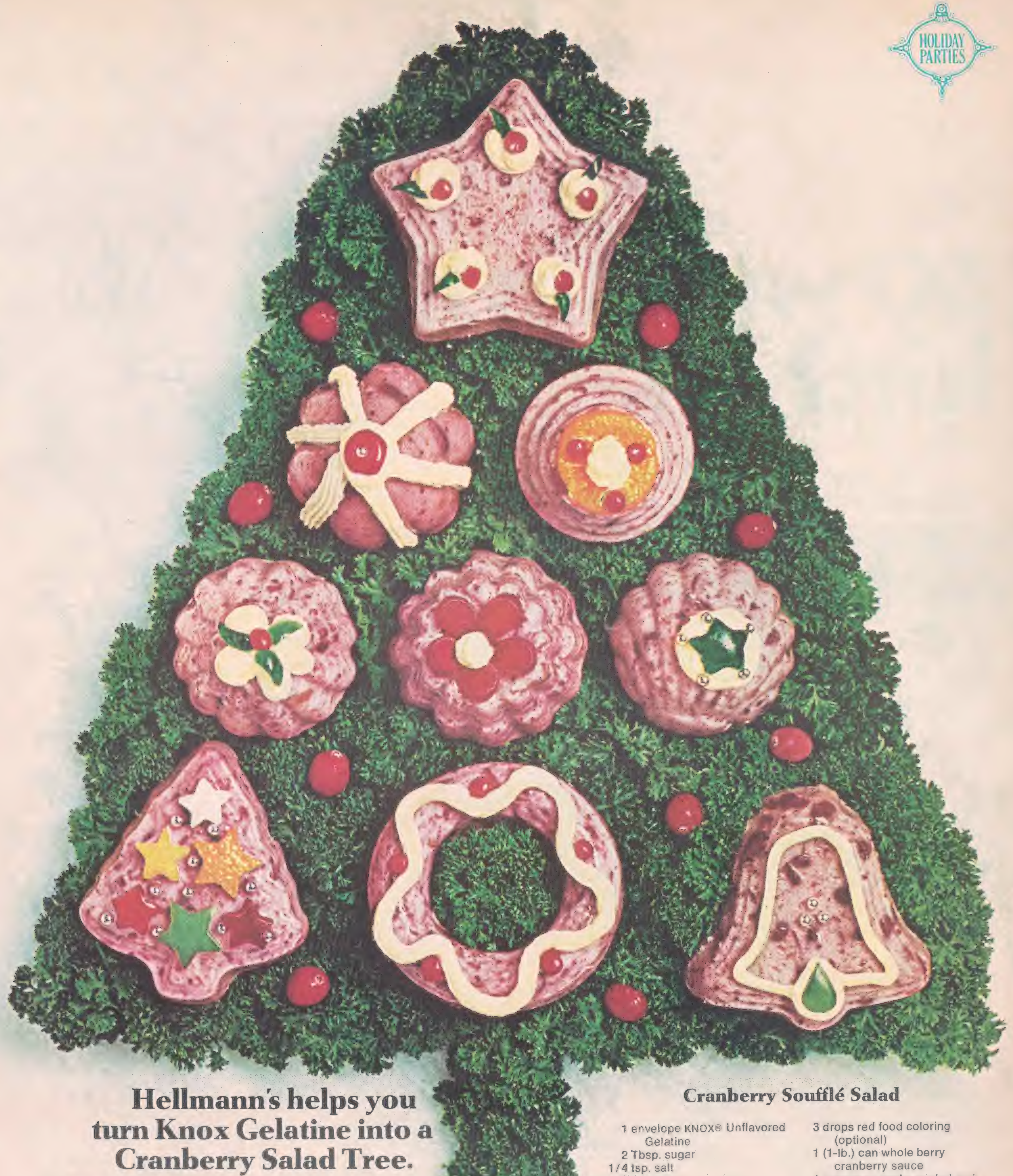

Hellmann's helps you turn Knox Gelatine into a Cranberry Salad Tree.

KNOX
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GELATINE
HELLMANN'S
REAL
MAYONNAISE

Cranberry Soufflé Salad

- 1 envelope KNOX® Unflavored Gelatine
- 2 Tbsp. sugar
- 1/4 tsp. salt
- 1 cup water
- 1/2 cup HELLMANN'S® Real Mayonnaise
- 1 tsp. grated lemon rind
- 2 Tbsp. lemon juice
- 3 drops red food coloring (optional)
- 1 (1-lb.) can whole berry cranberry sauce
- 1 orange or apple, peeled and diced, or 1 (8 1/2-oz.) can pineapple tidbits, drained
- 1/4 cup chopped walnuts

Combine first 4 ingredients. Stir over low heat until gelatine is dissolved. Remove and beat in next 4 ingredients. Pour into loaf pan. Chill in freezer 10 to 15 minutes, or until firm about 1-inch from edge but still soft in center. Beat until fluffy. Fold in remaining ingredients. Turn into individual molds or 1-quart mold; chill until firm. Arrange on tree shaped from greens and garnish. Makes 8 to 9 servings.

continued from page 122

about 1½ hours. Loosen from cookie sheet with spatula (if candy sticks, warm bottom of sheet over low heat, and remove candy immediately). Then break into irregular pieces. Store in an airtight container.

Makes about 1¾ pounds.

Note: If desired, substitute 1 can (14-ounce) salted mixed nuts for all the nuts. Omit salt.

CHRISTMAS ROAST PORK WITH APRICOT-AND-PRUNE STUFFING

10- to 12-lb bone-in fresh ham
1 cup pitted dried prunes
1 cup dried apricots
2 teaspoons salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
½ cup unsifted flour
2 cans (13¾-oz size) chicken broth
6 spiced crab apples
Parsley sprigs

1. Preheat oven to 325F.

2. Wipe ham with damp paper towels. Trim fat to about ¼-inch thickness, leaving any skin. Score skin into 1-inch diamonds, to make "crackling": score fat into diamonds.

3. With a long, sharp knife, make deep slits to the bone all over the surface, 2 or 3 inches apart. Using fingers, push prunes and apricots alternately into slits. Rub surface with 2 teaspoons salt and the pepper. Insert meat thermometer into thickest part of meat, being careful to avoid slits. Place roast, fat side up, on rack in shallow, open roasting pan.

4. Roast, uncovered, 2 hours. Drain off fat, and discard. Pour 1 cup water over roast; roast ½ hour longer. Pour 1 cup water over roast; repeat every half hour until meat thermometer registers 180F. (Total roasting time is approximately 6 hours.) If the roast is getting too brown, place a sheet of foil loosely over top.

5. Remove roast to heated platter; keep warm.

6. Pour drippings into a 2-cup measure. Let stand a few minutes; skim off fat, and discard. You should have about 1 cup drippings.

7. In small bowl, stir flour and 1 cup broth until smooth and flour is dissolved.

8. In medium saucepan, combine remaining broth and the drippings; heat to boiling. Slowly add flour mixture, stirring constantly until mixture returns to boiling and thickens. Reduce heat; simmer 5 minutes, stirring occasionally. Add salt to taste.

9. To serve roast: Skewer 3 apples on each of 2 wooden skewers; insert skewers in bone end of ham. Garnish with parsley. Pass gravy.

Makes 10 to 12 servings.

A FAMILY CHRISTMAS DINNER
(Planned for 8 to 10)
(Menu pictured on pages 100 to 103. Recipes given for starred dishes)

Fruit Shrub
Christmas Roast Pork with Apricot-and-Prune Stuffing*
Golden Roast Potatoes*
Butternut Squash
Buttered Peas
Jellied Cranberry Mold*
Celery Hearts Olives
Assorted Hot Rolls Butter
Holiday Baked Alaska*
Christmas Cookies*
Cider White Wine Coffee

GOLDEN ROAST POTATOES

¾ cup butter or margarine
10 large baking potatoes (about 5 lb)
1½ tablespoons seasoned salt
¾ cup canned condensed chicken broth

1. Preheat oven to 325F. Melt butter in a 13-by-9-by-2-inch baking pan.

2. Pare potatoes. Roll in melted butter in pan, to coat well. Sprinkle with seasoned salt.

3. Bake, uncovered, 1 hour. Remove pan from oven; turn potatoes. Add undiluted chicken broth.

4. Bake 1½ hours longer, turning several times.

Makes 10 servings.

Note: Prepare potatoes so they will be ready to bake with Christmas Roast Pork during the last 2½ hours of roasting time.

JELLIED CRANBERRY MOLD

1 env unflavored gelatine
2 cups fresh cranberries, washed (½ lb)
¾ cup sugar
1¼ cups orange juice
½ cup coarsely chopped pecans

1. In small bowl, sprinkle gelatine over ½ cup water, to soften.

2. Chop cranberries coarsely.

continued on page 126

50 years in the kitchen,

HOLIDAY PARTIES

and here's what we came up with.

They taste even better than they look.
Outside, they're nice.
But inside they're beautiful.

Of all the recipes we've cooked up in the last 50 years, these are some of our favorites.

Of course they're built around Diamond Walnuts. After all, that's what we're selling.

It would be best for you and best for us if you use Diamond Walnuts when you make them.

Because Diamonds are inevitably fresh and crisp. And these recipes just wouldn't make it with stale old nuts.

After 50 years in the kitchen, we know.

BANANA-WALNUT BREAD

¾ cup granulated sugar
¼ cup shortening
2 eggs
1 cup mashed banana
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
2 tsp. baking powder
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. baking soda
1 cup chopped Diamond Walnuts

Mix sugar, shortening and eggs; beat hard until light. Blend in banana. Add sifted dry ingredients, beating until smooth. Stir in walnuts. Pour into a greased 9 x 5 x 3-inch loaf pan. Bake at 350 degrees 60 to 70 minutes. Cool on rack.

BROWN SUGAR SQUARES

1 egg, unbeaten
1 cup brown sugar, packed
1 tsp. vanilla
½ cup sifted all-purpose flour
¼ tsp. baking soda
¼ tsp. salt
1 cup coarsely chopped Diamond Walnuts

Grease an 8-inch square pan. Stir together the egg, brown sugar, and vanilla. Quickly stir in flour, baking soda and salt. Add walnuts. Spread in pan and bake at 350 degrees, 18 to 20 minutes. (Cookies should be soft in center when taken from oven.) Cool in pan; cut into squares. Makes 16 2-inch squares.

CANDIED WALNUTS

Mint flavored:
1½ cups sugar, granulated
½ cup milk plus 4 drops red coloring
1 tsp. white corn syrup
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. peppermint flavoring
2½ cups Diamond Walnuts

In 2-qt. saucepan, mix first 4 ingredients. Cook to soft ball stage (238° F.). Add walnuts and peppermint and stir until creamy. Quickly turn out on waxed paper and separate with forks.

Sherry flavored: Leave out milk, food coloring, and peppermint flavoring, and substitute ½ cup cream sherry and 1½ tsp. shredded lemon peel.

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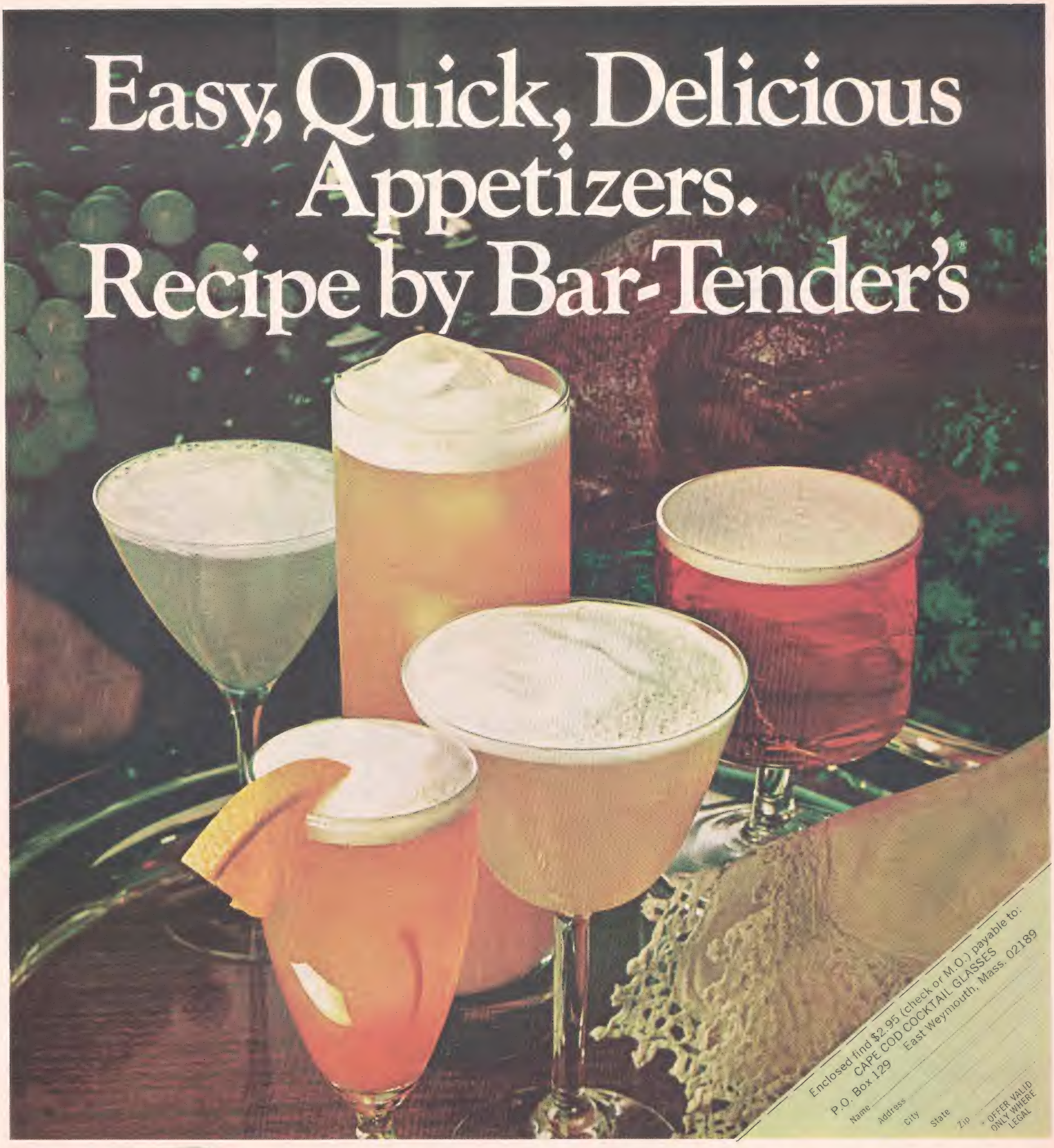

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HOLIDAY PARTIES

continued from page 124

3. In medium saucepan, combine sugar and orange juice; heat to boiling, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Add cranberries; simmer 5 minutes. Remove from heat.

4. Stir softened gelatine into cranberry mixture until dissolved. Pour into medium bowl; chill until mixture is the consistency of unbeaten egg white.

5. Fold in pecans. Pour mixture into a 4-cup mold. Refrigerate cranberry mold at least 4 hours, or overnight.

6. To unmold: Loosen around edge with small knife; invert on serving plate. Place a hot, damp cloth over mold; then shake mold gently to release. Repeat if necessary. Lift off mold.

Makes 8 to 10 servings.

HOLIDAY BAKED ALASKA

2 pints pistachio ice cream
2 pints strawberry ice cream

CHOCOLATE LAYER
1 pkg chocolate-brownie mix

MERINGUE
1 cup egg whites (about 8)
½ teaspoon cream of tartar
¼ teaspoon salt
1 cup sugar

Chocolate sauce

1. The day before serving: Line a 1½-quart bowl with foil; refrigerate. Remove pistachio ice cream from freezer to refrigerator, to soften slightly—about 20 minutes.

2. With large spoon, press pistachio ice cream around side and bottom of prepared bowl. Freeze 1 hour, or until firm.

3. Meanwhile, remove strawberry ice cream from freezer to refrigerator, to soften slightly—about 20 minutes.

4. With spoon, press enough strawberry ice cream into bowl lined with pistachio ice cream to fill bowl; smooth top. Cover with plastic film; freeze overnight.

5. Make Chocolate Layer: Preheat oven to 350F. Lightly grease and flour an 8-inch layer-cake pan. Prepare brownie mix as package label directs. Turn into prepared pan; bake 25 to 30 minutes, or until top springs back when lightly pressed with fingertip. Cool 5 minutes; turn out of pan, and let cool completely. Wrap layer in plastic film; do not refrigerate.

6. Next day, make Meringue: About 1 hour before serving, place egg whites in large bowl; let warm to room temperature—takes about 45 minutes.

7. With electric mixer at medium speed, beat egg whites with cream of tartar and salt until soft peaks form when beater is raised.

8. Gradually beat in sugar, 2 tablespoons at a time; continue to beat until stiff peaks form. Measure 1 cup meringue; place in pastry bag with number-6 star tip. Set aside.

9. Preheat oven to 425F. Set oven rack at lowest level.

10. Place sheet of foil on small cookie sheet. Place Chocolate Layer in center.

11. Remove ice cream from freezer; remove plastic film. Turn ice cream out of bowl, and place on chocolate layer; peel off foil.

12. With spatula, spread remaining meringue over ice cream and chocolate layer, to cover cake and ice cream completely and evenly.

13. Decorate top, as pictured, with meringue in pastry bag.

14. Bake the Alaska 8 to 10 minutes, or until meringue is golden.

15. With moistened knife, carefully loosen meringue from foil; with wide spatula, lift Alaska to serving plate. Decorate with a few tiny cones, if you wish. Serve at once, with your favorite chocolate sauce.

Makes 10 servings.

CHRISTMAS COOKIES: SWEDISH GINGER COOKIES

⅓ cup light-brown sugar, firmly packed
⅓ cup light molasses
½ teaspoon ground ginger
½ teaspoon cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground allspice
½ teaspoon ground cloves
1½ teaspoons baking soda
⅓ cup butter or regular margarine
1 egg
2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour

Snow Frosting, page 128

1. In medium saucepan, combine sugar, molasses, ginger, cinnamon, allspice, and cloves. Cook over medium heat, stirring occasionally, till

continued on page 128

HOW TO UPSTAGE A STEAK

Prepare one 6 oz. package of Uncle Ben's® LONG GRAIN & WILD Rice according to package directions, (substituting 1 cup beef bouillon and 1½ cups water for the 2½ cups water called for.)

Combine cooked rice with ¼ lb. sliced fresh mushrooms which have been sauteed in a little butter.

Serve to four or five people. Then, halfway through the meal, remind them their steak is getting cold.

Uncle Ben's LONG GRAIN & WILD Rice. A one-of-a-kind blend of rices and spices.

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continued from page 126

mixture comes to boiling. Remove from heat.

2. Stir in soda (mixture will bubble up). Then stir in butter until melted.

3. With electric mixer or rotary beater, beat in egg until thoroughly blended.

4. With mixer at low speed or with wooden spoon, gradually beat in 2 cups of the flour, to make a stiff dough.

5. Sprinkle remaining flour on board. Turn out dough; knead until all flour is taken up and dough is smooth.

6. Shape into a ball; wrap in waxed paper or plastic film. Refrigerate overnight. (Dough may be stored several days.)

7. Next day: Preheat oven to 350F. Lightly grease cookie sheets. Divide dough in fourths.

8. On lightly floured surface, roll out one fourth of dough as thin as possible—less than ⅛ inch thick. Cut out with assorted cookie cutters. Place cookies on prepared cookie sheets.

9. Bake 6 to 8 minutes, or until lightly brown. Remove to wire rack; cool completely.

10. Make Snow Frosting (you will need 2 batches). Using pastry bag with writing tip, decorate cookies as pictured.

11. Store cookies in an airtight container.

Makes about 8 dozen medium cookies.

SNOW FROSTING

2 egg whites
2 cups confectioners' sugar
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar

In medium bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat egg whites with sugar and cream of tartar until mixture is thick and stiff peaks form when beater is raised.

Makes about 1 cup.

Note: Make and use 1 batch at a time.

NATHAN'S LEBKUCHEN

2½ cups pitted dates
1½ cups pecans
1 jar (4 oz) candied citron
1¼ cups sifted all-purpose flour
¾ teaspoon baking powder
1½ teaspoons ground cinnamon
½ teaspoon ground cloves
½ teaspoon ground allspice
½ teaspoon nutmeg
½ cup bourbon
½ cup butter or regular margarine, softened
¾ cup light-brown sugar, firmly packed
3 eggs
¾ cup light molasses
1 square (1 oz) unsweetened chocolate, melted
½ cup pineapple preserves

Lebkuchen Frosting, page 130

1. Preheat oven to 350F. Lightly grease, then line with greased brown paper a 15-by-10-by-1-inch jelly-roll pan.

2. Coarsely chop dates and pecans; chop citron finely; combine in medium bowl. Sprinkle with 3 tablespoons flour; mix until fruit and nuts are well coated.

3. Sift remaining flour with baking powder. Set aside.

4. Add cinnamon, cloves, allspice, and nutmeg to the bourbon. Set aside.

5. In large bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat butter and sugar until light. At high speed, beat in eggs, one at a time; beat until light and fluffy. Beat in molasses; then beat in chocolate until very well blended.

6. At low speed, beat in flour mixture until smooth.

7. With wooden spoon, mix in floured fruits and nuts. Gradually mix in bourbon mixture until well blended. Then mix in pineapple preserves.

8. Pour batter into prepared pan; spread evenly.

9. Bake 45 to 50 minutes, or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean. Cool completely in pan on wire rack.

10. Wrap pan well in plastic film and aluminum foil, and store in a cool place. Lebkuchen will keep well for several weeks.

11. When ready to serve, frost with Lebkuchen Frosting. Then cut the Lebkuchen into 48 bars. Decorate the bars with candied fruits if you wish.

Makes 48.

continued on page 130

5 Festive Treats
to merry-up your Holidays

Kellogg's
RICE KRISPIES

Colorful confections for tree or table, made quick 'n easy with Kellogg's Rice Krispies.

You start with this famous "Marshmallow Treats" recipe:

¼ cup regular margarine or butter
6-10 ounces regular marshmallows (about 40) or 4 cups miniature marshmallows
5 cups KELLOGG'S® RICE KRISPIES® cereal

Melt margarine in 3-quart saucepan. Add marshmallows and cook over low heat, stirring constantly, until marshmallows are melted and mixture is syrupy. Remove from heat. Add Rice Krispies cereal and stir until well-coated. Shape with buttered hands into Clown Pops, Snowmen, Toy Animals, and other "Festive Treats" pictured above. See recipes at right.

CLOWN POPS—Shape warm Rice Krispies cereal mixture to form 12 flat-bottomed ovals; insert wooden skewers. When cool, decorate with frosting, raisins, nuts or cooky decorations to make clown faces.

SURPRISE BALLS—Shape warm Rice Krispies cereal mixture into 24 balls around surprise center of a gumdrop, raisins, walnut half, pitted date or candied cherry. Roll in colored sugar or flaked coconut; cool.

PUDDIN' TART SHELLS—Press thin layer of warm Rice Krispies cereal mixture into buttered muffin-pan cups or custard cups to form tart shells. Let stand until firm; remove from pans. Just before serving fill with pudding, sweetened whipped cream, ice cream, or fresh fruit.

SNOWMEN—Shape warm Rice Krispies cereal mixture to form 3 balls of decreasing size for each snowman; roll in flaked coconut. When cool, put balls together with thick confectioners sugar frosting to make snowmen; decorate with raisins, cinnamon candies and gumdrops.

TOY ANIMALS—Press warm Rice Krispies cereal mixture into buttered shallow pans in a layer about ½-inch thick. When slightly cooled, cut into assorted shapes with buttered animal cooky cutters. Frost or decorate as desired.

HOLIDAY PARTIES
COOKING WITH Kellogg's

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Hunt'sauce makes Wednesday special

"Wednesday's his day for the grandchildren. Then, in the evening, the family's

here for my pot roast. I make it with Hunt's Tomato Sauce and they eat it

up. They love my Wednesday specials. But really... I still cook to please him."

Country Pot Roast

3 to 4 lbs. lean chuck
  or rump roast
1 Tablesp. paprika
2 teasp. salt
¼ teasp. pepper
2 Tablesp. Wesson Oil
½ cup water
1 bay leaf
8 to 10 small white onions, whole
8 small carrots
2 (8-oz.) cans or 1 (15-oz.) can Hunt's
  Tomato Sauce with Tomato Bits
2 Tablesp. minced parsley
1 cup sour cream

Trim excess fat from meat; sprinkle with paprika, salt, pepper; brown in hot Wesson in large pan. Add water and bay leaf; cover; simmer 1½ hours. Add onions, carrots and Hunt'sauce; cover and simmer 1 hour or until tender. Add parsley. Remove from heat and gradually stir in sour cream. 6 to 8 servings.

HOLIDAY PARTIES
Hunt's
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Hunt's
TOMATO SAUCE WITH MUSHROOMS
Hunt's
TOMATO SAUCE WITH TOMATO BITS
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SPRITZ WREATHS

- 2 cups sifted all-purpose flour
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup butter or regular margarine, softened
- ½ cup sugar
- 1 egg yolk
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract, or ½ teaspoon almond extract
- Cinnamon candies, angelica, miniature multicolor nonpareils

1. Refrigerate ungreased cookie sheets until ready to use.

2. Preheat oven to 375F. Sift flour with salt. Set aside.

3. In large bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat butter, sugar, egg yolk, and vanilla until smooth and fluffy.

4. At low speed, beat in flour mixture until smooth and well combined. Fill cookie press with dough. Make one or all of the following shapes.

5. Wreaths: Use star disk. Force dough onto cold cookie sheet in a 12-inch strip; cut strip into 3 parts. Form each part into a circle. Decorate wreaths with cinnamon candies and bits of angelica.

6. Christmas trees: Use Christmas-tree disk. For each, stand press upright on cold cookie sheet; force out dough, to form a tree. Reverse handle of press slightly, to cut off dough. Sprinkle the trees with nonpareils. Cookies should be 1½ inches apart.

7. Rosettes: Use a rosette disk. For each, stand press upright on cold cookie sheet; force out dough, to form a rosette. Reverse handle of press slightly, to cut off dough. Cookies should be 1½ inches apart.

8. Bake cookies 8 to 10 minutes, or until light golden. Remove to rack; cool. Store in airtight container.

Makes about 3 dozen.

VIENNESE CRESCENTS

COOKIE DOUGH
- 2 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
- 1 cup butter or regular margarine, softened
- 1 cup ground unblanched almonds or hazelnuts
- ½ cup sifted confectioners' sugar
- ⅛ teaspoon salt
- 1 teaspoon vanilla extract
- ¼ teaspoon almond extract

VANILLA SUGAR
- 2 cups sifted confectioners' sugar
- 1 vanilla bean

1. Make Cookie Dough: In large bowl, combine flour, butter, nuts, ½ cup sugar, the salt, and extracts. With hands, mix until thoroughly blended; shape into a ball. Refrigerate, covered, 1 hour.

2. Meanwhile, make Vanilla Sugar: Place sugar in bowl or small container. With sharp, pointed knife, split vanilla bean lengthwise. Scrape out seeds. Mix seeds into sugar. Cut pod into 2-inch pieces; mix into sugar.

3. Preheat oven to 375F.

4. Shape cookies: Form dough into 1-inch balls. Then, with palms of hands, roll each ball into a 3-inch-long roll.

5. Place rolls, 2 inches apart, on ungreased cookie sheets; curve to make crescent shape.

6. Bake 10 to 12 minutes, or until set but not brown.

7. Let stand 1 minute; then remove

continued from page 128

LEBKUCHEN FROSTING

- 1 cup sugar
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- 1 egg white

1. In medium saucepan, combine sugar, salt, and ¼ cup water. Bring to boiling over medium heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil 5 to 7 minutes, without stirring, to 236F on candy thermometer, or until a little dropped from spoon forms a 2-inch thread.

2. Meanwhile, in small bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat egg white until stiff peaks form when beater is raised.

3. Pour syrup in continuous stream into egg white, beating constantly. Beat until thick enough to spread. Frosting will lose its gloss when set.

Makes 1 cup.

PFEFFERNUESSE

COOKIE DOUGH
- 2½ cups sifted all-purpose flour
- ½ teaspoon ground cloves
- ½ teaspoon nutmeg
- ½ teaspoon cinnamon
- ¼ teaspoon ground ginger
- ¼ teaspoon black pepper
- ¼ teaspoon ground cardamom
- ¼ teaspoon baking soda
- 2 eggs
- 1 cup dark-brown sugar, firmly packed
- ⅓ cup finely chopped walnuts

GLAZE
- 3 cups granulated sugar
- Dash cream of tartar
- 2 egg whites

1. Make Cookie Dough: Sift flour with cloves, nutmeg, cinnamon, ginger, pepper, cardamom, and baking soda. Set aside.

2. In large bowl, with electric beater at high speed, beat eggs and the brown sugar until light—about 5 minutes.

3. At low speed, beat in flour mixture and nuts until well combined. Dough will be sticky.

4. Preheat oven to 375F. Lightly grease cookie sheets.

5. With wet hands, pinch off dough; roll dough into 1-inch balls, using 1 tablespoon dough for each.

6. Place on prepared cookie sheets. Bake 12 to 15 minutes. Remove to wire rack to cool.

7. Meanwhile, make Glaze: In large saucepan, combine sugar, cream of tartar, and 1 cup water. Bring to boiling over medium heat, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil 5 to 7 minutes, without stirring, until mixture forms a 2-inch thread when dropped from a spoon, or to 235F on candy thermometer.

8. Meanwhile, in medium bowl, with electric mixer at medium speed, beat egg whites until stiff peaks form when beater is raised. Pour syrup in continuous stream into egg whites, beating constantly. Beat until mixture thickens slightly.

9. Drop cookies, a few at a time, into glaze; with fork, turn to coat completely. Lift out, and place on wire rack to dry.

10. Store in tightly covered container about 2 weeks, to mellow.

Makes about 3½ dozen.

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GOOD BYE

IF THEY'VE ALREADY GOT MONOPOLY®
EXPLORING THE UNKNOWN IS FUN!

Playing with a Ouija* Talking Board can be a delightfully spooky experience. When teenagers get the hang of it, they never want to stop. They can ask it anything — about love, school, travel, money, careers, other people, the future. And the mysterious message indicator may spell out some amazing answers!

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Parker Brothers Inc.

FAMOUS PARKER GAMES

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Candyland house

continued from page 104

Mount base on corrugated-cardboard square, and secure with tape.

6. Fold house walls on scored lines, to make right-angle corners. Tape open corner together.

7. Set house walls on base; tape in place. Fold roof and both gables on dotted lines. Tape a gable to each side of roof (see Diagram C, page 104). When cookie walls are in place, set roof on walls.

DECORATING AND ASSEMBLING HOUSE

1. Make and bake Sugar-Cookie Dough. Cut out cookie walls, gables, and chimney as directed in recipe.

2. When all cookie pieces are ready, make Snow Frosting (see the recipe on page 128).

3. Decorate cookie walls with candies, as pictured. Put a dab of frosting on each candy; set in place. With candies, make doors for front and back walls, windows for side walls. Let dry overnight.

4. Spread frosting on undecorated side of one wall. Press against illustration-board framework; hold 1 or 2 minutes. Repeat with other 3 walls. Decorate the house base with candies, using dabs of frosting as glue. Let set overnight.

5. Set illustration-board gabled roof on walls (see Diagram C). Spread each cookie gable piece with frosting; set in place. Let dry 1 hour.

6. Spread all except top edges of cookie chimney pieces with frosting. Place on roof (Diagram C). Let dry overnight.

7. Frost and decorate gabled roof and chimney.

SUGAR-COOKIE DOUGH

5 pkg (13-oz size) sugar-cookie mix
Cinnamon
Nutmeg
5 eggs

1. Preheat oven to 375F. Lightly grease 15½-by-12-inch cookie sheet.

2. In large bowl, combine 1 package cookie mix with 1½ tablespoons cinnamon, 1½ teaspoons nutmeg, 1 egg. Mix well with spoon; knead 3 to 5 minutes until dough is smooth.

3. Roll out dough on cookie sheet to about ⅜-inch thickness, leaving 1-inch border around dough.

4. Bake 8 to 10 minutes, or until cake tester inserted in center comes out clean.

5. Cool on cookie sheet on wire rack until cool enough to touch—about 10 minutes.

6. Lay paper pattern pieces for wall of house, chimney, and gable on warm dough. Cut around each with sharp, pointed knife. Cut out as many pieces as possible. (You will need 4 walls, 4 chimney pieces, 8 gable pieces.) Remove trimmings.

7. With spatula, remove pieces to waxed-paper-lined tray. Let cool. Cover loosely until ready to decorate and assemble house.

8. Repeat with remaining packages of cookie mix until all house sections are cut out.

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from cookie sheets. With spatula, place hot cookies on large sheet of foil. Sprinkle with vanilla sugar; turn gently, to coat both sides. Cool. Store in an airtight container.

8. Just before serving, coat with more vanilla sugar, if desired.

Makes about 4 dozen.

SWISS BIBERLI

DOUGH
1 cup honey
⅔ cup sugar
1½ teaspoons grated lemon peel
2 tablespoons brandy, rum, or kirsch
4 cups unsifted all-purpose flour
2 teaspoons baking soda
1 teaspoon ground anise
¼ teaspoon cinnamon
¼ teaspoon ground ginger
¼ teaspoon ground cloves
¼ teaspoon ground coriander

FILLING
3 cups blanched almonds
1 cup sugar
½ cup apricot jam
⅓ cup honey
1 tablespoon grated lemon peel
3 tablespoons lemon juice
1½ teaspoons almond extract

GLAZE
1½ cups sugar

1. Make Dough: In small saucepan, combine 1 cup honey, ⅔ cup sugar, and 2 tablespoons water. Heat, stirring, just until sugar dissolves—do not boil.

2. Let cool until lukewarm—about 20 minutes. Stir in 1½ teaspoons lemon peel and the brandy.

3. Into large bowl, sift flour with baking soda, anise, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and coriander. Add honey mixture; mix with wooden spoon to a stiff dough; then knead until smooth. Shape into a ball.

4. Refrigerate, covered, 2 days.

5. Make Filling: Grind almonds, using fine blade of grinder, or use electric blender. In medium bowl, combine almonds, 1 cup sugar, the jam, honey, lemon peel, juice, extract; mix until blended. Set aside.

6. Preheat oven to 350F. Lightly grease cookie sheets.

7. Divide dough in half; return half to refrigerator. On lightly floured surface, roll out dough, ¼ inch thick, into a 10-inch square. Cut crosswise, to make 4 strips.

8. Place 5 to 6 tablespoons filling in a ½-inch-wide mound down center of each strip of dough. Bring edges of dough over filling, to overlap; press gently, to seal. Place rolls seam side down. Repeat with remaining dough and filling.

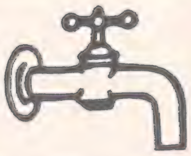
9. Cut filled rolls into 1-inch pieces, using sharp floured or moistened knife. Place seam side down on prepared cookie sheets.

10. Bake 20 minutes, or until light brown.

11. Meanwhile, make Glaze: In small saucepan, combine sugar with ½ cup water. Bring to boiling, stirring until sugar is dissolved. Boil 5 to 7 minutes, until it forms 2-inch thread when dropped from spoon, or to 230F on candy thermometer.

12. Remove hot cookies to wire rack, and brush with glaze. Cool completely. Pack in airtight containers, to mellow for several weeks.

Makes about 80.



IF THEY'VE ALREADY GOT MONOPOLY®
LET THEM GO CHASE EACH OTHER!

SORRY!
SORRY!

Sorry* is a perennial favorite because it puts players of all ages on an equal footing. And it's easy to learn. Special cards control the exciting chase, and unexpected moves build suspense till the last minute! Since both luck and skill are involved, even the very young can win.

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FAMOUS PARKER GAMES

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How much is enough?

continued from page 40

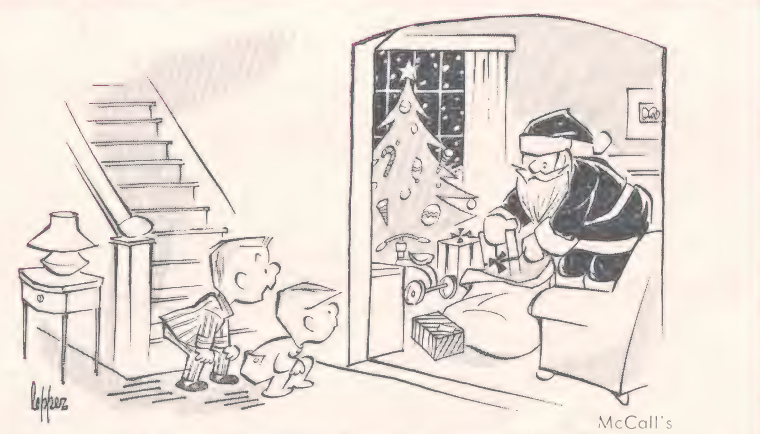
of devoted public service. **"Before Christmas nobody ever quits or gets sick,"** explained the doorman. **"We average two or three hundred dollars, five hundred in a good year. But this isn't a good year. With taxes and everything, people don't tip like they used to. It used to be all the time. Now they say, 'I'll see you,' and they never do. We don't talk to each other about what we get. We all think we got the best deal."** My doorman has been on the job for forty-five years, and his take-home union pay is $80 a week. After forty-five years, he knows some of the tenants pretty well. Nevertheless: **"Cash is what we look for. Last year, apartment eleven A, they gave us each a bottle of eggnog. It was good eggnog, but who the hell wants that?"**

George, the superintendent, happens to be one of three supers in the country who deserve a mighty tip. Still, I was a little taken aback last year when I couldn't get through the door of his office with my case of scotch and large check because a color-television set was being delivered from another tenant. **"Some supers are real dirty after Christmas,"** says George, who is exceptionally helpful *before* Christmas. **"Now, I don't hold it against someone if they don't remember me, even if Christmas is pretty important to me."** George averages **"maybe twenty, twenty-five dollars an apartment."**

The butcher at my local supermarket is a faceless pair of hands that appear behind a slot in the wall when I push a bell and that may or may not produce the meat I ask for. It wouldn't occur to me to tip him, never having seen his eyes; but when I asked the visible portion of him if some of his customers did tip, at Christmas or otherwise, a voice replied: **"Sometimes they throw me a couple of dollars for cigarettes or something. Years ago, in my own shop, I got big tips, but now—now they think I'm taking home the profit from these high meat prices."** I visualized compulsive housewives hurling quarters into the sliding window, somehow praying that the propitiatory offering would bring forth a tenderer rack of lamb. I think that is starting trouble.

Eddie, the delivery boy from the grocery store, is in fact forty years old and supports his five children on his salary (union) of $107 a week. **"At Christmas, I get a dollar or two extra from the old-timers, sometimes a box of cigars or a bottle of whisky. But I don't smoke or drink, so of course the money comes in handiest. A quarter is about the best for daily delivery, and that sure isn't everywhere. Some people hide behind the door, and some maids pocket my tips. Poorer neighborhoods tip lots better. Those people know what we're up against."** Nonunion deliverymen earn maybe $45 to $60 a week.

Last year, my parking garage hung up a gay, holly-bedecked sign reading, "Sign here for gifts for the boys." Somebody's name—probably mythical—was then signed, with $50 printed after it. Not one person had nerve enough to lower the ante. But I had nerve enough to move my car to a new garage. Willie, the day manager, tells me: **"No, we don't put up signs. If you give, you give. If you don't, we don't run your car into a pole. But I'll tell you, if a guy only gives a couple bucks at Christmas and nothing the rest of the year, we won't jump for his car when he wants it. The guy who remembers us every couple of months, he's just gotta get better treatment. After all, we count on tips. How much do we make? [$120 a week, union wages with overtime.] I figure all doctors are cheap, but most people, it depends how they feel and how the stock market is. We figure on about four or five hundred. It's like a gold mine, all that money coming in at once. What I don't spend on toys for the kids for Christmas, I spend on their clothes at the sales after Christmas."**



"It's him, all right! I never forget a face!"

The absolute worst time to go to the hairdresser's is at Christmas. Last December, when I dropped in for my biannual curl, I could barely sit down for the adorable little gift-wrapped boxes piled all over the chairs and counters and sinks. André was positively prancing through the tinsel, and even the manicurist could barely finish her work, for all the taking and tucking she was doing. I was cowed into leaving five dollars "for the group," even though I hate them all. And this is just a local neighborhood place.

Downtown, at the big-time newsmaker places, the *petits cadeaux* are stacked under hand-decorated trees, the gold engraved cigarette lighters roll in, and the invitations for eggnog in Acapulco over the weekend are a dime a dozen.

Of course, that is New York chic. Everybody has delivery boys and furnacemen to tip, but only in New York, Los Angeles, and Dallas can you acquire the staggering lists of dressmakers, gym teachers, masseuses, personal and general secretaries, maître d's at favorite restaurants, hatcheck girls at favorite nightclubs (I know one hatcheck girl who collects $2,000 every Christmas by perfectly virtuous means), soda-syphon deliverers, and the cop on the block (yes, that is graft) to tip.

Back in the real world, there are the Christmas-card leavers. "Merry Christmas from Ed, Dick, Pete, and Al," a card reads. They are the mailmen for the building. That is all I know about them except that once they left a postage-due letter without demanding payment that minute. If I don't leave $5 for them, will my mail go into the nearest trash basket? And what about the post office, which says sternly, "We frown heavily on the practice. Carriers can be subject to discipline for soliciting contributions." Carriers earn from $6,176 to $8,442 a year, and who is to define a Christmas card as soliciting?

In my suburban childhood in St. Louis, we used to ride around on the milk wagon during the summer, sucking on pieces of ice and discussing life with the milkman, whose name was Ed. I would have tipped him from my piggy bank if my mother hadn't. But now I have a card from someone named Clyde, who comes to my door at 4:00 A.M. and has never been seen. A spokesman for the milk company calls it tradition. "In the old days," he says, "the milk routes were smaller, and the man came every day. He was close to the family. When they were away, he checked their house; sometimes he did carpentering work on the side. It was personalized and neighborly. Now he still does services—I guess. Anyway, he has to collect personally, and he gets a commission on collections. He earns from $145 to $160 a week."

Call me stuffy, but I resent tipping someone whose only service is collecting what I owe his company—which should be paying him enough to do the job.

My sister, who lives in Connecticut, felt the same way about the little boy who delivered her evening paper. She used to give him a candy bar as a special treat when she paid her bill. Finally, one day, he said politely: **"Ma'am, thank you for the candy. Did you know that I pay the newspaper for the papers I deliver and that I make my money from tips and a small percentage of the papers' cost? When you aren't here to pay me, or if you don't tell me you are away, I still have to pay."** She was touched by his story of boyish enterprise, especially when she learned he cleared $10 a week and $75 at Christmas. Well, why not? How would she like to ride four miles on her bicycle in a blizzard?

Women seemed to either tip nothing and hope for the best or else lavish $5 bills on the countryside, hoping that will be enough—and who's to say who's right?

Tipping is such a bewildering, upsetting procedure, with no clear rules and only highly variable custom to follow, that the best we can do is muddle through.

If things were arranged better, all service employees would be paid enough, so that we wouldn't feel obliged to fill the gap. It might also be nice if all servicemen were efficient, considerate, and deserving of their Christmas reward. Alas, few are, and leaving a Scroogelike note saying, "Because of your surly and uncooperative attitude, there will be no tip this year. Merry Christmas," is not the best way to deal with the others.

Not tipping at all, on principle, is a more subtle way of coping with the problem; but very few women, no matter how angry having to tip makes them, have enough courage of their convictions to simply rise above it. A combination of compassion, gratitude, and cowardice usually wins out, and we open our pocketbooks. After all, it can't be very pleasant to earn a meager living by carrying heavy boxes around town, and what if an untipped superintendent really did begin cutting off the heat?

And, to make up for the others, there are always those few saintly people who are so helpful all year that they make us feel *glad* about Christmas tipping. There is, for example, a highly popular garbage man in Connecticut who carries away huge piles of trash without complaint, spreads news and gossip from one lonely housewife to the next, and will even do a few chores or fix broken windows. At Christmas he does not take on an attitude of aggrieved expectation, but says, "Christmas is a wonderful time, a wonderful day. It's the only time when people open their hearts and love each other." Last year, he collected for Christmas forty cartons of cigarettes, three cases of beer, ten bottles of champagne, and $1,100. And he, in turn, left a homemade holly wreath at each door. That's not Christmas tipping; that's Christmas spirit. THE END

Our own McCall's survey came up with the following informal guidelines for Christmas tipping. Follow them at your own risk!

Mailman	$5
Newsboy	$1 to $2
Milkman	$2 to $5 or more
Garbage man	$2 to $5 or more
Parking-garage attendant	$5
Delivery boy (grocer, butcher, etc.)	$1 to $2
Laundry (by truck)	$5
Building services	
Doorman (favorite)	$10 or more
Superintendent	10% of month's rent is general rule
Elevator man (regular day and night man)	$10 or more
Handyman	$10 or more
Porter (cleans incinerator, etc.)	$5
Relief man (replaces superintendent when away)	$5
Hairdresser	$5 to $10 (but the sky's the limit)
Manicurist	$5
Receptionist-mgr.	$10
Cleaning woman	1 week's pay
Full-time maid	1 week's pay, plus personal gift
Baby-sitter (regular)	$10

There's still time...if you hurry...
to say "Merry Christmas"
to your Special Friends...12 times
during the coming year!

Give McCall's

ONLY $3.00 A YEAR

McCall's
ETHEL KENNEDY PROFILE IN AMERICAN COURAGE
McCall's July '69!
In this issue: McCALL'S GIVES A CHRISTMAS PARTY ESPECIALLY FOR YOU
ROBERT KENNEDY'S "THIRTEEN DAYS"

Christmas will be here before you know it! But, if you hurry, you can avoid the last-minute rush, the crowds and confusion, and take care of all those *very special friends* on your list—with a *very special gift* that's sure to please!

McCall's is the right gift . . . a perfect choice for every lively, modern and informed woman on your Christmas list. And it's so easy, and economical, to give! You need not even pay for your McCall's gift subscriptions until after January 10, 1970!

Simply fill out the attached Christmas Order Form, detach and mail. We'll provide you with charming, specially-designed gift cards you can send to your friends, announcing your gift of McCall's.

But please don't delay. We want to be sure your gift orders are processed and your gift cards sent to you in plenty of time for Christmas! Mail the attached Gift Order Card *today!*

Additional postage:
Canada and Pan American countries, $1.00; all other foreign countries $2.00.

Time off

continued from page 48

meals made me feel that I was discovering the essence of the American Christmas spirit. But even in that friendly world I soon realized that I was an outsider. Christmas is a family celebration. Children there were, but not mine; relatives, too, and a safe, secure home, but not mine either.

With the advent of credit cards and the occasional windfall of a Christmas bonus, I escaped farther afield. It was no longer the forever-grounded Greyhound; now it was the metallic magic carpet of our age, the jet. My first fly-now, pay-later Christmas was in—where else?—the Holy Land. Tel Aviv, to be exact.

My initial impression was of having strayed into a Spartan youth camp. Strong-limbed sabras ("hard on the outside, sweet within") exercised on sunny beaches, swam in the Mediterranean while keeping a wary eye on the cloudless horizon.

"That's Ben Gurion!" A fine old gentleman with a mop of Harpo Marx white hair was standing on his head, doing yoga exercises. "And that's where Billy Rose plans to build a museum." The landscape was suitably Biblical, the hotels comfortable but austere. As for the kosher food, Nanny Galway would have described it as "a mite bland." But my grandest memory is of seeing Catholic priests hail the Nativity, hearing muezzins greet the dawn and rabbis chant at dusk—all on the same, unforgettable Christmas Day.

The years that followed are a kaleidoscope of memories. Still a confirmed wanderer, I spent a Christmas weekend in "magical Havana" before Castro removed the spell. It was there, in the Florida bar, that an expansive Ernest Hemingway was pointed out to me with the same reverence I saw accorded to Santa Sophia on a later junket to Istanbul.

A business trip to Moscow provided yet another holiday dodge. I boned up on Tolstoi, hoping to recapture scenes from *Anna Karenina* and *War and Peace,* but Intourist kept us herded in groups. "You must see Comrade Lenin!" I played truant, opting for GUM, the department store, where a sturdy soldier celebrating Christmas by emptying an ounce of perfume on his head gave me infinitely more pleasure than the sight of Nikolai pickled under glass.

My own way of commemorating the season took me to the splendid Russian circus, where I marveled at tigers swimming as gracefully as Esther Williams in a water ballet choreographed to the music of "Les Sylphides."

It was only when we reached Saint Petersburg, or, as it is called by the literal, Leningrad, that the Russia of my imagination was at last truly revealed. There it was—beautiful but very dead in the empty, echoing splendor of the Hermitage.

Year after year I have continued my Christmas escape routine. In Kyoto I froze until Marlon Brando, who likes his little jokes, advised me that the only way to keep warm was at the local baths. "It's like a De Mille production. They De Mille around." There a blind octogenarian, using only his knees and feet, gave me the best massage I have ever had.

Bangkok, in 1962, hadn't yet been tarnished by the presence of thousands of American troops. It was even more ravishing than *The King and I,* and I can recall few more stirring sights than the hosts of slender Thais bathing at dawn in the flower-strewn canals in the shadow of the city's gilded temples.

My Christmas wanderlust, now that I am poised on what George Bernard Shaw termed "the uncertain doormat of middle age," should have abated. But as soon as the first fake Santa appears and the first greeting card arrives, I suddenly have longings to be off to the Vale of Kashmir, Machu Picchu, or Katmandu. Of course, I am always reminded by Nanny Galway, in her faithful yearly greeting, that "home is where the heart belongs." But home in New York at Christmas, with *Amahl and the Night Visitors* squeezing through the ads on TV and the bells of Saint Patrick's trying to sound merry above the traffic roar?

No! A thousand times no. Fiji is said to be splendid in December, and a friend told me about a glorious Christmas in Macao. And then there's always Dublin. THE END

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MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY
CONGRESS
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CEL-U-TONE FINISH
Only Congress Cards have
CEL-U-TONE FINISH

Trace the history of light with these six beautiful CONGRESS Playing Card designs—"Antique Lamp Treasures"—from the famous Lyle Lamp Collection. Exclusive CEL-U-TONE finish keeps them fresh and clean, and CONGRESS cards are individually inspected to insure quality. Brighten up your game, lighten your gift giving with two-, four- or six-pack gift cases.

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with exclusive
CEL-U-TONE finish.

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Therefore choose life

continued from page 93

for me to teach and for them to learn. There was this questioning going on in them and consequently in me. What's bothering them? Should I be teaching them other things or teaching them the same things in other ways? I finally reached the point of realizing not only what was bothering them, but that they were quite right.

There was plenty of reason for them to be bothered, and those things that were bothering them were bothering me, too.

I might say also that all through my life, whenever I saw a chance to take sides—some hope on one side or something I wanted to fight against on the other—I've always done so. I've been deeply concerned about the Vietnam war since the escalation began, and I've participated in anti-Vietnam-war statements since 1964.

I worked for Eugene McCarthy. I didn't get very far, I guess none of us did. But I did what I could, and I offered to do more. I also got into a group of scientists in the Boston area who tried to fight down, and I think somewhat successfully, a nationwide shelter program.

Shelters are ineffective, but much worse than that, they give people a false sense of security with regard to nuclear war. There is no security in nuclear war, and the worst thing that could happen is that people should feel themselves safe enough so that they are willing to tolerate even the thought of nuclear war. The only healthy state for people is to realize that nuclear war is impossible, nuclear weapons are unusable weapons, and God help us all if ever they are used.

WICKER: Do you believe that man can ever bring up the rest of his knowledge and the rest of his capacities to equal what he has been able to do in the scientific and technological fields in the past decades?

WALD: I am temperamentally an optimist. My optimism right now takes the form of anger, and in a choice between despair and anger, anger is the optimistic attitude, because you don't cop out, you keep working on it, and I like to think I'm so angry that that is what keeps me happy. I think we are in a very bad situation now, the most threatening in the whole of human history. But the very depth of that threat constitutes an opportunity. Because it is only when things get that bad that people begin to reexamine the total situation and might do something positive about it.

CHRISTMAS FABLE

This year I did it! Really did!
Got my shopping done and hid
The presents well away by fall,
Then bragged it up to one and all.
And how does everybody rate
me?
They hate me!

—BETTY ISLER

The stockpiles of nuclear weapons and the present prospects of nuclear escalation are intolerable to me. I can't see this for my children, I can't see this for my students, and they don't see this for themselves. They don't talk much about the nuclear situation, but you just try asking them, "How about it? What do you see ahead?"

It isn't only that they reject some of what they think of as the rather empty materialistic ambitions of their parents. They are afraid of something genuinely horrifying, and that is the possibility that at any moment their world will come to an end.

They are not being way out in considering this possibility. President Nixon raised it a few months ago in his speech to the nation in support of the ABM program. He said in so many words that there could be an accidental launching that we have to be ready for. This is really the most insane and most terrifying thing of all. There is machinery set up that is highly vulnerable and highly sensitive. There is a trigger mechanism, and it is even questionable whether anybody, in the last analysis, has to push that button people talk about. It might just set itself off, and then we'd be in for it. So the young people and old people of this world are living under the sword. That holocaust could descend out of the sky at any moment, and we need not even know from where it came or who launched it.

WICKER: As you have involved yourself more and more in these questions of life and death, what part has religion played in the beliefs you've developed?

WALD: Well, for me, politics isn't something that exists independently of deeper concerns. I have a longer, more continuous, and deeper interest in that base from which one makes moral judgments than in the judgments themselves. I don't think any culture can long survive the lack of a commonly accepted tradition of aims and ends and goals and aspirations, some feeling of where we want to go and why; and that has the force of a religion. As for my own, it comes entirely out of nature. It contains no supernatural elements. Nature is enough for me. It offers me enough of beauty and truth and reality.

I am a Bible reader. For me, the Bible is by far the book of choice for the desert island. Again, for me, no supernatural elements. I go to the Bible for its contents. One finds wisdom that is a distillate of thousands of years of human experience. This is our tradition and our mythology, an exceedingly important thing. It means a great deal to me; it means a great deal to our culture. One of our troubles is a degree of ignorance of our cultural tradition, embodied in the Bible, that didn't exist a century ago.

Turn to Abraham Lincoln, for instance—the Gettysburg Address or the Second Inaugural. His language, his thoughts—right out of the King James Bible. When you hear the plain and

continued on page 136

WHEAT Chex
Bite-size toasted wheat
CORN Chex
Bite-size toasted corn
RICE Chex
Bite-size toasted rice

Mix, Munch and be Merry with Chex Party Mix.

(It's the snack you make up fresh!)

Preheat oven to 250° and combine:
6 tablespoons butter or margarine
4 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce
⅝ teaspoon garlic powder
6 cups Chex (Mix Corn, Wheat and Rice equally or any way you like!)
1 jar Planters® Dry Roasted Peanuts
***1.** Pour melted butter or margarine into shallow baking pan. Stir in Worcestershire sauce and garlic powder.*
***2.** Add Chex and Planters Dry Roasted Peanuts. Mix until all pieces are coated.*
***3.** Heat in 250° oven 45 minutes. Stir every 15 minutes. Spread on absorbent paper to cool.*
Yields 8 cups of Party Mix. Munch and be merry!

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continued from page 135

eloquent and beautiful speech of Abraham Lincoln, that's it—that's what you have in the Bible.

WICKER: I know that arms control and the prevention of nuclear warfare are your central nonscientific concerns, but haven't you also given much thought to the hunger and population crisis?

WALD: That's the other major threat. Everything else is relatively less important than those two major threats, the like of which we have never had to face before in the whole length of human history—nuclear warfare and the population explosion. The population explosion is something new in the world, something new in life on this planet. It confronts the human species with a situation that no other species, animal or plant, has ever had to face on this planet, and that is to be threatened by its own reproductive success.

There's a great deal of confusion that involves this issue. For example, a great many people, even a great many demographers, who are experts in these matters, talk as though the major problem were how many people one can feed on this planet. That isn't the real problem at all. The real problem is how many people can live optimal human lives on this planet.

It's the quality of human life that one needs to safeguard. The idea that the human enterprise should become an enterprise in seeing how many people one can possibly feed and keep alive on this planet would produce a degradation of humanity that we can't contemplate.

We are already, I think, highly overpopulated, and the mere fact that we can feed the present number of people has little to do with the problem of overpopulation. The present world population will have doubled by the end of this century—not very far off; my students will just be middle-aged people—and while that's happening, under any circumstances that are now foreseeable, famines will have occurred in various parts of the world on an unprecedented scale.

WICKER: As a biologist, a student of life, what in your view can humanity do to control population?

WALD: The first things to do are rather obvious. We need to make available as rapidly as possible not only cheap, but free means of birth control that are reliable and universally accepted. I don't think that will begin to be enough, and so I think another thing that has to come along as rapidly as possible is a cheap, free, safe, and universally accessible means of voluntary abortion. When both those things have been instituted on a worldwide basis, we will have achieved a situation I consider to be desirable from every humanitarian and every idealistic point of view—a situation in which nowhere in the world need a woman bear an unwanted child.

Now, will that be enough? Well, I'd like to get to *that* point as quickly as possible, and then take stock and see where we are. I think it likely that even those procedures would not be enough and that we'll have to go on to other reasonable ways of controlling population. But I think that however repulsive some people may regard the procedures I am suggesting, they must realize that the present state of affairs has enormously more repulsive elements in it. Young children are being cut down by famine, war, disease, and poverty. We have turned loose the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse on the children of this earth, and I think we need to bring these procedures into force as rapidly as possible if we are to save the lives of those children, and if we are to make their lives decent and meaningful.

WICKER: It is suggested in some of the wilder visions of the day that perhaps we will find an outlet for the earth's population in space. Is this possible?

WALD: Utter nonsense. Just part of a well-organized space ballyhoo. As a scientist and a biologist and one who has taken a particular interest in the problem of the origin of life over the years, I don't believe there is any other life than that which exists on the earth, anywhere else in the solar system. Life is a chancy thing, a very chancy thing, a highly improbable phenomenon, and the earth is the only place in the whole solar system that has conditions that might support it.

WICKER: Still, you're an optimist—

Samsonite introduces a festive new line of folding furniture just in time for the holidays.

Look them over. It's the loveliest line of Samsonite Folding Furniture ever offered. For fun and games, our new Deluxe Game Table or Regular Game Table. Both with removable trays to hold cards and chips. Combine with Celebrity® Chairs in Levant Black and even the losers can lose in style. Need more tables and chairs for holiday dinners or setting up beautiful buffets? The Celebrity Round Table in Danish Walnut vinyl is shaped for fellowship. Combine it with Celebrity Chairs in Golden Fern Fabric for fabulous effect. Taste run to patterns? The Celebrity Square Table in Blue Vineyard vinyl may be just the gift that you're

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looking for. Especially if you set it off with four matching vinyl covered chairs. Is quiet elegance your cup of tea? The Celebrity Hard Top Table in Burnt Cork laminate is for you. Feels like wood. Is burn and stain-resistant. Combine it flawlessly with Celebrity Chairs in Olive Fabric. Something Classical? The Tempo® Square Table in beautiful Avocado Green with matching chairs is something special. Look for the set of Samsonite Folding Furniture that suits you best in your favorite fine furniture or department store. It's bound to make your holidays more entertaining.

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an angry optimist. In the face of these terrible perils we've been talking about, that in itself seems remarkable. What are you optimistic about, Doctor Wald? What is it you would wish for the world ahead?

WALD: Well, my heavens, a good decent life—a good decent life for men all over the world. Technology, human technology can be a great thing. It can be the servant of men in providing a life of decency, a life that has enough leisure in it so that men, young people and old, can exploit their potentialities.

What is it that one most wants for human beings on this earth? Well, every child is born with a genetic complement, genes that represent certain potentialities, physical and mental; and what one must want for that child is a chance to realize those potentialities.

And what does that take? Well, for his body, it takes some good food, proper feeding. And then that child who has been born into the human race and into the human enterprise has to be taught how best to live. Not every child has equal mental potentialities any more than physical potentialities, but one would like to give every child a chance to realize his potentialities, whatever they are.

And then one wants to see that grown-up child become not just a consumer, but a unit of man, with all the creativity that is the very mark of what it is to be human. It isn't consumption that makes a man. It's those two things that no other animal in this world has. First, the ability to know. We *know*, we know in a way no other animal knows. Second, the ability to create, to do and make new things. Those are the two big things that go with being human, and what one wants for people everywhere.

You have to begin even before birth, really, to do a proper job, because to make a proper child, you have to take care of the mother, too, a lot of care of her. That's what we want, I think. Every child all over the world is a dependent. There is no such thing as an enemy child. You might somehow conceive of a grown-up as an enemy, but you can't conceive of a child that way. And to begin to take care of the children of the world, so that everywhere children are not only wanted by their parents, in order to be born, but when they have been wanted and have been born, one takes care of them, so that they fulfill their potentialities.

REPRIEVE

Oh, mother-in-law,
Sweet mother-in-law,
Forgive me for being so petty—
My newborn son is two hours old,
And I hate his wife already!

—SANDRA L. MCGILIVRAY

That doesn't mean making things so they don't have to struggle, it doesn't mean removing competition, it just means giving them that chance. So when I really am thinking practically, in the larger sense, and asking myself what it is I want as a slogan for people everywhere in the world, it's to make a better world for children. I think if we applied ourselves to that, if we asked all the practical questions that way—"Is that going to be good for children?"—the answers would always come out right. I go through the whole business to myself every now and then in a kind of litany.

Are ABMs good for children? You tell me. Are nuclear weapons good for children? You tell me. Is war good for children? Are SSTs, the supersonic transports, good for children, with that sonic boom that shakes you out of your skin? Are those things good for children? You tell me.

But better housing, better and more schools, aid to education, better nutrition, more food and better food, clean air, clean water, grass, running streams, open country—are *those* things good for children? You bet they are!

So that's the way I see my program, and if I were to offer the country and the world a slogan, it would be to make a better world for children.

WICKER: And therefore choose life?

WALD: Yes, because that better world for children would be the best possible world for adults, too. That's what we need to work on. THE END

Horoscopes: for gift giving

continued from page 46

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A GEMINI, May 21 to June 20

Sooner or later, Geminis are bound to react favorably to almost any gift, since they constantly run hot and cold. When young, they enjoy outdoor activity: a jogging suit, a bicycle built for two (they like company), a volleyball set, hiking boots. Although the women are statuesque, they go for dainty jewels—a cameo or a filigree ring. They are also home-conscious and would put a household item—even the nth pot holder—to good use.

Gemini men are gadget-mad—a pedometer, a barometer, even a thermometer will raise their frequently low blood pressure; so will an attaché case, as they are often impelled to take work home from the office.

Since both sexes tend to put on weight, membership at the nearest Y would be in order.

Their colors are canary and orange, but leafy greens bring them luck and additional self-confidence. A solid-agate (their stone) paperweight will serve as a monument to their own durability.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A CANCER, June 21 to July 21

This water sign indicates flexibility, but the watchword is sensitivity. Therefore, avoid a gift that appears coarse to the eye, harsh to the touch—rough woolens, woven handicrafts, pottery, rough-hewn wood.

More than most people, Cancerians ooze sentiment, treasure gifts and the presentation thereof. (So pay special attention to the wrapping, the message on the card, and the smile.) They like bright, airy, and cheerful surroundings. They hate bric-a-brac. When on the move, they usually start with something small, like a scooter, dream of graduating to a streamlined car, with a smart set of luggage in the trunk. Anything sleek—to accentuate their visions of sleekness—will warm their hearts: tiny transistorized gadgets, a wafer-thin typewriter, a fountain pen (and a rainbow of assorted inks), and other aids to supplement a voluminous correspondence. Children will flip for a dachshund, even a school of guppies—pets they can take care of.

Since absentmindedness is a Cancer characteristic, scratch pads, an appointment book, self-winding watches, pencils make marvelous stocking gifts. Better still: a certificate for a memory course. Green and gray are their chosen colors. Their jewel, whenever possible, is the ruby; but an opal often brings them luck.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A LEO, July 22 to August 21

Leo is a stubborn, imperious sign, possessing a high degree of energy, plus unfailing resources of power. At some point in their lives, Leos are seized by an urge to write; watermarked and personalized notepaper, quill pens, sealing wax, or a supply of erasers, carbon paper, and typewriter ribbons will be put to good use. They also are enamored of ingenious mechanical devices that flatter their craving for efficiency: push-button telephones, remote-control setups, electric carving knives and can openers. The women like to be ultra-feminine; charms and amulets will please them, or an antique watch on a chain. Since they like pounding pavements (even when employed), footwear won't be taken amiss. Where children are concerned, whatever they are given must be hardy: the beginnings of a rock collection, a back-yard jungle gym, a year's supply of dungarees. Educational reading matter is always in order. Colors are sunshine hues; the jewel corresponds—gold and aquamarine.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A VIRGO, August 22 to September 21

Not only hypersensitive perfectionists but also realists, Virgos are luxury-minded and critical. Their taste buds are attuned to delicacies, as pâté, brandied peaches, and your special fruitcake (with the recipe enclosed if you're feeling particularly generous). The women are extremely house-proud and revel in anything for the home—crewelwork, petit-point pillows, Venetian glass. The men are "quiet sportsmen" and would welcome a resilient fishing rod or a colorful gaggle of decoys (which have the added advantage of being decorative as well as functional).

Both sexes savor sensible, smart clothes rather than frills and flounces: tweeds, corduroys, cashmere accessories will please them.

Little girls like big-girl gifts, such as sewing kits and tea sets. Little boys are always on the lookout for adventure; a bicycle with a repair kit or anything mechanical will enchant them. Browns and grays are Virgo colors. The jewel is the Ceylon sapphire.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A LIBRA, September 22 to October 22

Humanitarians — discreet and sympathetic — Librans are naturally industrious and rate among the world's foremost peacemakers. They're very serious, and their humor sometimes is on the black side. Bear in mind that their symbol is scales. When selecting a gift, be observant about what they wear, use, choose. Librans will scrimp and save for a particular piece of expensive furniture or jewelry.

Your gift, no matter how small, must reek of quality: a pair of pigskin gloves, a favorite book rebound in leather, a precious glass paperweight. The women crave variety, particularly in accessories, which they wear in abundance. The men are camera buffs: a carrying case, a special lens, or a precision light meter will most certainly be welcome. The children like to learn by doing; instructive or constructive games and kits are sure winners. The colors for Librans are light shades of green, blue, and brown. The jewel is the opal.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A SCORPIO, October 23 to November 21

Scorpios are forceful, dominant, sometimes even rather formidable. They have strong artistic abilities and rank amongst the foremost creative writers, editors, and painters. They're devoted to their families, so successful gifts must please them and their loved ones: a family genealogy, photograph album, color TV, a trip to Las Vegas (Scorpios love to gamble). For under-$10 gifts, a bottle of vintage wine or bayberry candles will be welcomed, for they enjoy sentimental tête-à-têtes. The women love comfort and luxury; they are good cooks, superb

"Hold the rain, Simon, they're all wearing their London Fogs!"

No doubt you've noted the mischievous forces that make it rain when you're unprepared, and turn sunny when you are. (Maybe even angels get bored being good all the time.) But nothing is more virtuous than wearing your London Fog Maincoat.*

If it rains, you save yourself. If you cause it not to rain, you save your fellow man. LONDON FOG®

LEFT: THE ABBIE ABOUT $55.00. CENTER: THE TERRI ABOUT $45.00. RIGHT: THE VICKIE ABOUT $50.00. ALL OF 50% POLYESTER, 50% COTTON WITH ZE PEL® RAIN/STAIN REPELLER. SLIGHTLY HIGHER WEST OF THE ROCKIES. ALSO AVAILABLE IN CANADA. *LONDONTOWN'S TRADEMARK FOR ITS ANY WEATHER COAT. LONDON FOG HAS MATCHING HATS AND UMBRELLAS TOO. © THE LONDONTOWN MFG. CO., BALTIMORE, MD.

hostesses, and will appreciate gourmet accessories—copper kitchenware, rare spices, a pretty apron. For little girls, lessons in ballet, horseback riding, and other graceful pursuits cannot fail to score; whereas boys will flip over a surfboard, a hockey stick, ski togs, or a ukulele. Dark red or crimson will help them keep up their confidence and determination. The topaz is their lucky stone.

MERRY CHRISTMAS TO A SAGITTARIUS, November 22 to December 20

This is another fiery sign. Most Sagittarians take great pride in their appearance. They invariably think, act, look composed. Ease is their thing. But do not be entirely deceived by their casual, relaxed manner. They have strong convictions, so take great care in your selection of a gift. They are partial to military music (Sir Winston Churchill and General de Gaulle were born under this sign), and their bearing and ways are always noble. The men are blessed with business know-how. They love detailed information; hence an almanac, Who's Who, the new American Heritage Dictionary, a French *Larousse*, a subscription to an informative publication, and a rocking chair will keep them happy.

The women never tire of the opera, the ballet, delectable perfumes, although their taste in furniture is decidedly down-to-earth, ditto in clothes and accessories (which, in furs, means the real thing!). Little girls love new clothes, cuddly animals, and pretty ornaments to augment their inherent femininity. Boys are equally enthusiastic for toy soldiers, a tree house, camping gear. Colors are all shades of purple and navy blue. Jewel is the turquoise, but set in belts, cuff links, functional accessories—even back scratchers!

THE END

Up to here in gerbils

continued from page 39

twelve months a year. And whenever they have a litter, they produce an average of five gerbils (with a range of one to twelve).

Within six weeks, the new gerbils are ready and waiting to have *other gerbils*, and in six weeks, those gerbils have *other* gerbils, and then *those* gerbils—well, it's like rabbits, only worse.

And this means—well, what it means is that, give or take a few million gerbils, the 1,200 gerbils vintage 1966 now have six hundred and thirteen billion, twenty-eight million, eight hundred and seventy thousand, four hundred descendants. That is: six hundred and thirteen billion, twenty-eight million, eight hundred and seventy thousand, four hundred gerbils now at large, waiting to have one trillion, five hundred thirty-two billion, five hundred seventy-one million, one hundred seventy-six thousand new gerbils at the earliest opportunity.

As a result of all this creativity, the supply of gerbils quickly outstripped the demand, and gerbil selling became a lonely occupation. Creative Playthings bore this setback in silence, but struck back in their next holiday catalogue. Where once the furry, bewhiskered, lovable gerbil had appeared, there was now a succinct announcement: "This is the Year of the Crab at Creative Playthings, Inc. We've played with 'Clyppy' (Coenobita Clypeatus), researched his history . . . noted parents' enthusiasm . . . and now can recommend him as a fascinating household pet, new to the U.S."

In the interest of science and the annals of business history, and the thought of a possible present for a small friend, I ordered a box of hermit tree crabs and lived with them for six weeks. They were, in my opinion and in the opinion of everyone who ever came near them, the gloomiest pets ever conceived of, in no danger of being a problem to anyone except someone who might eat one by mistake. They stayed in their shells 99 percent of the time, which seemed like a disadvantage until they came out, exhibiting their bodies and personalities, and scared you out of your wits.

Searching the catalogue for a possible clue as to their virtues, I finally found a brief note that told all—"Will not," it ran, "reproduce." THE END

8 Speed Blender

For the recipe that's touch and go, this new Sears Blender has the answer

A blender, to do its job, needs real power. But the more power it has, the more important it is that you can control it. Completely. Totally.

This powerful new Sears 8-speed blender has the answer. It will sock it to almost anything and yet you never have to worry about overblending.

The reason is Sears special TOUCH-N-GO™ bar. It's not only an on-off switch. It's a separate control. You set the speed you want with the blender off. Then you simply press down the TOUCH-N-GO bar to start and release to stop. This way you know exactly what you're doing and where you're at. At all times. It makes delicate recipes easy and child's play of the rest.

But this blender has still more to offer. For easy emptying and cleaning, its 5-cup jar is glass, the jar opens at both ends and the stainless steel blades are removable. To make measuring easier, the jar is graduated in cups. With its heavy, stable base it won't tip or dance. It's neat too; the cord can be stored in the base.

All in all it's a very special blender. But it's just one of a number of very special blenders (from 7-speeds to infinite speed) you'll find at most Sears, Roebuck and Co. stores and in the catalog.

If you'd like, Charge It on your Sears Revolving Charge.

There are 21 counter-top appliances in 89 different models in Sears Counter Revolution. You have just learned about one.

Sears
★★★★★★★★★★★

Sears Counter Revolution

Ruffles and flourishes

continued from page 76

in the East Wing. During the next month, I gathered a staff of bright young women, to serve the press in a manner to which they eagerly became accustomed. As one of their breed, I felt I knew what they wanted—insight into the Presidential family, entrance to the White House, and, most important, a First Lady who cared about her country. My own role was to be the link between the First Lady and the press.

While she had never been a working newswoman, Mrs. Johnson understood a reporter's needs. From four years of journalism school at the University of Texas, she knew the language of the trade, the difference between an A.M. and a P.M. deadline, that it is better to be accessible than evasive. She was never more than a telephone call away from me. She understood my problems and tried to ease them.

Most important, she wanted to be a working First Lady, not an ornamental one. Backed by the President's complete confidence in her ability—and his enthusiastic encouragement—she chose several projects that were ideally suited to her generous temperament. In five years, she busied herself underlining the War on Poverty with countless meetings in the White House; she created the First Lady's Committee for a More Beautiful Capital; she made national and local causes of rescuing the environment through meetings at the White House, trips, and speeches; and she encouraged her fellow citizens to Discover America through a series of delightful safaris.

"Call it corny if you will, but I want to boast about America," Mrs. Johnson said firmly. "Perhaps I can just draw the curtain back a little bit wider, so people may see and, I hope, act."

The President thought it was marvelous. He thought she was marvelous. He just hoped I wouldn't get her into too much trouble. He would kid me whenever these trips received good press coverage. "Well, Liz, I see you got out your bullhorn and have Lady Bird all over page one."

Or if we hit a snag, as we often did, like meeting someone who would use Mrs. Johnson's visit to air criticism of the President, he wouldn't let me forget it.

Despite this, I knew the President was our enthusiastic backer. When we were on a trip, I always got up early and phoned the White House to find out how the New York and Washington papers carried the story of our activities. First, I would try to get hold of someone in the press office, and most likely I would find that the President's assistants were still home in bed at the ungodly hour of 6:30 A.M. So, in desperation, I would say to the switchboard operator, "Well, who *is* awake?"

"No one, Mrs. Carpenter, except the President. He's been on the telephone for the last half hour."

"Well, then, give me the President," I would reply.

The President would have already read the papers, and he understood completely why I was so eager to know how the story went in print. He could tell me succinctly. For instance, when we were in the Big Bend National Park on a Discover America trip with Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall, he summarized the coverage this way: "You have a nice story on page one of the New York 'Times.' There is a four-column picture above the fold. Lady Bird has on a Western hat and looks like the Lone Ranger. Udall is standing beside her, looking like Tonto."

Lyndon Johnson had more than his share of trouble with the press. Partially, the problem was numbers. There is only one President, and there are 930 reporters accredited to the White House. Well, actually, 928. While we were there, Arthur Krock retired, and Walter Lippmann left town. I always suspected the President felt these were two of his major achievements.

One of the newsmen's main gripes about LBJ, and they voiced it incessantly, was his unpredictability. News doesn't break in neat and tidy packages, and LBJ refused to serve it up to suit the convenience of the press. He would put out a story any time and anywhere he wanted to—in walking press conferences on the South Lawn, in hastily called conferences at a variety of locations. Occasionally, he invited a group of newsmen to go swimming with him, and they found themselves getting the news while doing the Australian crawl up and down the White House pool.

The President's idiosyncrasies so irritated the press that I frequently felt reporters let this color their appraisal of him. But there were times when I could understand their complaints. One evening, when Hal Pachios and Joe Laitin were manning the press office, the President was meeting with McGeorge Bundy about the Dominican crisis. The hungry and weary reporters wanted to go home, but Bundy insisted that they stay, because he wanted the President to make an announcement of some anticipated development. The hours dragged by, and the reporters grew increasingly irritable.

Finally, near midnight, Mac Bundy telephoned Hal and told him that the President had decided not to make the announcement, so the reporters could go home.

Joe and Hal stared at each other in horror. How could they possibly face the angry mob?

"Okay, Hal," Joe said. "Let's do it this way. You get on the loudspeaker and tell them to go home. I'll have the window open. We'll climb out, and we'll both run like hell. When you hit Pennsylvania Avenue, you turn right. I'll turn left."

And that is what they did.

President Johnson had four press secretaries during his term of office. Every time he changed one, there would be scattered rumors that I might get the job. These rumors put the fear of God into both the President and me. I knew my limitations, and it would have been about twenty-four hours before I had an eyeball-to-eyeball confrontation with the President. And he had stronger eyeballs.

Each of Lyndon Johnson's press secretaries tried to serve the President's best interest in his own way.

The roly-poly, cigar-smoking Pierre Salinger was an invaluable help in advising the President during the transition. LBJ relied on his advice because Pierre was well acquainted with the White House press.

George Reedy, who took over after Pierre resigned, was as lovable and lumbering as a Saint Bernard. He had worked as press aide for LBJ during his days as the Senate Majority Leader. Against Reedy's own

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If you've been putting your hands in cleansers and bleaches and detergents and stuff like that, you can't afford to mess around with just any kind of hand cream. You need something that really works. You need Chap-ans®.

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protestations, Johnson insisted that Reedy become his White House press secretary. Reedy was liked by reporters, but was more a philosopher than a generator of news. Many times, George found himself trying to double-talk his way between the President's penchant for secrecy and the reporters' desire to know. After seventeen months, with the President on one side and the press on the other hammering away, faithful George limped out of the White House press office with, of all things, a severe case of hammertoes.

Bill Moyers, like an evangelical Lancelot from Texas, rode into the press office to face a disgruntled array of reporters. Quick in wit, the dark-eyed, bespectacled, 31-year-old Baptist preacher relished the spotlight. He thought the President needed a translator, and he tried to be one. This pleased the columnists and annoyed the President, but for a few exciting months it worked.

The Moyers press briefings were never a bore. When the daily papers carried stories that Mao Tse-tung had been swimming in the Yangtze River, the exchange went like this:

Reporter: “Bill, is there any chance the President might go for a swim in the Potomac?”

Moyers: “No, but he will send Hubert Humphrey.”

Reporter: “Will you give us advance notice if the President does go swimming?”

Moyers: “He won't.”

Reporter: “What will he do?”

Moyers: “He plans to throw a silver dollar across.”

Like his predecessors, Moyers was plagued by the President's desire to keep his travel plans a secret. This irritated the press and once prompted the following exchange:

Reporter: “I understand the President is going to Kansas City.”

CHRISTMAS DAWN

Now is the silence that is holy,
All mortal sounds diminished,
all preparations finished,
Houses settled into the lonely
Simplicity of stillness.

This moment of dawn, the world
at pause,
In soundless contemplation,
in timeless adoration,
Exalts the Child upon the straw
More loudly than hosannas.

—BETTY ISLER

Moyers: “I can tell you forthrightly the President is *not* going to Kansas City.”

Reporter: “Thank God.”

Moyers: “I'll tell him.”

Moyers managed to cut most of these exchanges out of the public transcript, and thus they were never read by the President. But a few choice copies survive.

News was fast moving in the Moyers era, but it never moved fast enough for Johnson—literally. He would hold a press conference in his office, and before the reporters were out the door, running for the phones, the President would be waiting impatiently at the news tickers. If the stories didn't click off fast enough, he would lift up the glass lid, reach down, and pull out the copy—as though to speed it up. I was terrified he would get his arm caught in the machinery.

The Moyers era was not destined to last. The war in Vietnam was worsening. Johnson's popularity was declining. Tempers flared, and there was no turning back. The death of Bill's brother and increasing family responsibilities crowded in on him. Finally he left. It was a regrettable break, and one that caused suffering to both men. Bill Moyers was the only press secretary who really attempted to interpret the President's acts and decisions and to influence them. The others saw their job simply as a mirror of the man. They followed the boss' orders rather than endeavoring to question and argue. Johnson is a powerfully persuasive man. He respects those who argue against him, rare though they be.

Moyers was replaced by laconic George Christian, up from the Texas Political Establishment and Governor John Connally's rigorous training. He was exactly what President Johnson ordered—an efficient, understated spokesman, totally loyal, who preferred to say the minimum on any given subject. George was scrupulously fair in his relations with the press. He never attempted to explain the President. He said what there was to say and no more. He was available to all reporters, not just the prima donnas of the world of journalism.

It is too bad that, in the vernacular of the West, all four press secretaries couldn't have been crossbred. The perfect press secretary would have the camaraderie of Salinger, the knowledge of Reedy, the idealism and daring of Moyers, and the cool of Christian.

Clearly, the President and the press never understood each other. He made the mistake of assuming that reporters should be participants —more obliged to be citizens than critics. He never saw the press as a vast industry, with hourly needs to produce a product in print or on the air, a need that requires some degree of planning. The press, for its part, never understood LBJ's desire to hold back news until it was a fact.

The First Lady was more patient than her husband with the press. Most reporters, male and female, admired and liked her. This wasn't hard to do. She was considerate. She was doing something. And she treated reporters with warmth and respect. But she seldom read her own press, which surprised and slightly annoyed me. The President and I read every line. We are the

continued on page 142

NINE FLAGS SHAVING

Nine Flags made such a splash, that now we're making a spray.

All over America, men are splashing on Nine Flags.
It's a hit.
So now we're coming out with Nine Flags Aerosol.
It's a bomb.
We've taken the same nine exotic fragrances.
With essences imported from the same nine exciting countries.
To make the same nine great shaving colognes.
Convenient and handsome, they'll go anywhere in
the home. Lockable and leakproof,
they'll go anywhere in the world.
At just $3.50 each, no man should be without a country.

Nine Flags® Shaving Cologne

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continued from page 141

kind of people who, after every performance, wait up for the reviews.

Idle typewriters are the devil's workshop. This long-held belief prodded me to find stories at the White House that would keep the press busy writing articles we could live with—rather than leave them time to write the ones we couldn't. I kept a bank of story ideas and pulled them out to divert a reporter who was, for instance, demanding a personal interview with Lynda or Luci when the girls were too busy.

When some reporter would call up and ask, "Does Luci really dye her hair?," I would reply, "Oh, come on, what kind of story is that? There is a really good story here about all the animals that have lived at the White House. Did you know Woodrow Wilson kept sheep here? Did you know William Howard Taft had a cow named Pauline Wayne?"

My diversionary tactics didn't always divert. The definitive history of animals in the White House, for instance, remains unwritten. But I tried, and the world still doesn't know whether Luci dyed her hair. For that matter, neither do I—nor do I care.

I held briefings whenever a trip was coming up or there was a great deal of news to announce. For these sessions, I used the family library of the White House, a cozy room on the ground floor, filled with books, antiques, and a fireplace, which was always crackling in the winter. There was just enough space for everyone to sit, and we improved the atmosphere by having White House butlers serve tea and cookies.

There is no recorded text of these briefings. If there had been, my tenure at the White House would have been much shorter. At first, Pierre Salinger wanted to send over official White House stenographers to make a written transcript of each briefing. "Not on your life!" I told him. "I want to be in a position to deny everything."

Some questions at press briefings taxed my ingenuity to the limit. For example:

Reporter: "Why has Luci changed the spelling of her name from Lucy to Luci?"

Me: "How many of you have ever been sixteen?"

Reporter: "How do you spell her name?"

Me: "*I* spell it *both* ways."

Of course, my slaphappy answers were not really in the great tradition of press secretaries. If I had gone into my job from one of those big advertising agencies on Madison Avenue, I'd have known better and answered with a casual, "I'll check on it," or, "That matter is receiving the highest priority, and I'll be back in touch with you." But I went into my job through the uninhibited path of the newspaper profession.

I went to Washington during World War II, fresh from the University of Texas journalism school. The war had put lines on the face of Washington, but the excitement and majesty were still there. If you are young and a reporter—and I was—there is no escape. The mood is there. The city is yours. Beauty, intrigue, the in-the-know luncheons, the breathless waiting through a tight vote on Capitol Hill, the bartering in the cloakrooms of Congress, the over-the-shrimp-bowl gossip at five. It's all there, and you become a part of it.

To a country girl like me, it was simply a matter of love at first sight. My early childhood had been spent in Bell County, Texas—one of those rocky, rural central Texas counties where you can still run against Herbert Hoover and win. About the only events that broke the monotony were the infrequent meetings of the Children of the Confederacy.

(Years later, when I campaigned with the Johnsons in the black ghetto areas, I wondered how the militants would react if they knew a Child of the Confederacy was among them. But I was less than six at the time I signed up, and it was the respectable thing to do if you had any ancestors in the Army of the Grey. I did—in abundance.)

Even though the small Texas towns of Salado and Belton seemed listless then, I am ever in their debt. The Homeplace, built and occupied by my forebears for six generations, cast a spell on all those it had touched. For me, it is still like rose petals in a lovely old earthenware jar; every corner is fragrant with memories. Dozens of cousins on pallets in the summertime, reading the worn old books in *The Little Colonel* series; the cool dignity of the old parlor, where my mother and father were married. My father—blunt, optimistic, an Al Smith Democrat—worked hard to help his five children "amount to sumpthin." My mother blessed us all with a gift of wit and inner calm. (My inner calm was the first to go!)

When my oldest brother, Tommy, was college age, my mother packed us all up, and we moved to Austin, so she could put her children through the university. I adored my college years. I became the first girl vice-president of the student body and fell in love.

But the object of my affection, Leslie Carpenter, was headed for the U. S. Navy, and letters from Tommy, now in Washington, convinced me that Washington was what I wanted. When I got my degree from college, my parents dug down deep and furnished the $250 to send me to the capital to seek my future.

The National Press Building looked frightening; but like a magnet, it pulled me. I put on my best clothes, took my scrapbook of clippings, and timidly began knocking on its doors for a job.

Opportunity came in the form of a dynamic newswoman. Esther Van Wagoner Tufty hired me as assistant everything—reporter, secretary, bartender. Her news bureau gave me a press pass that took me everywhere. I began to meet the city and know its temperament.

Exciting as Washington was, it didn't compare with the excitement that accompanied letters and phone calls from Les Carpenter, soon to finish sea duty and be stationed in the Philadelphia Naval District. I don't remember that he really ever asked me to marry him. We both just assumed we would marry. On June 17, 1944, we were married in a chapel at the National Cathedral, with a hundred friends present, mostly Texans-in-Washington. Two of those friends were my Congressman from home and his wife, Representative and Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson. I barely knew them then, but their coming to my wedding was a characteristic gesture, as I later discovered. To him, we were a couple of young people from his home district who happened to be two thousand miles away from our parents in the middle of the war. He didn't want us to be alone at that big moment.

no
maybe
yes
if
but
yes
no

When the war ended and Les was discharged from the Navy, we settled down in Washington. For us there was simply no other place. Les quickly landed a job with Bascom Timmons News Bureau, later founding his own news bureau.

Children we wanted, and children we got. Two in three years. A son, Scott, and a daughter, Christy—both gorgeous, if I say so myself. Deep brown eyes like their father's. Long and lean like their father. In fact, everything like their father. He got the byline, and I did all the work.

However, raising children while working for a dozen newspapers is no way to grow old gracefully—rapidly, but not gracefully. I don't know why I thought I personally had to break the news of every new postmaster or upstream dam in Texas, Arkansas, or Oklahoma, but that is the kind of female I am.

Our children seemed to thrive on it. They grew up knowing how to answer long-distance phone calls and get the information right. It wasn't unusual for me to arrive home after they were asleep and find a message in childish handwriting: "Jerry Jones of the Arkansaw Gazzette wants you to check wire services story that Brooks Haze will be named to State Department job."

As Scott and Christy have grown older, I have asked them if they thought their childhood left them scarred. They assure me it didn't, but they feel it left *me* scarred—in the brain. Periodically, I became absentminded about such things as how old they were. They love to recount the time that "Mommy took Christy to a Book Fair and asked for a book for a twelve-year-old child." Christy kept tugging at my dress and saying, "But, Mommy, I'm only ten!"

The children went with us when Les and I covered the 1960 political conventions. First we went to Los Angeles, where Senator Lyndon Johnson, who, over the years, had become our good friend, surprised everyone by accepting the Vice-Presidential spot on the ticket with John F. Kennedy. LBJ had made a hard, last-minute try to get the Presidential nomination himself and had found that delegate strength does not rest with U. S. Senators but with governors.

Many of LBJ's supporters and political allies never forgave him for accepting Kennedy's invitation to take the second spot. Wasn't he more powerful as Senate Majority Leader? Wasn't he taking the number-two spot in the Executive branch, while giving up his number-one spot in the Legislative? But, LBJ reasoned, Kennedy was big enough to ask him. He, the older man, should be big enough to accept.

After Los Angeles, we went on to Chicago, to cover the Republican National Convention and see it produce the Nixon-Lodge ticket.

I was sitting in the Conrad Hilton Hotel beauty shop trying to recover from two weeks of smoke-filled rooms when a call came from the LBJ ranch. It was Mrs. Johnson. "Lyndon asked me to call you, Liz, and see if you could take off from your newspapers until after the election. We'd like you to share the great adventure of our lives."

My heart leaped, but I asked for time to think about it. For three days, I thought of nothing else. One fear kept plaguing me as I wrestled to a decision—my fear of flying. I just hate to fly. Hardships I can bear, but get me more than two feet off the ground and my palms perspire, my blood pressure rises, and I search frantically for the emergency exits. I hate myself for it, but that's the way I am. And I knew very well that in political campaigns you fly—and fly and fly.

Everyone in the family thought I should accept, but they were sympathetic about my cowardice. It was Scott, philosophical at age fourteen, who cinched the decision. "Just look at it this way, Mom," he said. "There never has been a bird that crash-landed. And you'll be flying with Lady Bird."

Somehow, the Lord—and Lyndon Johnson—gave me courage. We flew. I survived. We won. And by this time, I was a captive of politics. When Vice-President Johnson asked me to be his Executive Assistant, I accepted without hesitation. The great adventure was well underway. Already I had made one discovery. It was more dangerous to be a participant than a critic, but it was infinitely more satisfying. . . .

The office of Vice-President has been called many things—most of

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them unprintable. Hubert Humphrey said it was like the car-rental agency Avis: "I'm number two, and I have to try harder." But Johnson settled down in the Senate to try to be the best Vice-President in history. That was not easy. On one side he had Senate Leader Mike Mansfield, whom LBJ had groomed and recommended to Kennedy as his own successor. Already the suspicious voices of lesser men were busy: "Don't let the Great Johnson run you. He'll make you a puppet." So Mansfield, unable to resist these suspicions, drew a shell around himself, cutting himself off from the man who had chosen him for power in the first place. If LBJ ever resented this, he never showed it. But more and more, he found himself having to seek support and help in other directions than from the Democratic Leader of the Senate.

Aside from Mansfield's frosty attitude, President Kennedy couldn't always keep his swashbuckling Irish Mafia in line. They were newcomers to town and wanted to show their vigor on Capitol Hill without any help from "the Great Johnson"—that is, until they got in a jam. Then they would have to turn to LBJ to move in and rescue a close vote.

"The difference between being a Senator and Vice-President," Mrs. Johnson once summed it up succinctly, "is the difference between power derived and power assigned." LBJ's assignments now originated in the White House rather than from his people.

Jack Kennedy understood and did his best to help. He invited the Johnsons to everything, public and private, at the White House. If his staff people occasionally forgot, he was quickly on the phone to social secretary Tish Baldrige, telling her to make amends.

Actually, Johnson was much closer to Jack and Jacqueline Kennedy than the public ever knew. Theirs was the kind of relationship that permitted them to dine comfortably on a particularly troubled day. "You're the only one who will really understand," Mrs. Kennedy once told LBJ, and it was Jackie who personally selected him to make the speech at a dinner honoring French Cultural Minister André Malraux.

President Kennedy assigned the Vice-President to "show the American flag" abroad in Africa, Southeast Asia, the Dominican Republic, Jamaica, Scandinavia, the Benelux countries, Berlin, and the Middle East.

Senegal was the first foreign assignment. LBJ was to head the U. S. delegation to the celebration of this new African nation's independence.

The delegate from the Soviet Union was getting major attention in the press. The Vice-President was determined that the Russians wouldn't outshine us, so he buoyantly explored the marketplaces of Dakar, meeting the people on the street and letting them know the U.S. was their friend. In the hot, smelly heat, we drove out of the city to Kayar, a small fishing village. While the American Ambassador, a gentleman of the old school of diplomacy, remained in the air-conditioned car, LBJ walked up and down the dusty streets, shaking hands and making friends. Suddenly I heard Dr. Willis Hurst, our delegation physician, gasp and say, "My god, he's shaking hands with a leper!"

LBJ couldn't have cared less. "If they—" he nodded toward the State Department people—"think they are going to meet me at an airport and put me in an air-conditioned Cadillac and drive me past hundreds of people who want to shake hands with the United States of America embodied in me, well, they've got another think coming."

This personal diplomacy was popular. After two hours of LBJ's visiting Kayar, the wonderful old tribal chieftain, his white robes whipping against his legs, ran up to say one more good-by to the Vice-President. His tribal tongue had to be translated, but the message was loud and clear: "You go back and tell your President that you are the first important man from any country to visit my village."

When he traveled, LBJ always wanted to bring home a gift to everyone on his staff and in his family who hadn't gone on the trip. Once, in an Istanbul bazaar, he spied some Turkish slippers he thought would be perfect for the ladies. So he dispatched his personal secretary, Juanita Roberts, to the bazaar with instructions to select a hundred pairs in various sizes. The slippers, not in pairs but individually, had simply been tossed into one big barrel. That was the day Juanita lost her twenty-twenty vision.

The Vice-President loved to share with his staff the gracious hospitality he was offered in his travels. He knew that we would be thrilled to stay in the marble halls and palaces. He was right. Some of the thrills were unexpected.

In Iran, Bess Abel, then Mrs. Johnson's private secretary, and I were given a suite in the Shah's guest palace. Our living room was the size of a football field. The palatial bedroom was truly fit for an empress. There was only one catch. We had to share our bath with thirty-five Secret Service agents. There was no lock on the door, so we quickly revived the old custom of singing in the bath.

Traveling abroad with LBJ was as rigorous as campaigning with him in the United States. Surprisingly, he got one of his most helpful campaign hints from Richard Nixon. "One thing I learned in campaigning," Nixon once confided to LBJ, "was to change shirts frequently. Your staff won't want you to take the time for it, but it freshens you up immediately. So I carry several shirts in a briefcase, to have handy." LBJ took

continued on page 144

Petite...exquisite polyester crepe slip-on for taking your leisure fashionably. Dazzling confection colors: hot pink, champagne, copen blue, red, turquoise, black. Is easily cleanable. AA and B widths. **$8.** Slightly higher Denver West.

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continued from page 143

Nixon's advice and always carried a shirt supply. But one day in Houston, he ran out of them. It was sweltering, and he had thrown so much enthusiasm into his speeches that he was wringing wet.

Just before our motorcade was to leave the downtown hotel for the auditorium where LBJ would make his next speech, he spied me and said, "See if you can't get me a shirt before the next stop. Size seventeen and a half—thirty-seven."

I darted into a nearby department store, hoping that the motorcade was long enough to enable me to catch a ride in the last car. Fortunately, I had an understanding clerk. When I shouted, "I need a white shirt, size seventeen and a half, thirty-seven, for the Vice-President of the United States," she didn't blink an eye. She pulled out a shirt, and I thrust $10 in her hand. Not waiting for the change, I was out the door just in time to thumb a ride at the end of the motorcade.

Campaign rides were never routine, and LBJ was full of surprises. Once, in Pittsburgh, he was campaigning in the steel-mill district during the middle of a threatened steel strike against steel boss Roger Blough. At his side was labor leader David McDonald. All along the route, they were leaping out and shaking hands. Just as they reached the union hall, LBJ turned to McDonald and said, "Let's get Roger Blough on the phone."

LBJ had an idea how to avert the strike, and in fifteen minutes the two sides were closer to a compromise.

Man-to-man government. Man-to-man diplomacy. Those were Lyndon Johnson's specialties. And more than any man I ever met, he was a creature of unabashed sentiment. When I remember Lyndon Johnson, I always seem to see a Long Arm—reaching out to pick up a telephone, to grab a sheaf of papers, to shake hands, to embrace, to comfort, to persuade, sometimes even to shove, but always to include.

I was with LBJ the day Sam Rayburn died. Mr. Sam was LBJ's political father, and his last illness hung over the Vice-President like a dark cloud. Doctors had told us death was imminent, but you are never quite prepared. LBJ's press secretary, George Reedy, and I were with the Vice-President one November morning en route to the airport, where we were joining President Kennedy and were to fly with him to Seattle.

"I'm going to enjoy this trip," LBJ said to George and me. "There won't be a lot of speaking to do, and I am with two of my favorite people." The phone in the limousine rang. He picked it up, listened, muttered a few words, and then placed it down with an air of finality. "The Speaker is dead," he said. "And I'm not sure I want to live in this town any more."

On the way back to the Johnsons' home to make our plans to go to Bonham, Texas, for the funeral, he was full of memories about Mr. Sam. "He was always where I could reach him and get his counsel, and now he is gone."

The Johnsons and I flew to Bonham that day, and the Long Arm was out in comfort to the Speaker's sisters and nieces and nephews.

Sam Rayburn's friends of seventy-nine years came, and the Vice-President met every one. "We feel a little closer to Mr. Rayburn, having Lyndon come," one man told me.

The funeral was set for the following afternoon, but our stay was interrupted with a call from Arizona. Venerable Senator Carl Hayden, who had served Arizona since it was a territory, was anticipating a tough political campaign the following year and wanted the Vice-President to be at his big political dinner that night in Phoenix. The Vice-President tried to beg off.

"Sam would have wanted you to do it, Lyndon," the canny old Senator said. "You can fly back to Bonham tomorrow for the funeral."

So we flew to Arizona, and the Vice-President made a magnificent speech for Hayden. We had returned to our Phoenix hotel, and I had just fallen asleep, when the phone wakened me. Mrs. Johnson's brother, Tony Taylor, had had a serious heart attack and had been taken to a hospital in Santa Fe. I went next door to the Johnsons' room and gave them the news. LBJ was on the phone immediately. While Mrs. Johnson and I packed, he was talking to doctors, checking with the pilot to make arrangements to return to Bonham via Sante Fe, calling his own heart specialist in Atlanta. He was in charge. Listening to him, Mrs. Johnson said what she so often repeated. "Lyndon is a good man to have in an emergency."

I remember, too—Dallas on November 22—when, under the most terrible circumstances, Lyndon Johnson became President. And through the shock and horror everyone shared, the Long Arm went out via the plane's radio-telephone, summoning the Cabinet and the Congressional leaders to a meeting at the White House that very night. And then the painful call to comfort the mother of President Kennedy.

With the shades of Air Force One drawn and only the sound of an occasional sob, soft footsteps, and whispers, the words of Mrs. Johnson kept coming back to me: "Lyndon's a good man to have in an emergency."

An old friend who served in the Roosevelt Administration warned me, "When you've worked in the White House, the rest of your life is like playing poker for matchsticks."

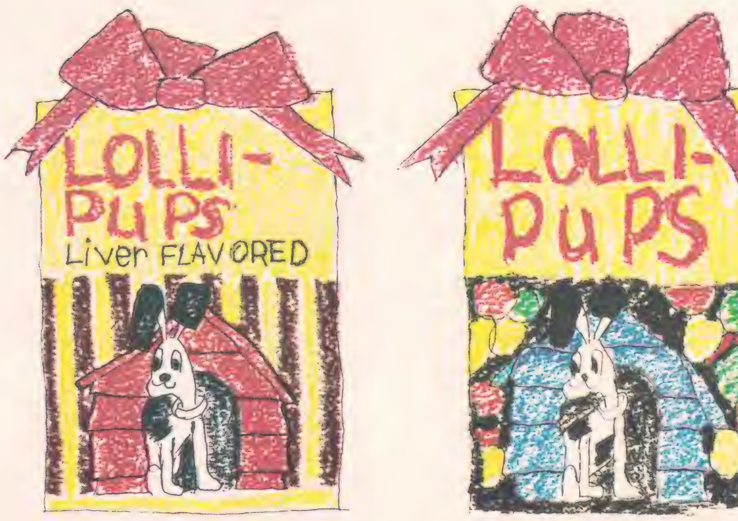
He was right. The five years I spent as a member of the White House staff were the best years of my life.

My title—Press Secretary and Staff Director to the First Lady—seemed to be clear enough, but people were always asking me to clarify it. My answer to this was simple: "I help her help him." And that really covered everything.

The scene of my crime was primarily the East Wing, which housed the First Lady's press office and my Saint Francis of Assisi prayer (that's the one where you are big about everything and see love in the midst of turmoil). Nearby was the social office, which had a refrigerator and a shower. (Social secretaries are expected to work like plow horses all day and look like butterflies at night.) There was also the office of the military aides, who appeared sheepishly misplaced when ordered to zip up an evening gown as we rushed to our duties in the East Room. "We're an army in a goddam boutique," one of them said in disgust one day.

I arrived at the White House each morning at 8:00 A.M. My driver picked me up at home at 7:30 and drove me in a shiny government

Merry Christmas to you
Merry Christmas to you.
Merry Christmas dear Rover.
Merry Christmas to you.



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limousine, my favorite fringe benefit. (When I go to heaven, I've reserved the same car and driver. Richard M. Nixon has pressed him into other service in the interim.)

There was always a thrill of anticipation in going into the White House, because you never knew what kind of challenge the day would hold. I could hear the phones ringing down the hall. My office suite had twelve overworked telephone lines, and even at that early hour, half of them would be lighted up—an inquisitive reporter on every line.

"How many beagles now in residence? What sex? Is Lynda meeting George Hamilton to attend the Hollywood premiere? Is it true the President can't stand him?" This comes in the clipped accent of a Manchester *Guardian* reporter calling long distance from England.

"What are the First Lady's plans for Easter? What is she doing today? When will we have the text of her Radcliffe speech?" This is the barrage of questions from Associated Press and United Press International.

"What does it cost the taxpayers to paint the White House—and by the way, when did it become the White House?" That from the history-minded New York *Times*.

A tourist—a lady with a Southern accent—complains that the azaleas on Pennsylvania Avenue are dying. "Mrs. Johnson should see that they are watered."

Walt Rostow's office wants me at the meeting in the Situation Room at 3:00 P.M. to discuss the forthcoming visit of the King of Saudi Arabia.

The President's chief speech writer is on the phone. "Will you gather your humor group together and send over a draft for the Gridiron speech? By tomorrow at noon?"

Two brisk rings—the First Lady's signal. Would I join her on the second floor to go over the plans for next week's trip?

I start out the door and am on my way to the peace and quiet of the second-floor family quarters. When I step off the elevator, I hear Mrs. Johnson singing in her room, humming when she loses the words, picking up again when they come to her. This happy sound—something as simple as a woman singing while she goes about her daily chores—always came as a surprise to me in this house of history and pressures. The President, spending the morning in the Mansion for a session of memo reading, is in the next room at his paper work.

Mrs. Johnson is petite and pretty in a bright-red dressing gown—a gift from the President. (He heaps gifts on her, and she always says, quite truthfully, "Lyndon indulges me in much more expensive things than I would allow myself.")

Sunshine fills the room. From her window she can look out, past the enormous magnolias planted by Andrew Jackson, past the Washington Monument, to the Jefferson Memorial. (It was a view she adored. Shortly after moving in, she pleaded with a maid who was drawing the long, heavy curtains at sunset, "Please, don't ever close the light out until the very last ray is gone.")

She looks up and greets me. "Hello, Miss Liz. I'm getting jittery when I look at the calendar. I've signed up for four speeches for this trip next week. Are you all tied up, or can we spend the next hour or so on them?"

Before I can answer, the door opens and the President strides in. Looking over his wife's shoulder, he reads our itinerary for the trip.

She smiles up at him. "Any suggestions?"

"No," he says. "It looks all right. You might want to get the two Senators over here and ask them questions. I'll try to find time to call the governor for you. I doubt if he's very interested in educating poor people. But he might as well know we are."

The phone interrupts, and I pick it up. It's the switchboard operator. "Secretary Rusk is trying to reach the President." I hand the phone to the President, who says, "Tell the Secretary I'll be in my office in two minutes and talk from there." With that, he heads for the oval office and another day filled with burdens.

"Poor man," Mrs. Johnson says, "he hardly slept at all last night. He was on the phone to the Situation Room from two a.m. on."

Thus would begin a typical day at the White House—for him, for her, and for me.

For LBJ and all of us who served him, there were 1,887 action-crowded days—"Full of peaks and depths. Rugged and exciting," as Mrs. Johnson put it.

For me, those days meant being perpetually on a precipice—never sure what would happen next. My duties were "elastic," as Mrs. Johnson once explained, and I sometimes felt in a two-way stretch—working as I did for both him and her.

I wasn't the President's favorite employee. I wasn't his *least* favorite, either. And I was far from his most intimate adviser.

Well, not *very* far from her.

My usual method of operation with the President was to write memos filled with candid suggestions—more than anyone could say grace over. At the day's end, I would slip into his empty room and leave my memos on his bedside table—then stay out of range until an answer came by phone or note. Answers like: "No! LBJ" or "Okay, good idea!" could squelch a whole trip or project or set it in motion. Sometimes directions were more explicit. Sometimes there was no answer at all.

continued on page 146

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continued from page 145

I tried to tell him what I thought he ought to know—ignoring the delicacies. In answer to one of my more fiery suggestions about his handling of the press, LBJ scribbled across the memo, "For the present this is all right, but I DO reserve the right to act in accordance with both MY decisions and MY better judgment."

Actually, I think he liked the nerve of some of my memos. My style contrasted with that of the more timid types, who didn't write memos and who would stand motionless, or just nod agreement, under the pressure of President Johnson's powerful personality.

"Liz would charge hell with a bucket of water," he told a columnist friend, who is something of a hell-charger herself.

Lyndon Johnson had a Westerner's disdain for status symbols. So did I. "You're the only one around here," he told me once, in a rare moment of open admiration, "who understands Salado and Johnson City."

Both the Johnsons reflected the land that nurtured them. She had been reared in the rich plantation country of east Texas, and she was as gentle and serene as the cypress trees there—quiet, deep-rooted, protected. The President was as strong and open as the weather-worn hills of west Texas.

Unashamed, Lyndon Johnson wore his heart on his sleeve. When Lynda was elected to the honorary society at the University of Texas—by earning three A's in her freshman year—he stopped in Austin to see her. He carried two big boxes of clothes—slacks, casual dresses, and evening gowns.

While the delighted Lynda modeled the clothes, her father watched, and then, with a feeling that fathers so seldom put into words, he exclaimed, "I love you so much!"

He brought the same open, exuberant, and sentimental spirit to his official duties. He felt poverty right to the pit of his stomach, and he could make others feel it, too.

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One hot July day, I stood in the back of the East Room and thrilled as I heard him tell the press and the world, "When I was a boy in Texas, there was so much poverty around us, we didn't know it had a name."

I watched him give it a name and a program. I sat in the Red Room of the White House with the First Lady and a group of advisers when they hammered out the War on Poverty—weapon after weapon: the Job Corps, Head Start, all the hopeful gambles aimed to lift people off the dole. Time and again, I heard the First Lady ask, "Will it work?" The answer from the President usually was, "It's worth trying." From these meetings came the giant effort that helped lift thirteen million people out of poverty in five short years.

If you are a child of the Depression like me—if you saw the parade of men who were out of work in the early 1930s, if you remember seeing a jobless man knock at your door and ask to rake leaves or sweep the steps or do anything, just for a meal or a bit of change—you can realize what it meant to me to live through those exciting White House days. . . .

Soon after becoming First Lady, Mrs. Johnson selected the projects she wanted to undertake. She tried to choose what came naturally, and Mother Nature certainly did! Mrs. Johnson becomes lyrical about every blade of grass, every redwood, every wheat field, every mountain peak, and every trackless plain from the Atlantic to the Pacific. She genuinely loves this country and feels, like conservationist Paul Sears, that "it deserves kinder treatment" than it gets from the litterers, the bulldozers, the proprietors of junkyards, and the purveyors of billboards.

Two people—Secretary of Interior Stewart Udall and Mrs. Johnson's good friend Mrs. Albert D. Lasker of New York—convinced Mrs. Johnson that her voice in behalf of improving the natural environment could be effective. The President gave his enthusiastic nod, and the First Lady plunged wholeheartedly into beautification. We traveled the country planting trees, dedicating parks, saluting the green thumbs of others who did these things, too. That old tree lover, Joyce Kilmer, couldn't hold a spade to Mrs. Johnson. We lost count of how many trees Mrs. Johnson had planted after the fifty-fourth, a dogwood. One day I wailed to her, "Not another tree-planting ceremony! My limbs have begun to ache. My roots have begun to disintegrate. I'll bet I'm the first human being in history to get the Dutch elm disease."

She laughed and said, "You'll be all right, Liz. Just let Doctor Burkley prune you and spray you."

Planting wasn't all. There were fixing up and cleaning up, too. One of the first gifts to the First Lady's Committee for a More Beautiful Capital was $25,000 from Laurance Rockefeller for experimental work on cleaning the green oxides from Washington's eighty-five sculptured memorials. The gift helped start us off and then almost stopped us in our tracks, because the Department of the Interior had no judgment about which statues to clean first. They wanted to use the money to clean General Sherman, whose statue sits proudly in downtown Washington, attracting more starlings than tourists. The department's press release was scheduled to go out to newspapers just as Southern tempers were running high on school desegregation.

I told Mrs. Johnson about the forthcoming release and the good news for General Sherman.

"Does it *have* to be General Sherman?" the First Lady asked me plaintively. "He's my least favorite general."

"Apparently he is also the dirtiest and most in need of a cleaning," I replied.

"Well, let's go ahead and clean him up," she said, "but let's just don't announce it."

The voice of the White House on conservation grew stronger every day. In February, 1965, the President sent a message on natural beauty to Congress, serving notice that he put improvement of the environment high on the national agenda. In May, the White House Conference on Natural Beauty was held, and a thousand experts came to Washington to discuss not only conservation of scenic wilderness areas, but also better design of buildings, increased park space for urban areas, better planned highways, and pollution control. The First Lady opened the conference. The President made the final speech. Citizens all over the country rallied to the cause.

I realized beautification had really arrived when Senators, Congressmen, governors, and mayors began clamoring for recognition from Mrs. Johnson: a personal letter, a personal appearance, a dedication ceremony for some new project. Even the late Senator Everett Dirksen, Republican Minority Leader, wanted Mrs. Johnson to come see newly refurbished downtown Peoria. And it took the President all of one minute to tell us to go.

Everywhere Mrs. Johnson went, the townspeople would spruce up, sweeping the streets, having little drives, painting, and planting. I thought if we could just keep on the road, we might get the country in good shape.

The press, meantime, was getting a real education in gardening. They soon learned how to spell azalea, and before the five years were over, they had mastered even pyracantha.

In light of our far-reaching projects, the word "beautification" increasingly plagued us as too dainty and inadequate to describe all the facets of the program. We had lots of suggestions, some of them ridiculous, such as "plutonic space-a-fi-cation" and "bonnification," but the words "conservation" and "environmental improvement" were too worn out for what was happening. We stuck to "beautification," even though we were constantly reminded how misleading it could be.

Once, when Mrs. Orville Freeman was in Alaska, she visited a salmon-fishing village near Juneau. She was introduced to the women who worked in the canneries as "Mrs. Freeman from Washington, a member of Mrs. Johnson's beautification program."

A woman raised her hand to ask a question. "Could you tell us some of the latest hairstyles from the States?"

Even in Washington, some people were confused. At a White House party, one of Mrs. Johnson's staff members was introduced to another girl as "Mrs. Johnson's beautification assistant." In complete sincerity, the girl said, "Tell me, do you just do Mrs. Johnson's hair, or do you do Lynda's and Luci's, too?"

When I first went to the White House, Tish Baldrige, who had been Jackie Kennedy's social secretary, told me something she had learned from her one-time employer Clare Boothe Luce. Mrs. Luce had advised her protégée, "Just remember, Tish, no good deed goes unpunished."

I learned this was often true. One of our many planting projects was an impressive display of yellow tulips around the First Division Memorial in Washington. To our amazement, a veterans organization wrote to Mrs. Johnson protesting that the yellow streak of tulips reflected on the valor of the First Division. So the next year red tulips were planted, instead.

Despite periodic protests like this, beautification grew in Washington and around the country, more through inspiration than legislation. Try as hard as we could, no really adequate billboard-control act was ever passed. The Highway Beautification Act squeaked through Congress, weak compared with what was needed. But it was a first step, the first Congress ever took on billboards. The President did everything he could to win friends for it. He summoned a meeting of conservationists and told them in no uncertain terms that the purpose of highways is "not just to get people from one place to another: the purpose is to enrich the journey."

Mrs. Johnson was an active champion of highway beautification, and she had learned how to lobby for it from an expert, her husband. She telephoned Congressmen to urge their support and called on conservation-minded friends throughout the country to do the same. White House guest lists were filled with key Congressmen and conservation leaders. She even had their kinfolk in for tea, to rally their support. In a speech to the managing editors of the Associated Press, she urged them to write editorials on this issue. When they did, they got a personally signed letter of gratitude from the First Lady.

The impact of Mrs. Johnson's interest in improving the environment is a lasting one. Perhaps her greatest accomplishment was creating a new climate of opinion and a new awareness of how we were desecrating our country. As one Republican remarked, "Mrs. Johnson has done so much for beautification that I feel guilty every time I plant a geranium."

He needn't have. She wanted everyone's support and would never let beautification be a partisan issue. She was determined to use her position as First Lady to help solve the problems of blight and ugliness.

The President was behind her one hundred percent, even though he liked to kid her. "I go upstairs and try to grab a nap in the afternoon," he told a group of friends, "but Lady Bird and Laurance Rockefeller have a whole group of people in the next room talking about planting daffodils."

No one knows better than the President that long after the problems of the 1960s are history, the Johnson years will be remembered for the gentle and gifted hand that a lady gave to improve the landscape of America.

But she never took credit for her own efforts, and whenever anyone heaped praise on her, she would say, "I only stepped on a moving train."

She was at the throttle of that train for five years, and during those years, we traveled 200,000 miles to plant trees on mountaintops and in ghettos, to open schools in Appalachia, to visit the Head Start projects of a Newark slum, to walk through the fields of bluebonnets in a Texas pasture. We traveled by rubber raft, bus, ski lift, surrey, orchard wagon, rail, and foot—and in Mrs. Johnson's and my least favorite vehicle of all, jet plane.

In the course of our travels, we saw a lot of good things happening in this country. Some were self-starting in the local community. Some had been initiated with the dollars and know-how of Uncle Sam. A visit from the First Lady was a most effective way to underline the success story of the Administration and get it into print and on television.

My job was to engineer and organize the trips. I would charter the plane, dispatch the advance teams, and worry and pray that the weather would be good, the copy plentiful, the First Lady pleased and, hopefully, that we would serve the nation and the President.

A Lady Bird safari was something to behold. A mayor would be standing at the airport. Beside him, his wife—with a newly lacquered coiffeur and an armful of roses—and the local welcoming committee. They were often startled to see the plane door swing open and, instead of the First Lady, a Secret Service agent rapidly descend the steps, followed by an overweight press secretary (me) with a walkie-talkie, shouting orders to anyone in the vicinity. Next came a motley crew of cameramen, armed with their Nikons, tripods, and sound equipment; then a battered group of newswomen, carrying typewriters and note pads.

As one newswoman described this scene: "It's Lady Bird Johnson's traveling companions who need preservation and beautification—not the places they visit."

At the airport, the advance men or women, always recognizable by the glazed look in their eyes, would be frantically signaling: "Press buses this way! Press buses this way!"

Last—after everyone else was off the plane—came the First Lady, always prompting the same remark from her viewers: "So much prettier than her pictures."

That was the routine, as town after town was invaded by the First Lady's entourage.

Many ingredients made these trips worthwhile—most of all, Mrs. Johnson's inquiring mind and her curiosity and compassion.

"I want to go down to see what the Teachers Corps is doing in Appalachia," Mrs. Johnson said one day. "Liz, see if you can work out something in March."

This request set off a whole strategy of exploring and planning and produced a three-day trip called "Adventure in Learning," which took the First Lady and a planeload of reporters to the schoolrooms of West Virginia, North Carolina, and Tennessee.

The most interesting stop by far was in the mountains of North Carolina, where people have, for generations, been landlocked in the hills. Only recently had the Teachers Corps begun to make an impact on the classrooms. We set up our pressroom in Asheville, North Carolina, at the boyhood home of Thomas Wolfe. (I thought the ghost of this gifted writer might improve the copy.) Then our mission was to transport everyone by bus to a tiny mountain town—Canada Township—where we would visit the school and also a mountaineer family, Mr. and Mrs. Eldon Mathis and their seven children.

Up, up, the bus pulled us, higher and higher into the thickly forested mountains. Two weeks before, on our first advance trip, we had spotted smoke from the moonshiners' stills in the region, but there was none today. They knew the Feds were coming.

Finally, there were the clearing and a tidy little schoolhouse, the school yard filled with children, and a crowd of mountaineer parents all along the roadside, some carrying bouquets of wildflowers from the hills. They cheered as the First Lady stepped from our tour bus to meet the principal—redheaded, apple-cheeked Gertie Moss. You meet some truly golden people in the hollows, and one of them was Gertie Moss, who had taught there as long as she could remember and had been dipping into her own small salary for the emergencies—groceries for a family where the father had been laid off work, or medicine for a sick child.

Gertie accompanied us to the Mathis home. "It's best if I am with you," she explained. "There might be some folks up here who would think you are a revenuer."

Thanks to our advance man's memo, Mrs. Johnson was wearing expendable shoes and a loose skirt, so she had no difficulty walking down the muddy mountain road, hopping the stream, and climbing the fence to get to the Mathis front yard.

The Mathis family was lined up in front of the two-room shack, where they had enjoyed watching the "crazy TV" people for half an hour.

Clad in his best overalls, Mr. Mathis was direct and dignified. "Walk over this way," he warned. "We have to be careful of the rattlesnakes in the bean vines."

Mrs. Mathis put out her hand. "Y'all come right in, now," she welcomed Mrs. Johnson and the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare, John Gardner.

The Mathises were proud they kept their seven children in school. As Mr. Mathis said, "It ain't easy, 'cause the rains come washing down the mountains, and you can't hardly climb to the bus stop up on the road."

"But Mrs. Moss doesn't have to send the man for my children," Mrs. Mathis said, beaming proudly. "The man" meant the truant officer.

Mr. Mathis thought the four men teachers supplied by the Teachers Corps had helped a lot. The kids got haircuts now. They had new equipment at the school, and he and his "mizziz" went there in the evening for programs. Maybe his children would not stop at the third grade, as he had. They might go down the mountain and go to the high school thirty miles away. He'd see.

Mrs. Johnson wanted to know

continued on page 148

COLD OR FLU?

Do what doctors say to do:
1. Rest. 2. Drink fluids. 3. Take aspirin for the aches and fever. You see, doctors know aspirin is the best pain reliever and the best fever fighter there is to help you through a cold or the flu. And what's the best aspirin you can buy? You know it's Bayer. Because Bayer is the only leading advertised pain reliever that makes all its own aspirin. With care and half a century of experience no one else can match. And Bayer Aspirin is the only one of these pain relievers that's 100 percent aspirin. No wonder Bayer works wonders.

BAYER ASPIRIN
FAST PAIN RELIEF
BAYER ASPIRIN
100 TABLETS – 5 GRS EACH
BAYER ASPIRIN

Bayer works wonders

continued from page 147

what crops the Mathises raised. “We have a garden at our place in Texas, and I love it,” she said, enumerating the vegetables.

Mrs. Mathis said they raised some lettuce and beans and corn, “but the pigs beat us to the corn.”

It was a common tongue, and before Mrs. Johnson left, she had put a jar of peach preserves into Mrs. Mathis' hands. “Nothing tastes as good as when it comes from your own garden,” she said. “We got the Home Demonstration woman to come to the ranch to show us how to make this.”

The lesson was implied.

Before we left, a reporter asked Mr. Mathis what programs they watched on their television set.

“ ‘Lassie,’ ” he said, and listed a few more. Then, as an afterthought, he added, rather pleased with himself, “And we saw the President the other night. When he comes on, we don't turn him off. We leave it on jes' like it was any other program.”

After the trip, the First Lady reported to the President that his Teacher Corps was helping bridge the education gap in Appalachia. If *she* told him that, he knew it was true.

Trips had many purposes. Some we made to help America discover itself and, hopefully, to help the balance of payments by keeping tourist dollars here. Sometimes Mrs. Johnson would invite a group of foreign newsmen, serving as their guide through HemisFair, bluebonnet fields, courthouse squares of her own home state. It paid off—in thousands of words abroad on the wonders to see in the U.S.A.

If she visited a national park, the tourist numbers tripled within a week. If she took a raft ride, this became the In thing to do. She knew it, and she was glad to help the U. S. Treasury a bit by taking along reporters to tell about the wonders of the West or the East or wherever we went.

In the spring of 1968, amid rumors that New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller was planning to run for the Presidency, another trip was planned. The theme of the trip was to be: “American Beginnings on the Hudson River.”

We decided to start at the Statue of Liberty, take a boat up the river, detouring into the Harlem River for a special ceremony there.

Laurance Rockefeller, who serves as Chairman of the State of New York Council of Parks and Outdoor Recreation, had obtained a piece of land on the Harlem River, at present a junkyard, for a state park. The park would be a strategic outlet for the ghettos of Harlem. The federal government was going to kick in $455,000.

Laurance Rockefeller loves nothing better than a project where everyone has put in some money—not just the Rockefellers. This Harlem Park was an ideal example of state, federal, and local participation. The ceremony would bring together the governor of the state, who just happened to be a Rockefeller: the mayor of New York, John Lindsay; and George Hartzog, director of the National Park Service.

But what I hadn't foreseen, and what Laurance Rockefeller hadn't foreseen, was that Mayor Lindsay had his own cold war under way with the Rockefellers.

When I called the mayor's office and invited the mayor to be present for an eleven-o'clock ceremony on the Harlem River, I suffered one of the chilliest deep freezes in history from his aide.

Within an hour, the mayor himself called me back at the White House. “This Harlem ceremony is out of the question,” he said, “because I cannot assure the safety of the First Lady. That boat will pass under five bridges, and I just don't have enough policemen to protect the First Lady.”

This excuse was pure camouflage. We were not afraid, and I was pretty sure the mayor was trying to avoid spotlighting anything the Rockefeller family—Nelson or Laurance—had accomplished.

I did some checking around and found I was right. The mayor considered New York City his private political preserve. Harlem was the mayor's ghetto, and he didn't want anyone fooling around in his ghetto except him.

Mrs. Johnson thought the whole stalemate was silly. She didn't see any reason the mayor should stop the presentation. “Just invite him,” she said, “and if he doesn't want to come along, he doesn't need to. We can have the ceremony anyway. It's a good project, and Mr. Rockefeller has worked hard for it.”

The mayor hit the ceiling. I got the impression that if we tried to go up that river, he would personally be there to fire on us. I began to explore the possibility of whether we could circle Manhattan and enter the Harlem River *above* the bridges, tiptoeing in without the mayor's knowledge. In fact, I got so carried away with the strategy of invasion that I even contemplated asking the U. S. Marines to escort us.

The mayor realized that we were determined and finally agreed to let Mrs. Johnson come into New York City as long as she stayed on the Hudson River and didn't go to Harlem. He promised to board our Hudson River boat at Forty-Third Street. We would pull out into the river.

USE CHRISTMAS SEALS

1969 CHRISTMAS GREETINGS 1969

FIGHT EMPHYSEMA
TUBERCULOSIS AND
AIR POLLUTION

The federal check would be turned over in a ceremony. And then we would go back to the dock and let him off.

We agreed to go along with this itinerary rather than argue with the mayor any more, although it didn't make sense to be giving a check for a Harlem River Park in the middle of the Hudson River—but such is politics!

Our trip started at the Statue of Liberty, and all went well. We sailed up the Hudson River to the Forty-Third Street Circle Line docks. First, Governor Rockefeller and his wife came aboard. Then the mayor arrived, flashing his famous smile toward everyone who wasn't named Rockefeller. Out we sailed to the middle of the Hudson River. The ceremony was performed. By sheer brute force, I managed to get First Lady, mayor, governor, and Laurance Rockefeller close enough together for one picture. Cameras flashed. The deed was done, and we set sail back to the Circle Line docks.

But up the river at a rapid rate came a City of New York red fireboat. The mayor just couldn't stand to be there any longer than necessary. He had ordered it to pull alongside. As it did, he leaped from our deck to the fireboat and was off in a flash, leaving the governor startled, Mrs. Johnson amused, and Laurance Rockefeller happily holding the check.

All political figures we met on trips were not as difficult as handsome John Lindsay.

One of the best traveling companions we ever had was former President Harry S Truman. When King Paul of Greece died in 1964, President Johnson named a special delegation to attend the funeral in Athens. Heading the delegation were Mrs. Johnson, to deliver the President's personal condolences, and former President Truman, who had never been to Greece, although his Greek-Turkish loan had saved that country.

If you've got to go, King Paul knew how to go. All the royal blood of Europe came to pay respects for three days. Each foreign delegation was met by a royal relative and escorted into Athens. We drew Prince Michael, the handsome young cousin of the new King Constantine, and he obviously had done his homework for the assignment. When he settled down between President Truman and Mrs. Johnson on the ride in from the airport, he opened the conversation with the amenities. "I feel very close to the United States," he said, "because my great-great-grandfather was aide-de-camp to General Grant."

The mischief-making Harry Truman wasn't going to let this pass. He slapped the young man on the knee in a hearty gesture and said, "Well, son, as far as this lady and I are concerned, he was on the wrong side."

The young prince turned pale, and Mrs. Johnson tried to rescue the situation, which Truman was thoroughly enjoying. "Well, the important thing about that war," she said diplomatically, "was our ability to emerge as a strong nation."

But the prince was not the same for the rest of the visit.

When the newsmen in Athens kept trying to get President Truman to hold a press conference, he refused. He felt it just wouldn't be proper at this time. Some of the reporters prevailed on me to ask him one more time to meet with them. After all, Greece owed him a lot.

I went to him and told him how eager all the press was to meet with him.

But he was steadfast. "No, child," he said. "Some damn-fool reporter would ask me some damn-fool question, and I'd give some damn-fool answer."

That's what I call good Missouri horse sense.

Although I had often repeated, as blithely as the next journalist, the old line that "Washington is the only asylum run by its own inmates," no amount of preparation, no journalism school, no reporting experience could have prepared me for what I had to go through when Luci Johnson announced her plans to marry Patrick Nugent. The Perils of Pauline were child's play, I was convinced, compared to my daily life with Luci and her press following.

All the world does, indeed, love a lover, and until Luci became engaged, there hadn't been a White House bride for fifty years. Instantly, every hard-bitten reporter became a syrupy armchair cupid. Every would-be Washington hostess wanted to entertain the bride. Every commercial firm wanted to supply the necessary ingredients, from flowers to cake to blue-satin garters.

It all started on Christmas Eve of 1965 with a call to my Washington home from Luci and her mother, who were at the ranch in Texas.

"Guess what?" said the breathless Luci. "Patrick has given me an engagement ring, and we want to announce it right away."

"Now?" I replied. It was 11:30 P.M.

"Well, we're going to midnight Mass in Stonewall in a few minutes. There may be reporters there. I'm not going to take off my ring. And I don't want the story to leak. I want to announce my engagement like any other girl."

This seemed like a reasonable request, and I concocted a brief announcement, such as "any other girl" would have whose father didn't happen to be President of the United States. "The President and Mrs. Lyndon Baines Johnson tonight announced the engagement of their daughter Luci Baines to Patrick John Nugent of Waukegan, Illinois. A late-summer wedding is planned. Mr. Nugent's gift to Miss Johnson

continued on page 150

FEVERISH?

For fever due to colds or flu, rely on the fever fighter doctors recommend. Aspirin. That's right, along with being the best pain reliever you can buy, aspirin is the best fever fighter. And as you probably already know, Bayer is the only leading advertised pain reliever that's 100 percent aspirin. And the only one of them that makes all its own aspirin. With care and half a century of experience no one else can match. So when a cold or the flu makes you feverish, cool it fast with Bayer Aspirin... the world's best aspirin. You'll see, Bayer works wonders.

BAYER ASPIRIN
FAST PAIN RELIEF
BAYER ASPIRIN
100 TABLETS – 5 GRS EACH
BAYER ASPIRIN

Bayer works wonders

continued from page 149

was a white-gold engagement ring with three diamonds—a large center diamond and two smaller baguette diamonds on either side. Before placing the ring on Luci's finger, Mr. Nugent showed it to the President and received his approval to present it.'

It was now nearing midnight, and I knew that the White House press would be celebrating the eve of this religious holiday in a nonreligious manner. They operated out of a pressroom in Austin when the LBJs were at the ranch.

With announcement in hand, I telephoned Joe Laitin, an assistant to Bill Moyers, then the President's press secretary. Joe was dining with a large group of reporters, including Helen Thomas of United Press International, one of the most romantic newswomen in the entire world. In fact, Helen had scored the beat on Luci's becoming a Catholic and was determined she would have the story of Luci's engagement. She had written periodic rumor stories over the past weeks, much to the annoyance of LBJ, who kept reading the news before Pat Nugent had even asked for his daughter's hand.

"I need to talk to you, Joe. Can you talk?" I asked.

Joe, an old-time Hollywood reporter who had gone straight—and into government—caught on immediately. "I'll phone you back."

With Helen Thomas eavesdropping, he decided it was best to find another phone. He called back in a few minutes—from a pay phone.

I told him the big news and Luci's desire for a midnight announcement, and asked him to call the press together and inform them.

"Look, Liz," argued Joe, who was totally unmoved by the glad tidings, "I wish this story could wait until morning. In the first place, it's going to be hard to lay our hands on all the reporters at this hour. For another thing, there are so many rumors going around about a cease-fire in Vietnam that a press call will make them think something is under way."

"Tell them it's a tryst, not a truce!" I demanded and continued to dictate the release. When I got to the baguette diamonds, I had to spell that word three times.

Suddenly both of us were convulsed with the humor of the situation. In all our days of journalism, neither of us ever foresaw that our jobs would lead us to a Christmas Eve midnight announcement of the first Presidential daughter's engagement in fifty years. But the announcement was only the beginning, and Luci's story was page one on Christmas Day.

Soon after the announcement, it became apparent that we needed to set out some rules to discourage gifts for the bride. We were deluged with phone calls from foreign embassies wanting advice on what their heads of state should give, letters from commercial firms wanting to bestow a whole electric kitchen on the bride and then advertise it, and an array of sweet hand-crocheted doilies, made by sweet little ladies with romantic hearts.

Bess Abell, the social secretary, and I corralled Clark Clifford, prominent Washington attorney and a friend of the Johnson family's, and went into a series of summit meetings that produced the guidelines I was to leak to a "trustworthy source."

The Chief of Protocol was to discourage foreign governments from giving gifts and to advise them that it was a family, not a State, event. No gifts or visits were expected.

Gifts from strangers that had intrinsic value would be returned with a polite note. Gifts from close friends would be accepted. All gifts from commercial firms would be returned. The doilies and pot holders made by little old ladies would be accepted and answered personally. (Mrs. Johnson had a weakness for not hurting anyone.)

Through Stanley Marcus of Dallas, we had obtained Priscilla of Boston to design and produce Luci's wedding dress. And after looking over many designs, Luci picked The One. Now, to get it made!

Priscilla is a pretty, prim New Englander and was a match for the union organizer who started riding, like Paul Revere, all over Boston sounding the alarm: "Priscilla is a nonunion shop." The echoes reverberated through the trade press and clear back to the ears of David Dubinsky, of International Ladies Garment Workers Union fame. Mr. Dubinsky was an emotional man, who literally wept over the phone when confronted with the thought that his good friend the President of the United States would let his daughter marry in a dress without a union label.

Poor President! Poor Luci! Poor nimble-fingered nonunion ladies who were sewing on pearls!

We leaned on the wise and able James Reynolds, Assistant Secretary of Labor. He welcomed this happy problem as an escape from the meat cutters' negotiations, now in the cleaver-for-cleaver stage.

One suggestion was that Priscilla yield and join the union. "Absolutely not," said Priscilla. "I pay higher than union wages."

The next suggestion was that we choose another dress. This put Bess Abell on the couch reaching for tranquilizers. She could not bear to think she would have to go through the long, tedious selection process again. Besides, Luci *liked* the dress.

So we negotiated a compromise. Priscilla allowed the dress to be "assembled" at a nearby union shop, and her own talented artisans did the beadwork, which union machines cannot do. This didn't please anyone completely, but Dave Dubinsky stopped crying, Priscilla kept her employees happy, Luci got her gown, and Bess and I survived.

We posted a poem of the week: "The bride wore something borrowed, something blue, and a label from ILGWU."

This, however, was not to be the end of the union problems.

August 6—the wedding day—loomed on the weatherman's calendar as a day when the Washington temperature would top ninety degrees. A sweltering Saturday was in store, and, as pointed out in the Washington *Post*, "there is no air conditioning in the Shrine."

Out of the blue and in the middle of an airline strike, a United Airlines representative called to say, "We've read in the papers about the temperature problem at the church. We would be glad to help. Our blowers, which air-condition the planes on the ground, are just idling out there at the airport during the strike. We could turn the blowers into the doors of the Shrine the night before and have it nice and cool for the ceremony."

This sounded like a fine offer. Our bridal consultant, Clark Clifford, thought the suggestion was acceptable, and I proceeded to map out the invasion of air-conditioning units, to arrive at the Shrine at 6:00 P.M. Friday, August 5, the night before the wedding.

Marcia Maddox, a member of my staff, headed for the Shrine, walkie-talkie in hand, to get the complicated operations under way. I was still answering queries and trying to go home and dress and get back to handle Luci's rehearsal dinner.

The phone rang, and it was James Reynolds of the Labor Department. There was a note of alarm in his voice. "I have a tip that United Airlines is lending you blowers to air-condition the church."

I confirmed this, and he—as politely as a man can who has just left the meat cutters for the airline negotiations—let me know this was a terrible idea.

"I'm going to check with Bill Wirtz," I told him and promptly put in a call to his superior, the Secretary of Labor.

About this time, my alarm button—three rings if it's the President—sounded, and You Know Who was on the phone. The President asked me if the rumor about the blowers was true.

"Did it ever occur to you to check with someone?" His voice implied that I was the dumbest woman in the world.

I confidently told him that I had checked with Clark Clifford.

"That's not enough. You should have checked with Bill Wirtz," he said.

"I'm trying," I replied, "but it's going to be hot in the church."

"Well, check it out," he said, "and if we have to sit there and sweat, that's just what we'll have to do."

I frantically tried again to reach Secretary Wirtz, who was in his limousine en route home. Meanwhile, I could visualize the airline trucks descending on the Shrine, where TV cameras were already in place. I called on the Lord please not to let those cameras be hooked up, or we would be all over the networks with our struck-airline trucks showing.

When Secretary Wirtz and I finally got together, he was immovable. "No! No! I know it's tough, but this strike affects thirty-five thousand men. Feelings are high. Negotiations are difficult. All we need is a struck-airline truck photographed at the President's daughter's wedding. Call them off!"

I let out a very unbridelike oath and grabbed a walkie-talkie. "Shrine, Shrine, come in, Shrine," I yelled. "Do you read me, Shrine?"

"This is Marcia at the Shrine," came the welcome voice. Marcia was in the crypt, directing the electricians.

"Are the air-conditioning men there yet?" I asked.

"No, but they're on their way," she replied.

"You aren't going to believe what I am about to tell you, Marcia, but just don't ask any questions, and follow instructions exactly," I said. "Get the police, and turn those trucks around, and send them back to the airport."

"You've got to be kidding."

"Do it, and don't argue—and then go to a phone, and call me, so we can talk privately," I said.

To her eternal credit, she did just that. With the cooperation of the police, she countered the whole invasion of United's trucks, turned them around, and they never reached the Shrine. That girl will go to heaven, for sure!

I dictated a terse message to the President: "Mission accomplished. We'll just sit there and sweat." Then I headed for home, ankles

---

Christmas fashions

see pages 80 to 87

- ***Vanity Fair, page 80***

Nylon floor-length gown, with lace bolero. Comes in sizes 32 to 36: about $125.

CALIFORNIA: San Francisco, Macy's
NEW YORK: New York, Bloomingdale's
TEXAS: Houston, Sakowitz

- ***Eyeful by Ruth Flaum, page 81***

Long white linenlike robe, with multicolor ribbons. Sizes 30 to 36: about $40.

FLORIDA: Miami. Burdine's
NEW YORK: New York, Lord & Taylor
PENNSYLVANIA: Philadelphia. Strawbridge & Clothier
BALLET SLIPPERS. CAPEZIO

- ***John Kloss for Cira, pages 82 and 86***

Floor-length turquoise belted shift, made of Caprolan nylon. Sizes petite, small, medium; about $18.

Long nylon gown, layer-skirted; with sash. Sizes petite, small, medium; about $36.

CALIFORNIA: San Francisco, Joseph Magnin
ILLINOIS: Chicago. Bramson's
MICHIGAN: Detroit, Milgrim's
MISSOURI: Kansas City, Swanson's
NEW YORK: New York. Henri Bendel
TEXAS: Houston. Sakowitz
PEARLS, BILL SMITH FOR RICHELIEU;
SANDALS. I. MILLER

- ***Gigette, page 84***

Long satin robe, with belt. Sizes 6 to 16; about $40.

CALIFORNIA: Long Beach, Buffum's
GEORGIA: Atlanta. Davison's
ILLINOIS: Chicago, Carson Pirie Scott
MASSACHUSETTS: Boston, Filene's
NEW YORK: New York, Macy's
OREGON: Portland, Meier & Frank

- ***Sylvia Pedlar for Iris, page 85***

Pink chiffon gown, floor-length, with monk's sleeves. Sizes petite, small, medium; about $26.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA: Washington, Julius Garfinckel
NEW YORK: New York. Henri Bendel
PENDANT. BILL SMITH FOR RICHELIEU

swollen, nerves frayed, limp with the accumulation of nearly eight months of prenuptial torture.

I couldn't believe it when the car radio came on: "Is Springtime in car seventeen?" Springtime, *bah!* That was my Secret Service code name, but at this moment I felt like dead winter. "Ask her to call the President's office on her arrival."

I did, and would you believe that this was the message? "Liz," LBJ's secretary told me, "the President says for you to find an airline that *isn't* struck that has blowers. Try to get them to air-condition the Shrine."

Down with labor! Down with Presidents!

So I phoned Warren Woodward, our long-time friend and the American Airlines representative. "Look, Woody," I said, "you've always been known as a can-do man, and this is the test." I outlined the problem.

"Liz," said Woody, as though he were talking to an idiot child, "*we* are not struck, and we are *using* our blowers. Does that answer your question?"

Even LBJ had to take that for an answer.

I don't want anyone to get the idea that those were the only crises in Luci's wedding. The others were just smaller and more easily solved.

For instance . . . Even the wedding date, August 6, provided a crisis. Hardly had it been announced before a group of Japanese pacifists protested, because it was the anniversary of the day the atom bomb was dropped on Hiroshima. Bromley Smith of the National Security staff called me, nervously wondering if we could change the date.

"Yes," I replied hotly, "we'll change it to December 7—the day the Japanese bombed *us*." In a calmer voice, I argued, "Don't you know that a girl sets her wedding date for reasons quite apart from politics? And you tell our Ambassador that!"

"That's not a bad answer," Bromley said. "I'll let Tokyo know."

But this was not the end of the problem. American pickets, encouraged by their Japanese brethren, showed up at the Shrine to protest the bride, the date, and the father of the bride.

For instance . . . Speaker of the House John McCormack tried to solve the recurrent press question, "What is the Congress going to give Luci?," by letting any member who wished to do so contribute $5 toward a gift for her. But even this voluntary effort drew rage and public rebuke from H. R. Gross, House Republican and self-appointed critic of expenditure. The flap appeared in print—our first inkling of any Congressional gift. Luci respectfully asked the Speaker to withdraw the gift. H. R. Gross scored again.

For instance . . . The last-minute discovery that the wedding invitations read: "The Shrine of the Immaculate Conception," instead of "The National Shrine." A quick reengraving job had to be done.

After the wedding, everyone returned to the White House for the reception. There was dancing in the East Room until 6:00 P.M. Every crumb of cake was devoured. Luci, dressed in her going-away outfit, called me into her room. "Thanks, Liz," she said, and hugged me and handed me a box. In it was a gold bracelet with a single jeweled charm, engraved on the back with these words: "For immediate release, I'm grateful to Liz, LJN 8/6/66."

By the time the last bit of rice had been thrown and Luci and Pat Nugent were safely off to a honeymoon in Nassau, I was almost a stretcher case. I was ready to board the first plane to Bermuda, swearing not to answer another question except "What do you want to drink?"

Just as Les and I were leaving for the airport, the phone rang. It was the President, and he was purring. "Liz, the whole thing couldn't have been more perfect. It was just great. You took more hell than anyone. But then, you should have, because you're in the Hell Department."

I melted, tore up my letter of resignation, and recuperated in Bermuda.

The President was right. When your job is to keep reporters happy and the First Family unscathed, it *is* the Hell Department.

(To be concluded next month)

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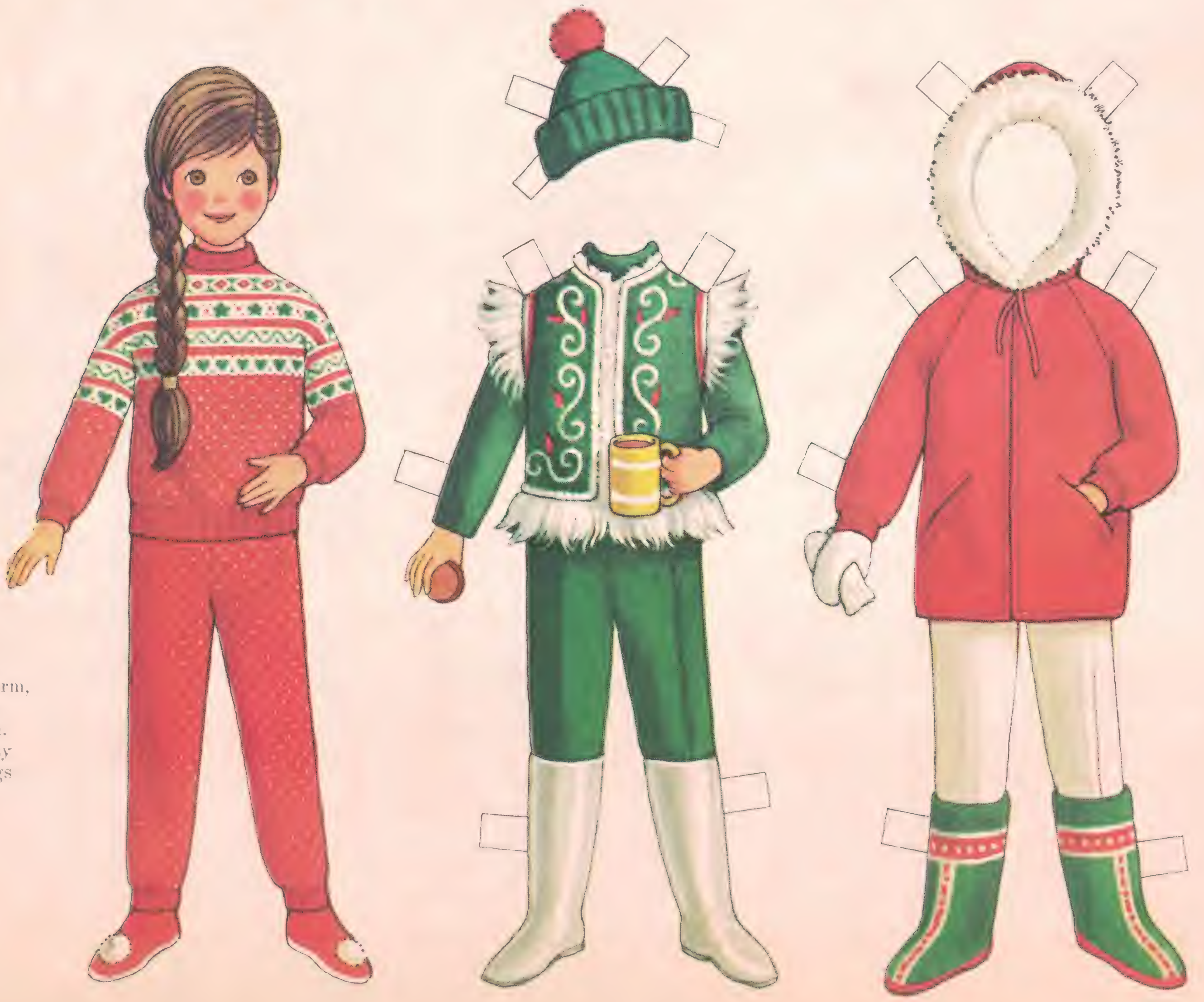
BETSY McCALL

Betsy and the Birds' Christmas Carol

The day before Christmas, I prayed for snow, and in the afternoon, it began to snow enormous flakes. When Daddy came home, he looked like a huge polar bear, stamping the snow off himself. "I know you prayed for a white Christmas," he said, "but did you have to pray quite so *hard?*" I could see he loved it as much as I did! Later, we sang carols in front of Community House. Then we all went home. In the middle of the night, I woke up remembering I didn't leave food outside for the birds. I pulled my boots on over my bare feet, my storm coat over my pajamas, and took the sack of bread crumbs Mommy had left in the kitchen. The snow was blue and just beautiful in the moonlight. And was it COLD! I scattered the crumbs till my bag was empty, and then I went back in. My teeth were chattering, and I sneezed, WHOOSH and WHOOSH and WHOOSH. Mommy heard me, wouldn't you know! She bundled me into bed, made me some hot cocoa, and said I must stay there till she told me to get up. In the morning, Mommy and Daddy came in to wish me Merry Christmas. "You have company, Betsy, a bunch of carolers. Listen," Mommy said, raising the window. The air was filled with all the birds in the world, chirping like crazy! "They're thanking me!" I exclaimed. And Daddy said, "I call that a genuine birds' Christmas carol."



They're cozy, warm, and Christmasy in red and green. That's why Betsy loves these things

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Under 21

continued from page 42

somehow, at the same time, give them the knowledge to know which freedoms to choose and which to avoid. Not that I think the parent-child relationship should be smooth. Differences and confrontations bring growth to both sides."

"But young people today want to destroy everything," Massimo said. "They don't know how to build."

Aldo Siraguso, a quiet, intense law student from Milan, disagreed. "It's not that young people don't know what they want; it's that they forget along the way as they fight. I would like to see violence in the universities come to an end. I would like changes to come with democracy. I would want students and professors to be one—to discuss, to plan, to find a way together."

Aldo might have been an American student speaking. There seemed to be no extraordinary differences in youth's gifts to the world. But what about students from a military state like Brazil, a country in strife, like Israel, places as exotic as Thailand?

I had contacted more foreign teens, some in their own countries, some living here with American families, participants in the American Field Service Program. I had asked each to write me a letter answering the question, "How would you change the world at Christmastime?" Now I had my letters—and they were eye-openers.

Leeanne Kurtze, Torrens Park, South Australia:

"I have a very good friend. My friends call him by many different names, and only *this* year did I realize all the names refer to him.

"Once, the world was colorless, and to him was set the task of painting it. He took up his huge brush and painted the great masses of men—red masses, black masses, brown masses, white masses. He painted the mind of man. However, the paint was very thick, and the colors clashed.

"The greatest gift I could think of would be to blend the many colors together. Then we would have peace."

Vera Maria da Silva, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil:

"My first act would be to create better social conditions for all people. The riches of the world would be divided into proportional parts, and thus half the reasons to commit crimes would be abolished. All men would have a basic standard of living, and not have to destroy other human beings in the rush for power. Government would preserve these rights.

"International relations would be based on friendship, for the purpose of giving men all over the world the discoveries each country has made. There would be no wars, because there would be no envy among men.

"Man and woman would work together toward a common goal; they wouldn't be competitors. Marriage might be dissolved if it turned out to be a mistake.

"Culture wouldn't be a privilege, but rather a natural consequence of the way of life. There would be good, interested teachers, who would get good salaries and be motivated. Universities would be open full time on campuses where students could live and study.

"There would be a job for everybody—to use his knowledge and contribute to the preservation of this utopian world."

Olga Katzoyrakis, Athens, Greece:

"Sometimes I'm sad to have been born in a world of technological advancements, of political, racial, and religious problems, of conflicts and frustrations, where idealism and nonconformity are old-fashioned. But most of all, I have been born in a world that carries the most heavy burden of having created an atomic bomb and seen two world wars. So if one day I woke up with power, I think I would give the world the most wonderful gift. It cannot be seen; it has the smell of a rose, the tenderness of a kiss. I would give the world Love.

"Our civilization has taken this word from its vocabulary and replaced it with mathematical formulas. We go up to the moon, but we haven't realized that, at the same time, man is drowning himself. We kill people with stupid wars; we kill the fish in the rivers with our industrial cities. All this because of our indifference to what God, Christ, Buddha have created—Love."

Silvia Franco, Rio de Janeiro, Brazil:

"I would put an end to war. I would decrease the number of trips to the moon. The money that is spent on that I would use to end poverty, to give better conditions of life to man.

"I would adopt free love. People would have the right to choose the person with whom they wanted to live. After a mutual acknowledgement, they would choose whether to get married or not.

"I would build more universities in the countries where they are lacking. Everybody who wanted to study would study."

Ariella Davidson, Hebrew University, Jerusalem, Israel:

"I could wish the world many things, such as new inventions and explorations. I could wish the world economic development and the solution of social problems. But the most desirable present I could think of giving the world is Peace. Peace, when no mother will have to mourn over her young son who had fallen in battle. Peace, when no widow will have to bring up her children without a father. Peace, when no student will have to go to visit a fellow student who had been wounded."

Palarp Sinhaseni, Bangkok, Thailand:

"People are frightened; they hate and hurt each other because they are not in the same group—the same unit or what we call countries. If I woke up one morning with *power to do anything* I wanted to do, I would unite all the nations. No border line would divide people from each other. No matter how different they are, people can love and understand each other."

Wilfried Buck, Liebenburg, Germany:

"Somebody had given him power, to do anything he wanted, and had asked him, 'What is the greatest gift you are going to give to the world?'

"The thing he wanted was to get rid of all the evil people. But he found that there were many evil people; as a matter of fact, he didn't find anybody good. If he killed them all, he would be alone, and that would be bad, so he might as well kill himself, too. And he saw that it was not good.

"Then he thought, I might get some ideas from other people, and he read Plato, and he read Marx, and he read More, and he found nice things. But when he compared their nice thoughts to reality, he saw that it was not good.

"Finally, he decided that there was no great gift he could give to this world. Actually, everything was there, but many things were not seen or appreciated. And he came to the conclusion that there must have been somebody who had done a pretty good job. Somebody had given mankind faith in progress and capacity to create. Somebody had made mankind conscious of freedom, dignity, integrity, and love. And he found out that he had nothing to add, but so many things to use. And he saw that it was very good."

Peace, love, and communication—youth around the world seems unified in its Christmas vision for mankind. The message is tender—uniquely unvindictive for a generation born and existing in the shadows of a third world war and the bomb. Nobody mentions material wealth and personal grandeur; but the riches of education, self-education, and reeducation are stressed over and over. Often, students wish for the ideal but have no idea how to achieve it. Still, their wish is rarely unrealistic. No one asks for eternal life, beauty potions, or drugs to expand horizons. Soul is the focus. Indeed, yours is a soul generation, dreaming the impossible dream. For that reason, you may achieve it.

THE END

Verses quoted are from "Ten Thousand Sunsets," by Hoyt Axton. © 1967 by Screen Gems–Columbia Music, Inc. Used by permission. Reproduction prohibited.

Between parent and child

continued from page 14

you? What happened to your hair?"

"Yes," agreed Warren. He was quiet for a minute. Then he said, "Okay. I'll say the Indians did it." He broke out laughing and went to the party.

Mother could have easily mismanaged the situation by using such platitudes as:

"So what if the children laugh at you? Let them laugh."

"Just ignore them. Pay no attention to them."

"Don't be silly. Your hair looks a little short, but it's just adorable."

Instead, Mother acknowledged her child's predicament and recognized his feelings. She voiced his anticipated embarrassment and helped him see the humor in the situation. Warren himself discovered a solution.

Eve, age 12, was getting ready to go to a Christmas party. Suddenly she announced, "I am not going. My dress looks awful."

"It's a lovely dress," said Mother.

"No, it's not," answered Eve. "It's ugly, and I hate it. I am not going."

"What do you mean, you're not going?" asked Mother.

"You accepted an invitation and you are expected!

"What's the matter with you?

"You never know what you want.

"You'd better go, or no one will ever invite you again.

"Why do you make such a big deal over a dress? One could think you were a bride going to her wedding."

Eve ran into her room and locked the door behind her. The fight spoiled the spirit of the holiday.

Was this battle necessary? Perhaps not. Instead of arguing, belittling, accusing, and ridiculing, Mother could have acknowledged her daughter's difficulty.

"You don't like this dress. You wish you had another one. I see. Still, your friends will be disappointed. They expect you at the party."

A noncritical response leaves a child free to reconsider his choices, to change his mind without loss of face. Chances are, Eve would have found a fit dress for the party.

It was the morning after the winter vacation. Victor, age nine, did not want to go to school. "I don't feel well," he complained. "I can't open my eyes."

Mother avoided this post-holiday trap. She did not ask him, "Are you sick? What hurts? Let me see your tongue." Instead, she sat on his bed and said gently, "This holiday passed so fast. You wish you had at least one more week of vacation."

"At least one more day!" said Victor.

"I know," said Mother. "It's not easy to pick yourself up and start school again after vacation. (Yes.)

"Books again. (Yes.)

"Teachers again. (Yes.)

"Getting up in the morning again. (Yes.)

"Why don't you take a few more minutes to sleep?"

"I can't. I'll be late for school," answered Victor, as he jumped out of bed.

This incident could have been easily mismanaged had Mother used criticism and clichés, such as:

"Get up!"

"The fun is over."

"All good things must come to an end, you know."

"Enough is enough."

"My gosh, you are another Rip Van Winkle."

It was Mother's skill and sympathy that prevented the gathering storm. Her kind words created a climate of consent and a weather of good will.

THE END

SHOPPING INFORMATION

Museum Finds, page 52

For mail-order, shipping-charge, and sales-tax information, address:

American Museum of Natural History, Museum Shop, Central Park West at 79th Street, New York, N.Y. 10024.

Metropolitan Museum of Art, Box 255, Gracie Station, New York, N.Y. 10028.

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Avenue, 103rd to 104th Street, New York, N.Y. 10029.

Philadelphia Museum of Art, Box 7646, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101.

Phoenix Art Museum, 1625 North Central Avenue, Phoenix, Ariz. 85004.

A Very Personal Christmas pages 58 to 75

Mexican objects can be found at import shops across the country, such as the United Nations Gift Shop, New York, N.Y.; Fred Leighton, New York, N.Y.; Richmond Leather Co., Richmond, Va.; Christmas Shop, East Sandwich, Mass.

ADDICTION

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From hobbies, books, you spell sedition,
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Anesthesia for the nation.

Creative thought's abortionist,
You numb the brain at dusk, at dawn;
Leering, loud contortionist—
I'll finish later. (Carson's on.)

—ANNIE KOMORNY

Bead flowers, jewels, colored stones are obtainable at hobby shops. Butterflies, birds, straw flowers, trees, and plants are to be found at florists, floral-supply stores, and nurseries.

Birdhouse (page 70) was constructed of half-inch exterior plywood; finials, railings, and molding came from local hardware-lumber stores.

Tulip tiles (page 74) are from Stonelight Tile, San Jose, Calif.

Mexican wedding dress (page 61) and "soul bowls" (page 65) from Fred and Barbara Meiers, 25 Strawberry Lane, Rolling Hills Estates, Calif.

Fashions: Red-and-white flower shift (page 64) at Phoenix Shop, New York, N.Y.; Alexandria, Va.; Washington, D.C. Indian green silk pajamas (page 68) at Sona The Golden One, New York, N.Y., and Boston, Mass. Striped hostess gown (page 70) at Chequer East, New York, N.Y., and Chequer West, Los Angeles, Calif. Long black crisscross gown (page 74), designed by Rudi Gernreich for Harmon Knitwear, Inc., at Bloomingdale's, New York, N.Y., and branches; Country Club Fashions, Los Angeles, Calif.

For all cookies: The cookies themselves can be made easily from any basic sugar-cookie mix. The fun and freedom come in decorating. Have your children help you (or vice versa) by drawing freeform flowers, stars, circles, hearts, or an animal kingdom. Then make cardboard patterns and cut the shapes out of the dough with a sharp paring knife. Before baking, insert loops of heavy cotton or linen thread (this doesn't burn in the oven), right into the dough, so that cookies can be hung on the tree.

For frosting, mix confectioners' sugar and water to the consistency of a thin paste. Divide this mixture into small bowls, and play with drops of food coloring until you reach the right bright shades. Paint icing on cookies with a child's paintbrush. For fancier cookies, you can buy mirror bits and other glittery decorations at hobby shops.

For the raccoon (page 67) and the other menagerie cookies, add 1½ tablespoons of cinnamon and 1½ teaspoons of nutmeg to each 13½-ounce package of cookie mix, to darken it. Stick on licorice candy for noses.

The Many Feasts of Christmas pages 94 to 103

Pages 94 and 95: Silver by Towle.

Page 96: Shawl by Mr. John.

Pages 100 to 102: Belgian linen by Benjamin M. Jabara & Sons. Hair by François, makeup by Tommi of the Kenneth Salon. Italian party apron from Garden Separates, Garden House, Inc.

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Our son Mark

continued from page 79

generation of parents of retarded children began to say, as we said, "Is that so? Let's see." For some it was not true; for others it was. For what is meant by "retarded child"? There are different kinds of retardation. Retarded Child Number 1 is not Retarded Child Number 2, or 3, or 4. Mongolism is one condition, while brain damage is something else. And there are different degrees of mongolism, just as there are different kinds of brain damage. No two retarded children are exactly alike in all respects. Institutional care *does* turn out to be the best answer for some kinds of retarded children or some family situations. The point is that one observes and reacts to the *specific* case and circumstance rather than to the generalization.

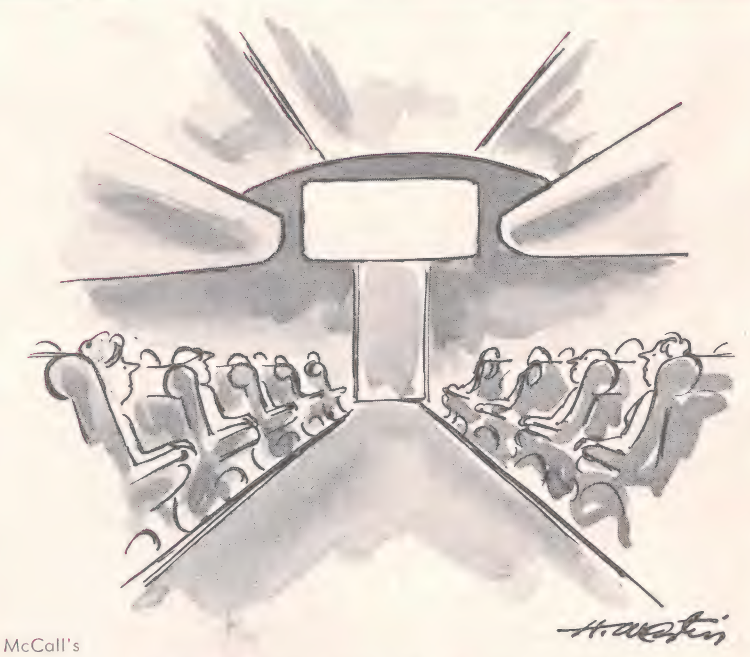
This sort of attitude has helped public understanding of the nature and problems of retardation to become much more deep and widespread. It's hard to believe now that it was "definitely known" twenty years ago that institutionalization was the "only way." We were told that a retarded child could not be kept at home, because "it would not be fair to the other children." The family would not be able to stand the stress. "Everybody" believed these things and repeated them, to comfort and guide the parents of the retarded.

We did not, of course, lightly disregard the well-meant advice of university neurologists and their social-worker teams, for they had had much experience and we were new at this shattering thing. But our general semantics—or our parental feelings—made us aware that their reaction to Mark was to a generalization, while to us he was an individual. They might have a valid generalization about statistical stresses on statistical families, but they knew virtually nothing about our particular family and its evaluative processes.

Mark was eight months old before we were told he was retarded. Of course we had known that he was slower than the average child in smiling, in sitting up, in responding to others around him. Having had one child who was extraordinarily ahead of such schedules, we simply thought that Mark was at the other end of the average range.

In the course of his baby checkups, at home and while traveling, we had seen three different pediatricians. None of them gave us the slightest indication that all was not well. Perhaps they were made uncertain by the fact that Mark had a right to have "mongolian" features.

Or perhaps this news is as hard for a pediatrician to tell as it is for parents to hear, and they kept putting off the job of telling us. Finally, Mark's doctor did suggest a neurologist, indicating what his fears were, and made an appointment.



McCall's

"Ladies and gentlemen, we are over New York awaiting our landing instructions. We present for your entertainment 'Gone With the Wind'"

It was Marge who bore the brunt of the first diagnosis and accompanying advice, given at the university hospital at a time when I had to be out of town. Stunned and crushed, she was told: "Your husband is a professional man. You can't keep a child like this at home."

"But he lives on love," she protested.

"Don't your other children live on love, too?" the social worker asked.

Grief-stricken as she was, my wife was still able to recognize a non sequitur. One does not lessen the love for one's children by dividing it among several.

"What can I read to find out more about his condition and how to take care of him?" Marge asked.

"You can't get help from a book," answered the social worker. "You must put him away."

Today this sounds like dialogue from the Dark Ages. And it *was* the Dark Ages. Today professional advice runs generally in the opposite direction: "Keep your retarded child at home if it's at all possible."

It was parents who led the way. They organized into parents' groups.

They pointed out the need for preschools, schools, diagnostic centers, work-training centers, and sheltered workshops to serve the children who were being cared for at home. They worked to get these services, which are being provided now in increasing numbers; but the needs are a long way from being fully met.

Yet even now the cost in money—not to mention the cost in human terms—is much less if the child is kept at home than in the institutions in which children were put away. And many of the retarded are living useful and independent lives, which would never have been thought possible for them.

But for us at that time, as for other parents who were unknowingly pioneering new ways for the retarded, it was a matter of going along from day to day, learning, observing, and saying, "Let's see."

There was one more frightening hurdle for our family to get over. The doctor, on that traumatic day Marge got the diagnosis, told her that it was too risky for us to have any more children, that there was a fifty percent chance of our having another mongoloid child. In those days, nothing was known of the cause of mongolism. There were many theories. Now, at least, it is known to be caused by the presence of an extra chromosome, a fault of cell division. But the question "Why does it happen?" has not yet been answered.

Today, genetic counseling is available to guide parents as to the probabilities of recurrence, on a scientific basis. We were flying blind.

continued on page 160

You'll find Emle Part II Panti & Hose at these and other fine stores.

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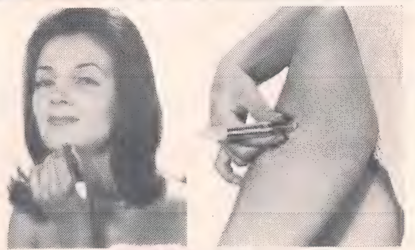

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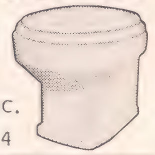

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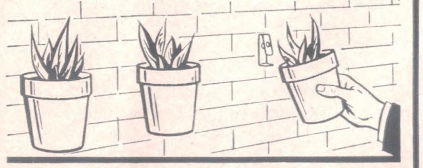

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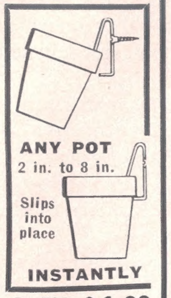

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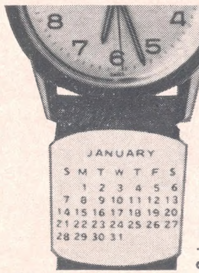

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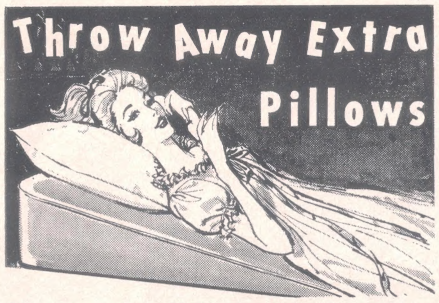

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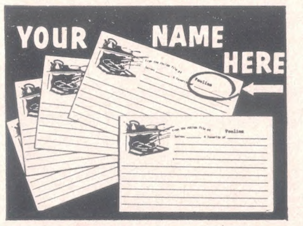

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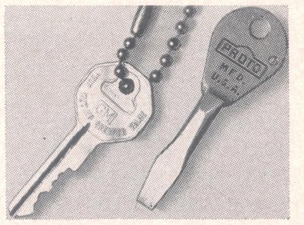

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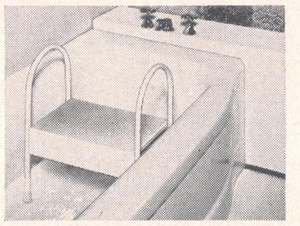

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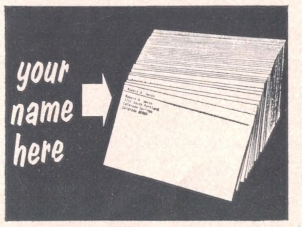

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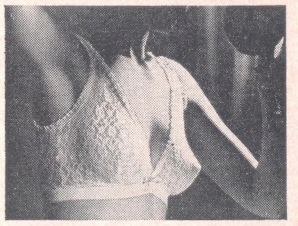

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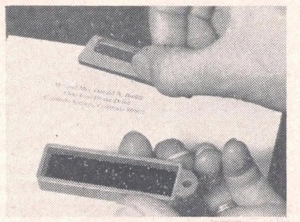

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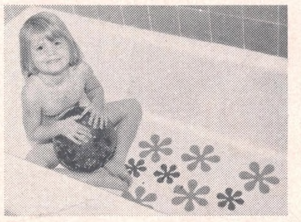

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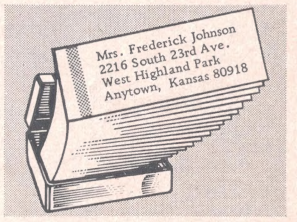

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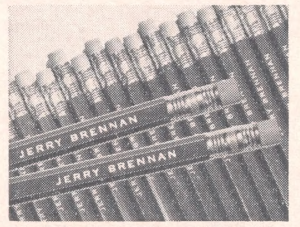

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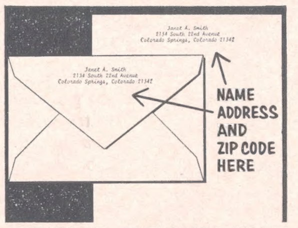
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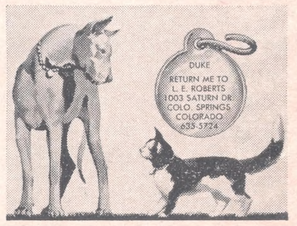

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continued from page 157

With the help of a doctor friend, we plunged into medical books and discovered that the doctor who gave us the advice was flying just as blind as we were. No evidence could be found for the fifty percent odds. Although there did seem to be some danger of recurrence, we estimated that the probabilities were with us. We took the risk and won.

Our daughter, Wynne, is now eighteen. She started as Mark's baby sister, soon passed him in every way, and really helped bring him up. The fact that she had a retarded brother must have contributed at least something to the fact that she is at once delightfully playful and mature, observant and understanding. She has a fine relationship with her two brothers.

And both Wynne and Mark's older brother, Alan, have participated—with patience and delight—in Mark's development. They have shown remarkable ingenuity in instructing and amusing him. On one occasion, when Mark was not drinking his milk, Alan called him to his place at the table and said, "I'm a service station. What kind of car are you?" Mark, quickly entering into the make-believe, said, "Pord."

Alan: "Shall I fill her up?"

Mark: "Yes."

Alan: "Ethyl or regular?"

Mark: "Regular."

Alan (bringing the glass to Mark's mouth): "Here you are."

When Mark finished his glass of milk, Alan asked him, "Do you want your windshield cleaned?" Then, taking a napkin, he rubbed it briskly across Mark's face, while Mark grinned with delight. This routine became a regular game for many weeks.

Alan and Wynne interpret and explain Mark to their friends, but never once have I heard them apologize for him or deprecate him. It is almost as if they judge the quality of other people by how they react to Mark. They think he is "great," and expect their friends to think so, too.

Their affection and understanding were indicated last summer when Wynne flew to Oregon with Mark to visit Alan and his wife, Cynthea, who go to college there. Wynne described the whole reunion as "tremendous" and especially enjoyed Mark's delight in the trip.

"He was great on the plane," she recalls. "He didn't cause any trouble except that he rang the bell for the stewardess a couple of times when he didn't need anything. He was so great that I was going to send him back on the plane alone. He would have enjoyed that."

But she didn't, finally, because she didn't trust others to be able to understand his speech or to know how to treat him without her there to give them clues.

Mark looks reasonably normal. He is small for his age (about five feet tall) and childlike. Anyone who is aware of these matters would recognize in him some of the characteristic mongoloid features, but they are not extreme. His almost incomprehensible speech, which few besides his family and teachers can understand, is his most obvious sign of retardation.

Our family has always believed in taking Mark places, not only because we enjoy his enjoyment—and because it helps his development—but also because we think it changes people's attitudes toward the retarded to see him in hotel dining rooms, in bowling lanes, and in swimming clubs. I think I grew up without ever seeing a mongoloid person. I certainly would not have known how to respond to him.

SOMETIMES

Sometimes children mind you
well.
Sometimes picnic days are fair.
Sometimes neighbors borrow
tools
And bring them back no worse
for wear.
Sometimes there's a parking
place.
You sometimes catch the waiter's
eye.
And sometimes, to a rude
remark,
You come back with a quick
reply.
Some stores even refund cash
Without the least hostility—
And this is what is meant by life's
Unpredictability.

—SUZANNE DOUGLASS

Mark fortunately does not notice any stares of curiosity he may attract. To imagine how one looks in the eyes of others takes a level of awareness that appears to be beyond him. Hence he is extremely direct and totally without self-consciousness.

I have seen him come into our living room, walk up to a woman he has never seen before, and kiss her in response to a genuinely friendly greeting. Since few of us are accustomed to such directness of expression—especially the expression of affection—the people to whom this has happened are deeply moved.

Like other children, Mark responds to the evaluations of others. In our family, he is accepted just as he is. Because others have always treated him as an individual—a valued individual—he feels good about himself, and, consequently, he is good to live with. In every situation between parent and child or between children, evaluations are involved—and these interact on each other. Certainly, having Mark at home has helped us be more aware and be more flexible in our evaluation.

This kind of sensitivity must have carried over into relations between the two normal children, because I cannot remember a single real fight or a really nasty incident between Alan and Wynne. It's as if their readiness to try to understand Mark extended into a general method of dealing with people. And I think Marge and I found the same thing happening to us, so that we became more understanding with Alan and Wynne than we might otherwise have been. If we had time and patience for Mark, why not for the children who were quick and able? We knew we could do serious damage to Mark by expecting too much of him and being disappointed. But how easy it is to expect too much of bright children and how quickly they feel your disappointment! Seeing Mark's slow, slow progress certainly gave us real appreciation of the marvelous perception and quick learning processes of the other two, so that all we had to do was open our eyes, our ears and listen and enjoy them.

I don't want to sound as if we were never impatient or obtuse as parents. We were, of course. But parents need to be accepted as they are, too. And I think our children—bless their hearts—were reasonably able to do so.

With Mark, it was easy to feel surprise and delight at any of his accomplishments. He cannot read and will never be able to. But he can pick out on request almost any record from his huge collection—the Fleetwoods, or the Rolling Stones, or Christmas carols—because he knows so well what each record looks like. The other day, we were discussing the forthcoming marriage of some friends of ours, and Mark disappeared into his bedroom to bring out, a few minutes later, a record with the song "A House, a Car, and a Wedding Ring."

His love of music enables him to figure out how to operate almost any record changer or hi-fi set. He never tries to force a piece of machinery because he cannot figure out how it works, as brighter people often do. And in a strange hotel room, with a TV set of unknown make, it is Mark—not Marge or I—who figures out how to turn it on and get a clear picture. As Alan once remarked: "Mark may be retarded, but he's not stupid!"

Of course, it has not all been easy—but when has easiness been the test of the value of anything? To us, the difficult problems that must be faced in the future only emphasize the value of Mark as a person.

What does that future hold for Mark?

He will never be able to be independent; he will always have to live in a protected environment. His below-50 IQ reflects the fact that he cannot cope with unfamiliar situations.

Like most parents of the retarded, we are concentrating on providing financial security for Mark in the future, and fortunately we expect to be able to achieve this. Alan and his wife and Wynne have all offered to be guardians for Mark. It is wonderful to know they feel this way. But we hope that Mark can find a happy place in one of the new residence homes for the retarded.

The residence home is something new and promising, and it fills an enormous need. It is somewhat like a club, or a family, with a housemother or manager. The residents share the work around the house, go out to work if they can, share in recreation and companionship.

Away from their families, who may be overprotective and not aware of how much the retarded can do for themselves (are we not guilty of this, too!), they are able to live more fully as adults.

It's an indication that there is still much need for public education about the retarded that here in California, where we live, there has been difficulty in renting decent houses for this kind of home. Prospective neighbors have objected. Some wonderful and dedicated people are pioneering in developing this new pattern, but unfortunately in some ways the Dark Ages are still with us. There are still fear and hostility where the retarded are concerned.

Will Mark be able to work? Perhaps. He thrives on routine and enjoys things others despise, like clearing the table and loading the dishwasher. To Mark, it's fun.

It has been hard to develop in him the idea of work, which to so many of us is "doing what you don't want to do because you have to." We don't know yet if he could work in a restaurant loading a dishwasher. In school, he is learning jobs like sorting and stacking scrap wood and operating a delightful machine that swoops the string around and ties up a bundle of wood to be sold in the supermarket. That's fun, too.

We hope that there will be a niche in a sheltered workshop where Mark can get the kind, the one kind, of pleasure he doesn't have much chance for. That's the pleasure of contributing something productive and useful to the outside world. He doesn't know it, of course, but he has already contributed so much to his family.

It's a strange thing to say, and I am a little startled to find myself saying it, but often I feel that I wouldn't have had Mark any different. THE END

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